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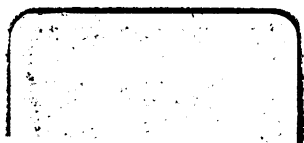
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**HISTORY OF TURKEY.**

BY

**A. DE LAMARTINE,**

AUTHOR OF "THE GIBONDISTS," "TRAVELS IN THE HOLY  
LAND," ETC.

**TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.**

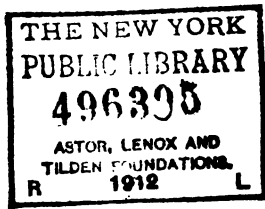
**THREE VOLUMES.**

**VOL. I.**

**NEW YORK :**

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## PREFACE.

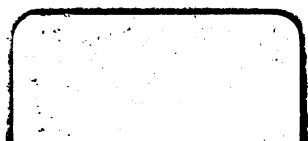
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### I.

THE history of a people has never yet been written in circumstances more supreme to this people itself. When a nation is afflicted by iniquity and misfortune, it is the time to yield it sympathy and do it justice. Posterity is like justice, it loves to defend the weak, and to avenge the oppressed. Nations sometimes find their chastisement, sometimes, also, their vengeance, their justification, their glory, in history.

Startled from their long slumber by the perils of their race and name, attacked in the midst of peace by an invasion of their seas and territory, insulted in their dwellings, assassinated in their ports, overwhelmed on all sides by the armies of those Muscovites, who take number for right and the sabre for title, the Turks, erect upon their latest frontier, and wielding the weapons of despair, are fighting recklessly to see if Turkey shall not be regenerated in their blood, or to die themselves before the last hour of their country.

If Europe be not moved, at least it ought to be attentive. It is the time to say what were formerly, what are to-day, and what may be presently, these Ottomans, disfigured to its eyes since the epoch of the Crusades by antipathies of religion. These antipathies are falling, from age to age, away before the civilization of races and the equilibration of



1820-1821





must retain her place, or France must abandon hers. So says France; so says England; so says Asia, Africa, Spain, Italy; so will Austria herself say, a victim by and by, if she keeps still, to an ambition which caresses but to crush her.

Before and since the treaties of 1815, the Ottoman empire, consolidated by the common interest of the powers, had entered as an integral part into the system of the pacified world. This empire underwent internally the phases of all empires that decline after an excessive aggrandizement. But, to the contrary of empires that deteriorate in their decadence, the Ottoman empire was civilizing itself, *Europeanizing* itself, rejuvenating itself by contact with Europe, while reducing its dimensions. The father of the present Sultan, the intrepid Mahmoud, three times risked his crown and life for the regeneration of his nation. After having, by the most legal and heroic coup d'état of modern history, destroyed the enemies of his reforms in the flagrant act of their sedition, the Sultan Mahmoud pursued interiorly his great conceptions of toleration and general assimilation of the East to the West. Prejudices of fanaticism were burned with the bodies of the Janizaries. The Ottoman empire was about to have her Peter the Great, after having had her Strelitz.

Europe then committed the mistake of sundering Greece, and burning the Turkish fleet to the advantage of the Russians. 1840, the date of an erroneous policy in France, a policy which we opposed by every effort in the tribune, made the mistake, still more unpardonable, of taking sides with an Egyptian Pacha in revolt against the Sultan. The French ministry menaced entire Europe with a war to farther mutilate the empire, already so enfeebled, and strip it of Egypt, Arabia, Syria along to the Taurus, and the isles. It were better to declare frankly the outlawry of Turkey, and to distribute to themselves the provinces of that empire. A European confederation would have at least retained the ground, and fortified the western world against Muscovite monopoly.

The victory of Ibrahim-Pacha at Nezib, encouraged by the thoughtless favor of the French government of 1840, caused the death of Mahmoud, and well-nigh gave up the Turkish empire to an adventurer, who would have sold it back to Russia. A cry of horror then arose from every thinking mind of France. The ministry, abandoned by public opinion, was obliged to recall our fleets, to acknowledge honorably its fault, and to make recantation. The confirmation of the Ottoman empire was signed at London, by the treaty of the 15th July. A gesture of Europe, and a few thousand Austrians landed in Syria, sufficed to turn into a rout the invasion of the Egyptian army of Ibrahim-Pacha, reputed invincible, and thrown back upon the banks of the Nile.

## V.

The Sultan Mahmoud died under the affliction of his disgrace, and the false policy of France in 1840; his son, Abdul-Medjid, received the empire in his cradle under better auspices. The reforms were accomplished, and the hatreds which are always excited by a reformer had died with Mahmoud.

No young sovereign has ever appeared more predestined by birth, by character, by even exterior, for the pacific reparation of an empire. The following is the faithful portrait which we drew of Abdul-Medjid, some years after, on retiring from a conversation with him. Thousands of witnesses all over Europe could attest that this description borrows nothing from either favor or illusion.

Abdul-Medjid made appointment to receive us in the country, in a small pavilion of retreat wherein he loved to meditate, remote from the noise and pomp of his palaces of Stamboul. We copy from our notes of travel the description of the site and man.

## VI.

"After passing the desert hills which lie between *Flammour* and Constantinople, we descended on horseback to the bottom of a narrow valley, on the borders of a rivulet, in a bush-covered crossway, formed by three or four pathways through the moist sand beneath the brushwood. We were conducted to the left, by the darkest of the pathways, towards an opening, at the bottom of which we perceived a square cottage, flat-roofed, and furnished with a single window, a house not much dissimilar to the parsonage of a poor country curé in our villages of the south of France. A flight of stairs consisting of three steps led from the side of the way to the exterior platform of the house. Some fine fruit-trees, planted in the garden in front of this cottage, threw around it their shade. Five or six ancient chestnut-trees, which have given its name to this valley, bespread their boughs above the roof. In front of the staircase, an imperceptible jet-d'eau, which sent its waters to a height not exceeding that of the domestic jasmines, tinkled melancholily in falling back into its stone-encircled basin, and served to water the flowers and vegetables round it. A kitchen-garden of a quarter of an acre lay below it. The descent to it consisted of five or six steps. A Turkish gardener and his family resided in a rustic hut, at some twenty paces distant from the Kiosk of the Sultan. The gardener and his children went to and fro along the walks, the hoe and the watering-pot in hand, as if they had been in a spot of their own, a thousand leagues from the eyes of their *Padisha*. They paid us no attention. This was, however, the favorite Kiosk of the Sultan, the palace of leisure and of study of that master of a part of Asia, of Africa, of Europe, from Babylon to the Danube, and all along to Tunis, and from Thebes to Belgrade in Servia. We stood at his door, and might imagine ourselves on the threshold of a poor hermit, living retired upon an acre of the paternal tenement, in front of his valley, on the borders of his wilderness.



## VII.

"Abdul-Medjid had not yet arrived. The peasant keeper of the place threw open to us a wooden gate. He led us, in passing to the garden, in front of the door of the Kiosk. The door was laid open to give ingress to the air, the coolness, and the murmuring of the fountain. We threw, in passing, a furtive glance on the interior. It was merely an empty hall between four walls painted in oil of a grayish tint, a pebble-stone pavement in mosaic, a divan covered with cloth of white cotton around the hall, a large window half-masked by the enormous trunk of one of the chestnuts, a small basin murmuring with the distillations of a jet-d'eau in the middle of a pavement in mosaic. No furniture, no ornaments; the pavilion was adorned but with its solitude, its murmuring waters and its grateful shade. The Mussulmans born in the mountains and valleys of Asia, the sons of shepherds, have brought with them into their very palaces the memory, the images, the passion of rural nature; they love her too much to bedeck her. A woman, a horse, a weapon, a fountain, a tree,—such are the five paradises of the children of Othman.

"On entering the Kiosk, I looked around for the Sultan. He was standing almost invisible in the shade between the door and window, at the corner the least lighted of the room. The Sultan Abdul-Medjid is a young man of from twenty-six to twenty-seven years old, of an appearance rather more mature than his age. His figure is tall, elegant, and slim. He bears his head with that gracefulness at once supple and noble, which the length of neck gives to the bust of Alexander in his early youth. The features are regular, the forehead high, the eyes blue, the eyebrows arched as in the Caucasian races, the nose straight, the lips well cut and parted; the chin, that foundation of character in the human countenance, is firm and well set; the aggregate leaves an

impression rather attractive than imposing; you feel a man who wishes to be loved rather than to be feared: he has the timidity of modesty in his general air, melancholy on the lips, and a precocious lassitude in the attitude; you perceive that this young man has thought and suffered before his time. But the feature that predominates is grave and meditative sensibility. You say to yourself: This man carries something weighty and holy in his thoughts, like the interests of a people, and he feels the weight and the sanctity of the burden. Nothing of youth, nothing of levity in the expression. It is the statue of a young pontiff, rather than a young sovereign. The countenance inspires a certain tenderness of heart. You are haunted with the thought despite yourself: that here is a man sacrificed to supreme power, who is young, handsome, all-powerful, who will be doubtless great, but who will be never free, never without care, never happy. You pity, you love him, for amid his greatness he feels visibly his responsibility. Every man in his empire may be happy except himself. The throne has taken him in his cradle.

“His apparel was simple, uniform, almost a mourning suit: a tunic of dark drab reaching down to the knees, the neck bare, a loose linen pantaloons over dark-colored half-boots, a sabre without ornament on the hilt. His countenance alone could have discovered him to the crowd. I felt moved, attracted, affected by that melancholy of his majesty. . . .

“While I was speaking to him he turned several times the pommel of his sword, upon which he was leaning, in his hand. He blushed and looked down as if he had the bashfulness of his virtue. We attended him to the examination that he went to make in person of the military youth in an adjoining institution. . . .

“What a destiny, perhaps unique in history, said I on leaving to my companions, is that of this young man whom

we have just seen occupied with the regeneration of a people ! How many a prayer in how many a tongue is offered up for him to Allah at each day's end that he thus devotes to his noble duties ! How many an invocation to the divine Master of kings and peoples, that it be given to this sovereign to reunite the East to Europe, the Mussulman world to the Christian world, in tolerance and unity as they are evidently joined in his heart ! It is not sufficient to be good and great, said we, without being also king ; it is not all to be a sovereign, without being also young ; and it is not all to be good, great, a sovereign and young, without being understood, supported, and loved by one's age. Abdul-Medjid is all that. May heaven bless in him the forty million souls, the continents, the seas, the islands, the mountains, the rivers which are dependent on his sway."

Let us be pardoned this citation. But at a moment when we are going to portray the early Sultans who founded the empire, it was necessary to depict the latest of these sons of the Othman line, transformed into a philosopher, in Abdul-Medjid.

### VIII.

Such is the prince, innocent, studious, pacific, whom Asia and Europe were admiring in his labors for the civilization and happiness of his subjects without distinction of race or of creed, and who was forming around him by his example, men worthy of such a sovereign, when Russia, with a sentiment which we leave conscience to pronounce upon, sent him a proconsul, rather than an ambassador, to outrage him in his palace, an army to sustain these outrages, and a fleet to set fire to his vessels and his harbors.

But what was the crime of Abdul-Medjid ? Here it is : In civilizing his people he strengthened them, and advanced them from year to year in the alliance and the manners of the West. He was preparing to realize more fully day by

day the sublime progress expressed in his name by the ministers of his head and heart :—" *To make the political, civil, and religious conditions so equal between Mussulmen and Christians of every denomination throughout the empire, that there no longer would be under the laws of the Sultan but one and the same people under different races and religions. In a word, to nationalize all the fragments of nations that cover the soil of Turkey by so much impartiality, amenity, equality and toleration, that each of these populations should find its honor, its conscience, its security, interested in concurring towards the maintenance of the empire in a species of monarchical confederation under the auspices of the Sultan.*"—(Words of Abdul-Medjid.)

The heart of Europe was responding to these words, the facts were beginning universally to realize them. Visit Smyrna, Constantinople, Syria, Lebanon; enter the monasteries, the hospitals, the churches, the schools of both sexes, directed by men and women of all the monastic orders who devote themselves to the assuagement of human infirmities or to religious instruction, from the Sisters of Charity to the Lazarists, and ask these countless pious establishments, if they ever experience a failure of favor or of protection. They will all answer you with blessings upon the benevolent Ottoman's son the Sultan. There is not a town in France where conscience and its works are more inviolable and more favored than in those capitals, in those towns, in those regions to the south and north of Lebanon. It is not in the Turkish empire that we should look for martyrs. All the sorts of liberty are intimately bound together. The European knows too well what liberty of conscience is brought by Russia at the point of her bayonets to the East and to the West.

## IX.

The entire world felt an interest in the pacific accomplishment of the designs of Abdul-Medjid in his dominions. It saw besides, in the regeneration of the Ottoman empire, in the discipline and military science of its army, a vanguard and an embankment against the universal overflow of Russia. We ourselves, charged one day in a storm, to guard the foreign interests of France, gave her ambassador to Constantinople this summary but categorical instruction, in the midst of the conflagration of Europe: "Do by no means provoke a war between Turkey and Russia: dissuade the Ottoman government from all aggression upon Russians. But if Russia should dare to profit by the consternation of Europe to attack or to threaten the Ottoman empire, say to the Sultan that France is the bounden ally of Turkey, and that he can for his defence dispose not only of the fleets, but of the armies of France, as he would do of his own. In case of war made by Russia upon the Ottoman empire, the sure alliance, because it is natural, is the triple alliance of France, of England, and of the Ottoman empire."

Russia heard these words, she kept still; Turkey did not abuse the declaration of France, she did not provoke Russia. The war seemed to await at St. Petersburg some mysterious opportunity which might give it the pretext of fanaticism for the great murder which it meditated. France committed a fault in stirring up unseasonably the question of the Holy Places—a diplomatic puerility which negotiators without business amuse themselves by agitating from time to time, when they know not what else to do, at the instigation of some Italian or Spanish monks in a perpetual roar of precedence with some Byzantine brothers.

We will not relate those quarrels, fit only for a sexton, about places on the floor or at the porch, about sacristy van-

ities, about hours of worship, and *keys*. The thing is too pitiful. One drop of the world's blood is worth more than all these monkish arrogances, and these jealousies of pilgrims. The truth is, that the Turks alone maintain police, impartiality, respect and peace about these sanctuaries; the truth is, that the bloody contentions of Greeks and Latins have several times well-nigh set on fire, sacked and annihilated the Holy Places for which they battled. We speak here of nothing but what we have witnessed.

On seeing stirred up this silly question of the Holy Places, which should not be touched, we foresaw easily what was about to happen. It was indubitable that Russia, on seeing France move this question at Constantinople, would feel obliged, in order to maintain and increase her Græco-orthodox popularity in the East, to try herself some noisy manifestation of religious protection that would make the Greeks of Asia say, "And we too, we have a patron at Moscow!" Hence the collision between the ambassador of the Czar and the government of the Sultan.

## X.

Nevertheless, it must be said, in exoneration of the French government, as soon as it perceived that its pretension, rather monkish than political, to the monopoly of the Holy Places, was a bad example set to Russia, and that a war might well arise out of that sepulchre of a God of peace, the French government made haste to stifle this pretext for discord. It withdrew wisely its exorbitant exigencies, it moderated its notes, it interpreted them, it gave ample satisfaction to Russia, it returned to the common law of nations, and the equality of protection assured by the Divan to the establishments and pilgrimages of the Holy Places. We cannot but approve in this particular the French government, in having thus removed all plausible occasion of war. A diplomatic

impertinence and a monastic intrigue are scarcely worthy of disturbing the peace of the world.

## XI.

But that was not the game of Russia. Finding no longer in the question of the Holy Places a sparkle wherewith to kindle the conflagration of the East, Russia resolved to demand of the Sultan an enormity so impossible to obtain, that the refusal would be certain, and that this refusal, construed by her into an offence, would furnish her a pretext for the invasion of Turkey.

And what was this enormity? Quite simply the abdication of the independence and the sovereignty of the Sultan, a share in his empire, and that share the lion's portion. In a word, she asked that Abdul-Medjid should recognize the Czar (as formerly the debased Cæsars used to do at Constantinople) as colleague in the empire. The Czar demanded that twelve millions of Greek subjects living under the laws and upon the soil of the Sultan, should be placed under the foreign protection of the emperors of Russia, in such a manner that these twelve millions of men would have two masters upon Turkish soil, a nominal master at Constantinople, and a great armed and crowned tribune at St. Petersburg; a tribune to whom they would not fail to make appeal on all occasions from the orders and the government of the nominal sovereign. This promiscuousness of government, demanded thus by Russia, and limited in appearance to the religious interests of twelve millions of Greeks, was so much the more exorbitant that the civil and religious code being, in Turkey, blent in one, every civil question becomes instantly a religious question, at the will of the appellants to Russo-Greek protection. It was the crowned pope of Russia, at the head of seven hundred thousand men, thundering sovereign bulls upon the head of the Divan.

The empire, on this condition, would no longer be an empire; it would be the worst of servitudes; for the Sultan, become vassal to the Czar, would not have had even the benefit of his degradation. Placed at Constantinople between an imperious colleague who would impose upon him his orders from St. Petersburg, and the subjects emancipated from his decrees throughout his dominions, the Sultan would have been the laughing-stock of sovereigns. Better abdicate a thousand times and regain with his Ottoman subjects the valleys of Iconium or the steppe wastes of Tartary. But no, there was something better than this to be done; it was to appeal to the justice and the indignation of Europe; to rush to arms, to conquer or to die in defence of the honor of his race, his name, his people, his rights, the independence and dignity of all the other thrones in his,

This is what he did, this is what he does for ten months back, to the astonishment and admiration of the world. Russia has aroused, by the excess of insult and iniquity, the Ottoman nation. Indignation has formed anew a people of patriots and warriors from a people who were thought to be benumbed in fatalism; this people is fatalist, undoubtedly; but fatalist in the manner of heroes, it determines its own destiny!

The whole world is observing attentively that war, wherein a nation without disciplined troops, without finances, without administration, without fleets, without the habits of modern warfare, almost without arms, and voluntarily without pay, struggles desperately and so far miraculously on their Thermopylæ of the Danube, against the inexhaustible and irresistible armies of the Persians of the north. An empire thus defended cannot perish. The Russians imagined they were burying a people; they have only occasioned its resurrection; and by a prodigy which it was reserved to our times to contemplate—a prodigy explained by the humane tolerance of the Turks, and by the persecuting proselytism of the



Czars—Catholic Christendom itself desires success to the Ottomans, liberalism itself demands to fight for the Sultan. For the Turks are at this moment taking Europe quite aback, in the expression of Napoleon at St. Helena: they are fighting in reality for Christianity, and defending on the Danube the liberty of the universe.

## XII.

France and England, too long entangled by wily negotiations, hear at last this cry of distress. The powers move to aid the oppressed against the oppressors. It is late, but there will be time, if the assistance be not unequal to the gravity of the danger of Europe. Greek intrigues in the German courts have subserved Russia, and clogged England even to the very secret of her councils. The rough hand of the English people has torn away these cobwebs. Future negotiations will be determined but by the sword.

We do not blame either France or England, for having pushed to tame temporization their efforts to preserve the peace of the world. We abhor a war of iniquity, a war of ambition, a war of system, a war of caprice, even a war of precipitation. But here the war is not, before God or man, a war; this war is nothing else than the defence of peace. There are times when the soundest principles, assailed by brute violence, need to arm themselves and to present bayonets as the ultimate argument of peace and humanity.

The sacred principles for which France, England and Turkey rush now to arms, is this: "Shall Russia be permitted to make arbitrarily, and with impunity, war upon all the world in an age desirous of peace?"

Let him who wishes that this power be granted to Russia, reply yes! For our part, we say no! We say no, with all the moral portion of civilized and independent Europe, and

we applaud England, France and Turkey, for maintaining this no by arms.

We pity Austria and Prussia, if though saying this no in their conscience, they dare not say it aloud before their friends and before their enemies. A word from these two powers would arrest the blood about to flow. Their silence and their inactivity, will be grievous faults in the eyes of Providence, who will judge iniquitous neutralities as aggressions by reticence. Are these two powers, then, more concerned for the Czar than for their subjects? Does the blood of the thousands of men who are perishing, and who will perish, appertain to them to be made a complaisance of to Russia? The true sort of friendship would be to say to the aggressor, "You commit an iniquity; we are your friends, true; but your accomplices, no!" But to suffer the accomplishment of an iniquity we comprehend, is it not in effect a complicity? And is the complicity more innocent for consisting in inaction? Between a just cause and an unjust, impartiality is never real; for there is always a conscience in mankind. What, then, is this pretended neutrality of the two great German powers? If it be deference to Russia, the deference is excessive. If it be indifference between the two causes, this indifference is impossible. If it be fear of the Czar, this fear would be already the conquest of Germany, for none is so completely vanquished as he who dares not fight.

No, neither Austria nor Prussia can be indifferent to the preponderance of Russia, conterminous with their dominions; a preponderance that would be present without a counterweight in Germany, by the possession, whether moral or military, of Turkey. Shall the word then be *resignation*? The resignation of Germany! It would be the shame and the end of the Germans. Germany would then be more fatalist than Turkey?

## XIII.

Russia, which extends from Poland along to Persia and to China, weighs already far too heavily on the globe. If to this weight were added the hundred thousand square leagues of the Ottoman territory in Asia and Europe, there would be an end of all balance of political forces in the world. Then would be inscribed upon the whole of our hemisphere and half of the other the famous *finis Poloniae*, applied no longer to Sarmatia, but to entire Europe.

Let us hear upon this subject a man who was, unfortunately for France and for himself, the improvident ally of Russia against the Turks.

It is known that Napoleon liked much to discourse and little to reply. He used to say all things, even the truth, in those historical monologues thrown out intentionally to be echoed, and which his familiars used to call his *causeries*. Count de Rambuteau, then chamberlain, since præfect of Paris, where he has left some traces of the first edile of France, was present one night at the Tuileries, on occasion of one of these outpourings. These conversations were kept in memory, not only from the importance of the speaker, but also because of the prodigious current of ideas and images which hurried along the mind in those extemporizations of the great talker. It was in the beginning of January, 1813, a time when fortune had already blasted very many of his illusions; Marshal Davoust and Count de Lobau were, as well as M. de Rambuteau, listening in respectful silence to the funereal anecdotes about the retreat from Russia. Napoleon stopped of a sudden in the recital of his reverses, as if the phantom of the future had first arisen before his eyes: "Alas!" said he, "how the best calculated plans may be frustrated by the most unforeseen circumstances. Placed in 1812 at the head of Europe, disposing of the whole force of the West, I had deemed the moment come for the invasion of Russia; I

designed to raise against her a barrier she could never pass ; I hoped to at least retard for a hundred years that power, and I in fact have but advanced her a century. If ever she gets hold of Constantinople, leaning on the Baltic and the Bosphorus, she will subjugate Europe and Asia to the same yoke. Ah ! if I had known earlier the importance of the Turkish counterpoise at Constantinople ! ”

## XIV.

Imagine, in fact, a Czar who already recruits his armies among sixty-five millions of men—men whose sole trade it is, as in the steppes of Attila, to die bravely at the master's order ; add, moreover, to this formidable power of recruitment, the forty millions of Ottoman subjects, Turks, Greeks, Abases, Armenians, Circassians, Kurds, Arabians, Druses, Maronites, and let us superadd the twenty-five millions of Persians, who already tremble at the vanguards of Russia ! One hundred and thirty millions of men in a single despotic hand, for the oppression of one hundred million remaining !

What becomes of the Black Sea, that lake of Europe and of Asia ? It becomes the grand dock of Russia, where her military fleets will be constructed and exercised in silence, behind a chain drawn from Asia to Europe, till the day when those countless sails will issue through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, saying to the winds, as the barbarians did : “ Blow where thou listest, whithersoever thou shalt bear us, the land is ours.”

What becomes of the Danube, which after having flowed free for six hundred leagues through Germany, will be enchained at its mouth, and will find a Muscovite blockade at its junction with the seas wherein it went to seek the sun and the treasures of the East ?

What would become of the Adriatic, wherein Austria began to exercise herself in navigation and commerce through

Triest and Venice, and which Dalmatia, Epirus, Albania, become Russian, will thenceforth close, like a second Black Sea, to the Austrian flag?

What becomes of Constantinople, seated upon two continents, on the shores of three seas and two straits, of whose commercial ports the keys should be in neutral, friendly and free hands? Constantinople becomes a Moscow of the Bosphorus, of which the Kremlin, raised on the site of the gardens of the seraglio, will pass, like slaves, the vessels of Europe beneath its cannon.

What becomes the Mediterranean? Either a Russian lake, or a battle-field of centuries between the Russian and the British fleets, keeping the commerce of Europe between two fires.

What becomes of maritime France in a sea where she possesses neither Malta, nor Gibraltar, nor Corfu? Maritime France becomes the subaltern vassal of the naval power preponderant upon the seas, the English; or else the butt of Russian insults in its very ports. When Russia holds the Dardanelles, the Russian frontier is at Marseilles and Toulon.

What becomes of Germany? Swayed already for some thirty years by Russian diplomacy or intervention, which it was still able to keep in check, so long as the Czar felt in his rear the counterpoise of Turkey, Germany becomes Russian. The confederation of the Rhine, dreamt by Bonaparte, becomes a fact, upon the annihilation of Constantinople by the Czar. Germany, great and small, becomes a confederation of the Danube against France.

At this price Prussia keeps a fragment of Poland and the Rhenish provinces; at this price Austria keeps Italy, and if Italy stirs at the voice of France, a new Suwarroff descends from Illyria into the plains with two hundred thousand Russians to aid as many Germans. Continental France can no longer move upon its own frontiers, without encoun-

tering the German vanguards of Russia, or without coming to blows with Russia, the reserve corps of Germany. The treaties of 1815 are curtailed, as against France, by whatever remained unconquered in the East, independent in Germany, and vital in Italy. It is no longer the accidental and passing coalition of 1815, but the perpetual coalition of a single power of Russia, that will dictate the clauses, and give the password to entire Europe.

England alone will remain unseizable and free, because no chains can be put upon the winds and the waves. She will be subject to the "continental blockade" of Bonaparte, augmented by the blockade of the East by the Czars. She will wait anxiously the epoch when a Russian expedition, like that assembling at the present moment on the Danube, will come, like that of Alexander, to give a new master to two hundred millions of men, who now cultivate India beneath her laws.

Such would be, respecting the land and the seas, the consequence of abandoning Turkey to Russia. As to the civilization of the world, the consequences are written in two words: despotism and superstition; a Czar and pontiff in a single man; the religion of nationalities trampled down with their liberty; the servitude of intellect joined to the servitude of races; an immense retrogradation of the genius of the modern world; theologians for philosophers, and Kalmucks for theologians.

We do not wish to designate the Russians as barbarians. They are as polished, as civilized as any of the nations of the West.\* Their Græco-slavic nature predisposes them with a marvellous suppleness of intelligence and manners to the habits, the elegancies, and even the graces of civilization. They are a nation emerging mature from the recesses of their steppes and forests; an extemporization of the earth, an

\* And yet they have, you say, theologians for philosophers, and Kalmucks for theologians!—*Translator.*

aurora-borealis of the northern skies. This great people would seem the sole one that had no need of lapse of time.

Only Russian civilization is different from ours. The two civilizations emanate from opposite principles, conformably to their different origins. The Russian civilization is obedience; ours is ratiocination. They wish a master; we will have but laws. They ennoble servitude, and divinize the chief who imposes it; we adore liberty, unsubordinating it to country. Their religion is the prostration of the intellect without reply; ours is a work of reason, erected from age to age, upon new accessions of ideas, and fresh advances in science, towards the highest god of liberty. The Russian civilization is mute, like slavery; ours talks, writes, reasons incessantly, like a perpetual dialogue of all with all. The Russians must have ukases; we tribunes. They are the people of silence; we are the children of noise. They look towards the past; we look towards the future. Our two principles—the two great principles that are at war in the world, and that divide the globe between them, destroy each on encountering. The universal domination of Russia would give the victory to the principle of passive obedience over the principle of rational order. There would be an end of that civilization of the Word which has been elaborated by the East, by Greece, Rome, Germany, England, America, France; and the great kingdoms, and the great republics, and the great things, and great men, and the great monuments, and the great tribunes, and the great philosophers, and the great literatures, and the great rational religious world, also, pass away. Art, science, dignity, nationality,—all would perish with the principle of Western Europe, which is liberty.

It will be said: "But you yourselves sometimes abdicate this liberty; see at this moment the state of the nations of the West." We answer: "Eclipses do not put out the sun: they merely for a time intercept its radiation. The eclipse

passes, the light remains. The present state of European nations is not a principle ; it is a circumstance, an accident, a lassitude, a mere halt."

There are, whatever may appear to the contrary, two distinct civilizations on the globe ; a seated civilization, like that of the East ; a civilization standing up, like that of the West. They resemble one another apparently at this moment.\*

True, they do resemble ; but the West will resume its route. If Russia be allowed to manacle the West while it reposes, the West will not arise, or will only arise in fetters. She will break the chains, we know ; but she will burst them in one of those revolutionary convulsions which do not make of war, as now, a military campaign, but an earthquake, wherein perish the victors with the vanquished.

March we then with confidence to aid ourselves upon the Danube. Turkey is the vanguard of the liberty of Europe. Let us congratulate ourselves on finding in a people, imagined dead, a people full of vigorous vitality, and let us write its history, either as an augury of its regeneration, or as the epitaph of our own tomb.

\* The truth at the bottom of all this hubbub of antitheses is, that there are *not* two kinds of civilization, but two *degrees*. Russia and the East are where Europe was in the middle ages.—*Translator*.



## POSTSCRIPT TO THE PREFACE.

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THE more a history is new in manners, magnificent in events, distant in situations, marvellous in characters, the more it needs to justify the full exactness of its recitals. The testimonies and the documents upon the basis of which we have written are no less numerous than incontestable, independently of those which our divers sojourns in Turkey, our travels in the provinces, our examination of the celebrated places, the cities, the monuments, the battle fields, and our personal relations with the most eminent men of the empire, have exceptionally supplied us. The sources, ancient or recent, to which we are indebted, and which the reader may consult himself, are these :—

1st. The admirable works of erudition, criticism, and translation on the *History of the Arabs*, by M. Caussin de Perceval; a veritable dictionary of the history, the dogmas, the languages, the resources, the poetry of Arabia, of Persia, of Syria; a key to a world little known of history, religion, and literature.

2d. The *History of the Ottoman Empire*, in 18 vols., by M. de Hammer; a vast and learned composition, wherein all the annalists of the empire, Arabian, Persian, Turkish, Byzantine, German, collated with an indefatigable patience, are analyzed, quoted, confronted by an impartial writer, capable of cross-questioning each of those historians in his own tongue, and of reproducing them with discernment. Acquaintance with the minutest geographical localities, a long residence in the capitals and at the courts of the Ottoman empire, have made M. de Hammer, notwithstanding some contradictions and historic confusions, the

most penetrating light and the most justly accredited authority on the subject. Born at Gratz, in Styria, in 1774, on the very frontiers of this empire which he was destined to describe; educated at Vienna in the Academy of Oriental Sciences; a precocious collaborator of the Arabian Dictionary; a confidential secretary of the Minister of State charged with the department of the affairs of the East in 1796; sent in 1789 to Constantinople and Egypt; an interpreter to Sidney Smith and to Yousuf-Pasha, during the wars between the Porte and France; employed in the Austrian Legation at Constantinople in 1802; consul of Austria in Moldavia in 1806; ambassadorial counsellor and interpreter of the court in 1817; retired to his estates in Styria in 1847, and President of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, his long life, drawn out to our own days by the passion of art and erudition, is but a continuous study of the documents of the history of the Ottomans. Each of those years is marked by a monument of these researches.

*Researches on the Constitution of the Ottoman Empire*, in 2 vols.

*History of the Ottoman Empire*, in 18 vols.

*History of Ottoman Poetry*, in 4 vols.

*Turkish Poetry*, in 1 vol.

*History of the Tribe of Gold*, in 1 vol.

*History of the Ilkans*, in 2 vols.

*History of Persian Poetry*, in 1 vol.

*The Duty of Hafiz, the Persian Poet*, in 1 vol.

*Translation of the Sacred Poems of the Kaaba*, in 1 vol.

*History of Arabian Literature* (left incomplete), in 4 vols.

In fine, a vast scientific collection in German by several hands, but in which the hand of M. de Hammer directs his associates, entitled, *Mines of the East*.

Such are the chief titles of this laborious explorer to the confidence and to the gratitude of every mind of any curiosity in the history, the manners, and the literature of the East. We were desirous to pay him ourselves a tribute of literary affection for the studious hours which he has engaged us in, and the priceless materials which we have borrowed of him.

8d. The *Chronicle* of Saad-Eldin, a high judge of the army, of whom we have related the melancholy fate.

4th. The *Chronicle* of the Grand-Vizier Lufti.

5th. *History of Prince Demetrius Cantemir*.

6th. *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, by an eminent man, who was the first to discover interest in erudition; we mean Gibbon—to-day unknown, but to-morrow immortal.

7th. *History of the Order of Malta*, by the Abbé Vertot.

8th. *History of the Ottoman Empire*, too superficial and too rapid, by M. de Salebéry, but which gives a lively and graceful summary, in the manner of Voltaire; not what the curious desire to study, but what even the vulgar would not like to seem ignorant of.

9th. *History of Poland*, under the title of *History of Sobieski*, by M. de Salvandy; pages full of erudition, wherein the labor of the research is dissembled by the graceful vigor of the style.

10th. The invaluable work of *Mouradja d'Osson* (this writer with two countries, interpreter and envoy of Sweden to Constantinople) upon Ottoman legislation and the manners of the Turkish empire. This work, in 8 vols., is Turkey drawn in relief as to her religion, legislation, administration, and usages. It gives alone a full intelligence of her history.

11th. The *History of Tamerlane*, by Petis de Lacroix.

12th. The *History of Scanderbeg*, by a long-winded Jesuit, who makes himself the minute Plutarch of the heroes of modern Epirus.

13th. The *History of Venice*, the most solid monument of the renowned learning of M. Daru.

14th. The *Life of Prince Eugene of Savoy*.

15th. *History of Russia*.

16th. The travels of Chardin, Tavernier, Savary, Tournefort, Chateaubriand, ourselves, for the description of the deserts of Mesopotamia and Palestine.

17th. *History of Persia*, by the British ambassador, Malcolm.

18th. *History of Catherine II., Empress of Russia*.

19th. *Memoirs* of Baron de Tott.

20th. *History of Mahomet*, by Abulfeda.

21st. *Military Travels in the Ottoman Empire*, by Beaujour.

22d. *History of the Crusades*, by Michaud and Poujoulet;

one of the historical monuments wherein erudition, talent, and taste have the most agreeably enchased the relics of the middle ages.

23d. *History of the Arabs*, by the Abbé Marigny.

24th. *Travels in Tartary and Thibet*, by Father le Huc, a Lazarist missionary; the work is a treasury of usages, explorations, science, and sincerity.

25th. All the Ottoman histories now printed and known, and some unknown, inedited manuscripts, of which we have been permitted to take note through our interpreters, in one of the libraries of the Seraglio, in 1833.

26th. The *Histories* of the Greek Revolution.

27th. The *Arabian Histories* of the Sheiks of Syria, and our personal intercourse with the Emir of the Maronites and the Druses at the palace of the Emir Beschir, the *Chief of the Mountain*.

28th. The *National Chronicles* of the 18th to the 16th century, translated and commented recently by M. Buchon.

29th. The *Greek Chronicles* of the conquest of Constantinople, translated by the same writer.

30th. The *Revolutions of Constantinople*, by I. de Saint-Denys.

31st. In fine, all the notions about places, manners, religion, history, that long sojourns in the East, and the intercourse of the principal personages of all the races and all the conditions of the empire, from the Bedouins of the desert of Palmyra to the Bulgarians or Servians of the Danube, could contribute to a foreign and impartial observer.

32d. The study, in the localities as well as in books, of the things of the East, which have charmed, without intention of writing this history, over ten years of our life, and which, in familiarizing us with those delicious countries, have inspired us insensibly with, not indeed the faculty, but at least the passion, to reproduce them.

Such are our titles to credence with the reader. In verifying them with the original documents he may find them not sufficient, but he will find them strictly true and authentic. In recitals so marvellous it is not the historian that is poetic, but the subject.

# HISTORY OF TURKEY.

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## BOOK FIRST.

### I.

BEFORE recounting the history of an empire which supplanted for a moment the Roman empire in that East, the cradle of nations and the theatre of the most marvellous transfigurations of the human races, it is necessary to relate the rise and the progress of Islamism or the religion of Mahomet.

Religion, especially in the East, the land of theocracy by pre-eminence, is the movable element of peoples. Their nationality is in their dogmas, their destiny is in their faith. The spirit of migration and conquest, which agitates them in their natal steppes and impels them with a book in one hand and a sword in the other athwart the globe, is above all a spirit of proselytism. A prophet, a revealer marches with them behind the conqueror. This character of the Orientals is stamped no less upon the Turkish race than on the race of Abraham, of Moses, of Jesus Christ. Arrived later on the stage of life amid idolatrous nations whose superstitions had disgusted all human credulities, the Tartar—Turks, already numberless, seemed to wait in their tents behind the Oxus, till a prophet's voice should call them to exterminate idolatry and to renew the worship of the true God in the bosom of barbarism. But for this prophet, they would still be pasturing, perhaps, their flocks upon the plains of Tartary. But for this prophet, they would have had neither motive nor occasion for pouring

forth from their primitive basin. But for this prophet, they would have found neither Persia, already conquered by the Mahometan Arabs, thrown open to them, nor Arabia receiving them as auxiliaries against the Romans, nor Egypt, nor Asia Minor ready to adopt a worship which emancipated them from the dominion of Constantinople. But for this prophet, in fine, they would have had neither that resistless impulsion which gives assurance of victory, nor that fanaticism which makes men find it in a death that leads to immortal happiness.

The Arabs of the desert were too few in number and too barbarous to carry through a vast continent the torch of a new civilization. The peoples of Persia, Egypt, and Asia Minor, were too aged to propagate a new religion beneath the hoofs of their horses. Each nascent religion supposes, generally, a new race upon the world's stage. Christianity, although of Eastern origin, did not conquer the West till the barbarians, on their conversion, had, before and after Charlemagne, given it as many soldiers as believers. Islamism was not propagated in Asia Minor, beyond the sources of the Tigris and the Euphrates, to the north of the Black Sea, to Constantinople and Eastern Europe, till the Turks, evoked by it from their solitudes, had lent it the freshness of their enthusiasm and the heroism of their arms. The Turks are indebted wholly to the Arabian prophet for their empire, and the prophet owes the establishment of his religion to the Turks.

Islamism and Turkey are one and the same fact. The conquest of the Eastern world by the Mahometans would be incomprehensible without going back in the person of Mahomet to the origin and first spring of that power which has often agitated, and which still agitates three continents.

## II. .

The first consideration that presents itself to the astonished mind, when opening a map of the globe for the purpose of studying, if the expression be permitted, the geography of religions, is, that the little strip of earth between the bottom of the Mediterranean and the shores of the Red Sea—a space almost entirely occupied by Mount Lebanon, the hills of Judea, the mountains of Arabia, and the desert—should have been the site, the cradle, and the

scene of the three greatest religions adopted by mankind (India and China excepted): the Turkish religion, the Christian religion, and the Mahometan religion. One would think, on contemplating a map of the world, that this little zone of rocks and sand between two translucent seas, and beneath stars of bright serenity, alone reflected more of divinity than all the residue of the globe.

What is the cause? Discarding all direct intervention of the Godhead in the revelation of the doctrines and worships most conformable to his essence, and confining ourselves, as we must do here, to simply historic notions, the reason is, that those peoples have received from nature, as their dominant faculty, the power of beholding the invisible through the mirage of imagination. Reason concludes a God; imagination sees him, hears him, talks to him, makes him talk, describes him, unveils him, adores him, and imparting by the energy of its perception, its enthusiasm to others, creates between heaven and earth those invisible worlds which occupy more space in the minds of men than the real world. It is the imagination that spiritualizes mankind; it is spiritualism that elevates it to the discovery of God; it is the discovery of God that moralizes and divinizes man. Let us beware, then, of despising nations of great imagination. They will be always the masters as they are the seniors of the human race. They have discovered to us the heavens.

If I were asked why this faculty of the imagination (the second of the mental faculties, since reason is the first) has been given to the Arabs in larger portion than to us—as a right of primogeniture in the inheritance of the eternal patriarch to his sons—I would answer that I know nothing of the matter; that God is free and absolute dispenser of his gifts among his children; that some have been endowed with the cool reason which analyzes, which lays down principles, which draws conclusions, and which saps errors; others, with the legislative gift that founds and governs societies; these, with the gift of eloquence that fascinates and persuades; those, with the gift of courage that conquers empires and repulses servitude; all, with a particular and dominant portion in those divers faculties of which the concord makes the equilibrium and the grandeur of humanity.

As to the purely material causes that have given the patriarchal race an imagination more active, more prolific,

and more religious than to the races of the West, we will indicate three only; climate, leisure, contemplation.

The climate, eminently sultry and serene, that reigns within this nook of the earth preserves the inhabitants from that multiplicity of wants against which we have to contend by an unintermittent toil. This labor distracts our mind from things invisible; it makes our life an endless alternation of weariness and sleep. The body thus usurps upon the spirit. We suffer or we enjoy; but we have no time to meditate. These peoples, on the contrary, have scarcely any material wants which nature does not satisfy around them in advance. The flocks supply spontaneously their food; the fountain pours forth their beverage; the date tree ripens without culture their bread; the camel transports them on their journeys; a woollen cloth thrown over three wooden stakes will house them; they spend their days in solitude and long lapses of silence, that dim vegetation of ideas.

This patriarchal life affords them what is wanting to the populations—agricultural, warlike, or industrial—of the West; that is, leisure. Imagination is the daughter of leisure. Leisure is contemplative; contemplation never ends but in the infinite; and the infinite is God. It is therefore natural that this race, which enjoys pre-eminently the climate of thought, should be endowed with an imagination more powerful in scrutinizing the metaphysical laws of the spiritual world, as the limpidity of its firmament, and the deep transparency of its nights in the desert, made it the first to scrutinize the celestial laws of astronomy. Is not internal meditation, in fact, the astronomy of the soul?

Very far from affecting over this mystic and pious race the superiority that, in our times, is attributed to the populations, exclusively calculating and skeptical, of the West, we believe that God has given in this to the shepherd peoples of Arabia the better part, in the expression of the Gospel. We believe that the noblest use of the faculties of every creature is to discover, to the end of worshipping and serving his Creator, that God is the sole end of the creation; that the veritably dominant race among the families of humanity is that which has in it the deepest sentiment of the divine presence and adoration; that among those races, the greatest men in the eyes of the sovereign Appreciator of all greatness, are neither the possessors of the largest space of earth, nor the greatest slayers of men, nor the greatest founders of empires;



but that the greatest men are the most holy. It is not, in fact, by the external and fugitive appearance of things that we should judge of their intrinsic value, but by the things themselves. The Arabs express this by a parable that incarnates, as is their wont, the Word in the recital.

King Nimrod, say they, one day summoned into his presence his three sons. He ordered to be set before them three urns under seal. One of the urns was of gold, the other of amber, the third of clay. The king bade the eldest of his sons to choose among these urns that which appeared to him to contain the treasure of greatest price. The eldest chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word *Empire*; he opened it and found it full of blood. The second took the vase of amber, whereon was written the word *Glory*; he opened it and found it full of the ashes of men who had made a great sensation in the world. The third son took the only remaining vase, the clay one; he opened it and found it quite empty; but on the bottom the potter had inscribed the name of *God*. "Which of these vases weighs the most?" asked the king of his courtiers. The men of ambition replied, it was the vase of gold; the poets and conquerors, that it was the amber one; the sages, that it was the empty vase, because a single letter of the name of God was of more weight than the entire globe.

We are of the opinion of the sages. We believe that the greatest things are great but in the proportion of divinity which they contain; and that when the supreme Retributor will judge the dust of our deeds, of our vanities and of our glories, he will glorify but his own name.

### III.

Arabia was bounded on one side by the Romans, masters then of Syria; by the Persians, from whom it was separated by the Euphrates towards Babylon; by Abyssinia, against which it was protected by the Red Sea, in fine, by the East Indies, at an almost impassable distance, composed of the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf. Its limits in the desert were as vague as the horizon and as movable as the sand, extending at times along to Egypt on one side, through the Desert of Pharan, on the other to Damascus, Palmyra, Balbec, through the solitudes of Mesopotamia.

The chief divisions of this vast territory were :—

*Hedjaz*, an arid and mountainous region, extending parallelwise with the Red Sea, and inclining towards *Yemen*. Mecca and Medina were the capitals.

*Yemen*, the southern extremity nearest the Indies, bathed along its borders by the ocean on one side and the Red Sea on the other. Seba, whose queen brought the perfumes to Solomon, was one of its principal cities.

*Nedjed*, the central nucleus, an elevated table-land which overlooks, though with gentle inclination of its two sides, on the one hand Syria, on the other the sea.

In fine, the desert properly so called—another ocean of steppes and sands, dotted sparsely with oases, confining here on Persia, there on Palestine, as insusceptible of demarkation as the waves of the sea, and where the tribes and caravans went forward and backward like vessels upon the main.

#### IV.

The genealogies of each of the races, tribes, and families, which compose the great collective Arabian race, are as numerous as the tribes and as marvellous as their imagination. Poets and historians without number have recorded each for the pre-eminence of race, in their songs and in their annals. Each of these collections of local literature and erudition contains antiquities and recitals equal in interest, in simplicity, in heroism, to those of Homer or the Bible, and are translated, commented, annotated, dated, with a learning equally consummate and poetic, by a great number of learned men in modern times, and especially M. de Sacy and M. Caussin de Perceval. Those who would drink deeply from these sources, rendered limpid by patience, need but consult these supremely attractive writers.

#### V.

Abraham, whatsoever may have been his own origin, was the common father of the Arabs. Part of them, acknowledged sons of this desert king by his wife Sarah, were the Hebrews; the others, cherished but disowned children by his slave Agar, were the Ishmaelites; all equally Arab, but condemned by Providence, or rather by character—that providence of races—to different fortunes. The Bible is the history of the former; from which emanated the Gospel

through Jesus Christ. The annals we collate are the history of the latter.

The Ishmaelite Arabs, those of whom we here speak, call in their books their father Abraham *El Khalil-Allah*, or the friend of God. His father Azor, say they, was one of the great vassals of Nimrod, a sort of fabulous Jupiter of the Babylonian Olympus. Nimrod, frightened by a prophecy which announced to him the birth of an infant superior to other men and to himself, forbade all intercourse between the sexes in his dominions. Abraham was born through a breach of this order. His parents, to elude the anger of Nimrod, concealed his birth. They had him hid and nursed in a cavern outside the city. This adventure and several others of the like nature in the Arab historians, remind us of the jealous precautions of Herod in Judea, and the massacre of the infants to belie the prophecies concerning the early advent of Christ.

Abraham, nursed by the angels, grew in strength and intellect in his cavern. His first egression from it was by night. The firmament of Chaldea, filled with luminous creatures that floated in the ether, revealed to him God. Only he was not yet able to distinguish him from his works. A star resplendent beyond the others first arrested his dazzled eyes: "There is my God," exclaimed he to himself. Presently the star descended and disappeared in the horizon. "No," said he, "that cannot be the God whom I adore." So with several other constellations. Afterwards the moon arose: "There is my God," cried he. And it set. "No, it is not my God." In fine, the sun arose majestically in the East, at the border of the forest. "Here, truly, is my God," said he; "it is large and dazzling beyond all others." The sun accomplished his career, and went down in the horizon, leaving the mantle of night upon the earth. "That is not still the God I look for to adore," muttered pensively the infant destined for the adoration of the divinity invisible, immovable and eternal. He returned to his cavern to seek his God in his own soul.

## VI.

Having left at length his cave and been presented to Nimrod as a young man born long before the interdiction of the marriages, Abraham began revealing to the Babylonians

the immaterial God, exhorting them to worship in spirit and in truth, and to eject the idols from the temples. Remark this circumstance which was the occasion and the germ of the preaching of Mahomet, whose sole idea, as he says himself, was to restore the religion of Abraham.

## VII.

The priests of Babylon led the profaner of the idols before Nimrod to have him punished. "Who then is your God?" demanded the king of the young prophet. "My God," said Abraham, "is he who giveth life and death."—"It is I who give life and death," rejoined Nimrod. To prove it, he ordered into his presence, from the prisons of Babylon, two criminals condemned to death and who were awaiting execution. He cut off the head of one, he gave pardon to the other, and supposed his interlocutor confounded. But Abraham, at first perplexed how to refute this sophism in action, soon recovered himself and offered the king a challenge of omnipotence. "Very well," said he, "my God is he who makes the sun to rise in the East; do you make it rise in the West." Nimrod replied, as embarrassed tyrants do, by fire. He had the youthful prophet thrown into a burning pyre, *but the fire became cold*, says the history. Abraham retired into the deserts of Mesopotamia with his family, his slaves and his flocks.

There commence the Hebrews—the Arabs of the Bible and of Jerusalem, the sons of Isaac. Let us turn to those of the desert and of Mecca, the sons of Ishmael.

It was upon the future site of this city—a site then without inhabitants and without water, that Abraham, in deference to the jealousy of his wife Sarah, abandoned his slave Agar and the child he had by her, Ishmael.

Scarce had the unfortunate Agar exhausted the provisions of dates and water which Abraham had left her for herself and her son, than she felt the torments of thirst and ran desperately through the valleys and parched ravines of *Safa*, asking them in vain for a single drop of water or the oozing moisture of a rock to wet the lips of her infant. During this absence of his mother, Ishmael cried with impatience and thirst, and striking in his anger with his heel upon the sand, there issued thence a fountain of cool and pure water. Agar hastened back to the wailings of her son. She

saw the water, and fearing lest it should evaporate in the sun or disappear in the sand, she set to kneading the moistened earth in her hands, and shaped it into a basin to retain the treasure. This miraculous water, which flows still at the present day, is the source of the famous wells of *Zemzem* of Mecca, which have the virtue of sanctifying the drinkers.

## VIII.

Some Arab shepherds of a wandering tribe were pasturing their camels on the sides of Mount Arafat, in the neighborhood. They saw some eagles fighting overhead the site where the prodigy had just taken place. Suspecting that the birds had smelt the moisture, they hastened thither. They found the spring, the young mother and the child. "Who are you, and what is this child?" asked they of Agar; "whence comes this water? We have never before seen it during many years that we traversed these solitudes." Agar related to them her abandonment; they took compassion on her. The child, for whom the earth seemed to have opened like a mother's breast, appeared to them a being predestined for celestial benedictions. They announced this prodigy to their tribe, who came to dwell upon the spot. Ishmael grew up in the midst of this people; he married one of their daughters, named *Amara*.

Abraham made them two visits with the permission of Sarah. Sarah, still jealous, had exacted as condition that Abraham should not dismount from his horse at the lodgings of Agar.

The first time Abraham visited Mecca he stopped at the door of Ishmael and called him by his name. Amara, the wife of Ishmael, came to the door. "Where is Ishmael?" inquired the patriarch without dismounting. "He is hunting," replied Amara. "Have you nothing to give me to eat? for I cannot come down." "I have nothing," said Amara; "this country is a desert." "Very well," rejoined Abraham, "say to your husband that you have seen a stranger, describe to him my figure and tell him that I recommend him to change the threshold of his door." Amara, on the return of Ishmael, acquitted herself of the message. Her husband, offended that she had refused his father hospitality, repudiated her and married a woman of another tribe, named *Sayda*.

Abraham returned some time after to visit his son. He

was absent. A young, slim and graceful woman came to the threshold of the door to make reply to the stranger. "Have you some nourishment to give me?" asked Abraham of his daughter-in-law, without making himself known or dismounting from his horse. "Yes," said she in an instant. And going into the house, she returned soon after presenting to the traveller some cooked venison, milk and dates. Abraham tasted the edibles, then blessed them in saying: "May God multiply in this country these three species of nutriment."

After the repast, Sayda said to the old man: "Dismount from your horse that I may bathe your head and your beard." "I cannot," replied the patriarch, "I am under oath not to quit the saddle." And merely setting one foot upon a large stone beside the door, while the other leg continued astride on the saddle, he in this way stooped his head within reach of the young woman, who laved away the dust wherewith his eyes and beard were soiled.

"When your husband returns," said the patriarch on departing, "describe to him my figure and say to him from me that the threshold of his door is alike beautiful and solid, and that he take good care not to change it."

Ishmael, upon hearing this recital and these words, said to Sayda: "He whom you have seen is my father, and he orders me in this wise to keep you carefully for ever." All the children whose generations multiply the race of Ishmael were conceived by Sayda.

In a third visit to his son, Abraham built conjointly with him at Mecca, a temple or house of God called *Kaaba*. This temple, which is still at this day the temple of Mecca, was a small and shapeless structure without window, or door or roof, constructed of unhewn blocks of stone. Abraham did the mason-work, and his son Ishmael quarried the stones. They inserted in one of the walls the famous "black stone," which an angel was supposed to have conveyed direct from heaven to sanctify the house of the Deity. They instituted pilgrimages, rites and processions around the edifice, which have made subsequently of Mecca the religious capital of Arabia, and which Mahomet was obliged to retain, with a change of spirit, after his reform.

But be it as it may with these mythological traditions, Mecca became, through the processions of the *Kaaba*, the object of the pilgrimages and the centre of the superstitions

of all the Arabs who were not adorers of Jehovah. An idolatry, confused like all the reveries of the people—that ignorant and carnal child—dethroned the pure worship of Abraham, and peopled the Kaaba with idols. This obscure theogony resisted the Persians, the Parthians, the Phenicians, the Jews, the Romans, and continued, until Mahomet, to pervert the morals and to debase the intellect of the Arabs. The habits, almost nomadic, of their life, and the nature of their nationality, which had no other bond of unity besides origin, locality, language and manners, rendered all modification of their creeds and their civilization almost impossible. They resembled the sand of their desert, slipping through the fingers that would grasp it.

Let us take a rapid survey of their history and civilization, to the end of comprehending the difficulties of the mission of their great prophet.

## IX.

The Arabs were not a people, but a collection of petty peoples, of tribes, of families, of hordes more or less numerous, some of them sedentary, the greater number nomad, covering with some scattered villages and a whole cloud of tents and flocks, that coast of the Red Sea lying between Egypt and the Indian Ocean. The enumeration of these tribes and hordes, all independent of each other, sometimes allies, sometimes enemies, without a superior authority to impose law or peace, or to guarantee independence, would be tiresome and useless. It would be the history of each group of tents throughout the desert. The principal tribes, more numerous, more rich in land and flocks, more renowned in war, used to aggregate, protect, domineer from time to time some of the inferior tribes, and thus occasion wide dissensions that often ravaged Arabia. These accidental ascendencies had nothing stable or legal; acquired by a battle, they were lost in another. The constitution of Arabia was a permanent civil war between all the members of this federal republic of tribes. No priesthood, no dictatorship, no authority monarchical or national, no fixed and sovereign council imposed their laws upon this arbitrary anarchy of the several members of the confederacy. A republic without representation or common centre, composed of a crowd of small hereditary monarchies, held by chiefs of tribes in whom genealogy

made the sole title to govern. The State did not exist. The family, multiplied by the tribe, alone existed.

There, the power deficient at the centre, was strongly constituted by the domestic manners of the family. But, although absolute in the chief of the tribe, this power partook, in the application, of the gentleness and free obedience habitual to domestic power, in paternal government. The brothers, the sons, the kinsmen of the chief, the old men, the sages, the wealthy, the warriors of renown, the poets illustrious for their lays, held a constant council before the tent, or in the house of the king of the tribe, where all was deliberated and decided in full assembly. There was neither book, nor charter, nor written law; but consecrated traditions and inviolable usages exercised a sway, but the more absolute for being written in the memory, the consent and the respect of all. The least infraction of them was sacrilege. Each tribe bore the name of its primary ancestor.

## X.

Their religion was as free as their politics. Some paid adoration to angels or celestial spirits—intermediaries whom they supposed to be female and called the daughters of God; others, to the moon and the stars; still others believed this life to be the beginning and end of man; a fourth party thought the life of man to be but one of those infinite periods of existence, to be renewed in other worlds and under other forms. When an Arab died, his finest camel was tied to a stake beside his grave, and left to expire of hunger upon the body of its master, in order that he should be furnished with his habitual *mountage* in the region to which death had introduced him. A species of owl of the desert, that flits about the sepulchres, in uttering plaintive cries was deemed the soul of the departed, demanding something to drink. They represented in stone and wood the images of superior beings, and rendered devout worship to these deaf divinities.

Their primitive religion was mixed with various superstitions, Jewish, Roman, Greek, Persian, according to the nation with which they came the most in contact. The usage of circumcision, borrowed of the Hebrews, prevailed in all the tribes; they also practised slavery; each might have as many wives as he had the means to support, the heir



received the widows, as he did the flocks, among the patrimony of the deceased; incest, therefore, between the stepson and the step-mother was lawful in certain cases. Each chief of a tent had the absolute right of life and death over his family and his slaves. A barbarous usage authorized the father and mother when poor to bury alive their daughters at the moment of birth, to the end of preventing either the wretched lot which slavery reserves for woman, or the outrage and dishonor which a daughter may one day bring upon their name. Their sole occupation was the care of their flocks, and war.

War was, so to say, individual among them. An act of violence led to murder; the murder was to be atoned for either by compensation in heads of camels sufficient to satisfy the injury, or by another murder. The blood for blood was their rule of justice. Vengeance thus was deemed a sacred duty. A woman taken off, a slave, a courser, a camel stolen, the price of blood refused by one tribe to another, entailed a warfare of ten, perhaps fifty years among the Arabs.

This legislation, so ferocious in many points of view, was not however without humanity, without virtue, without wisdom, and even without refinement in certain aspects. The Arabs pushed to superstition their respect of hospitality. Their most inveterate enemy found refuge, security, and even protection, as soon as he succeeded in touching the cord of their tents or the gown skirts of their wives. They were brave, generous, heroic. All the virtues and even all the delicacies of chivalry which Europe has known but later, were immemorially passed into their manners. Sensible to eloquence, to poetry, to music, they honored as demi-gods the men endowed with these gifts, which seemed to them to be supernatural. Although their literature was not perpetuated in any book, it was preserved in their memory. The tribes had amongst them a species of Olympic games, in which they strove for the superiority between their orators and poets; the poem that merited the prize by the decision of a majority of the auditors, was then written and suspended in perpetuity on the walls of the Kaaba, at Mecca. The pilgrims, who arrived annually in crowds, admired its glories, and bore back with them, on returning, the production, the renown, the genius of the poet, throughout Arabia. This poetry thus crowned and adopted by the nation, was termed *Moallacâ*. They had rules of composition conformable to

the genius of a warrior, an amorous and a shepherd people—rules from which it was forbidden to depart. They were to commence with a sort of lyric elegy upon the grief of an afflicted lover who saw again, in passing through the desert, the ruins of the house or tent where he was formerly happy with his mistress—an image, apparently, the most pathetic to the heart of the Arab. It was after to contain a description of the perfections of the camel and the courser, those two travelling companions in war and peace of the nomad. It was to close with a splendid landscape as a decoration to the close of the action. This people who lived in constant communion with the earth, loved to see it reproduced unceasingly to their imagination in the poet's verses. The history of the poets, those profane prophets of the Arabs, is found incessantly interblended with the history of the tribe and of its heroes—heroes who were, in general, poets themselves.

Imroulcays, one of the most adventurous, heroic, and grandiose of these bards, bordered nearly on the epoch of Mahomet. Greece, Rome, or the modern literatures, have nothing more perfect than the verses of this nomad barbarian, wandering, warring, loving and chanting at the same time his amours, his exploits, and his misfortunes. The following are a few strophes of his Moallacà, his poem suspended at the time of Mahomet, in the temple of Mecca.

"Stop we here, O my companions, to muse upon the memory of my beloved, and on the traces of that cherished dwelling which once arose between those sandy hillocks, on the spot of which the winds of the north and of the south, which meet there in conflict and lift their dusty tornadoes, have, however, not been able to efface as yet the latest vestiges.

"My companions, touched by my sorrows, draw up their coursers. Resume thy courage, say they to me with compassion.

"Ah! the sole remedy for my anguish is, to bathe this spot in tears; or rather, of what use would now be my tears themselves, since they cannot repeople this solitude and reanimate these ruins?

"It is the spot wherein I lost the two young women I once loved. When they used to approach me, the perfumed air announced their presence, as the morning brings on its breath the odor of the rose. Away from them, my tears have often rolled down my bosom and moistened the cincture of my sword.

"But what! have I not had some happy days in their society? especially that day whereon I slew my own camel to give a delicate repast to the dear girls! What an infantile idea it was that then occurred to them in their sportiveness, that of dividing between them the charge and the ornaments of my camel! . . . .

"One day, upon this sandy hillock, she whom I loved repulsed me harshly, and bound herself by an irrevocable vow to no more listen to me. O Fathma! do not annihilate me by intolerable rigor; if something in me has displeased thee, untwine my heart from thine with gentleness, and give it back its liberty again!"

After comes a description of the beauty of his lover, which the Canticle of Canticles, in Solomon, does not surpass in loftiness or grace; then he paints the force of his passion:

"Often, to test my constancy, a night more stormy than the upturn ocean has enveloped me in its darkness and its terrors. I have said to it: O tedious night, make way at length for morning! What a night of weariness! the starless stars seemed fastened to the rocks by invisible nails!" . . . .

The poet here brings in, by a quite natural transition, the usual portrait of the war-horse:

"At the dawn of day," says he, "while the bird sits as yet upon its nest, I start off upon my stately charger, whose fleetness answers to the impatience of my thoughts that lead the way! He has the force of a mass of rock that is precipitated by its own weight with impetuosity from the cliff of a mountain. Gold seems to adorn in leafy delicacy his fine hair. The saddle can with difficulty be retained upon his back, which resembles a stone polished by the ceaseless current in the sunlight. . . . He is thin, his fire consumes him; when he runs with all his speed, there is heard a whizzing sound like that of water boiling in a caldron. . . . He has the short flank of the gazelle, the dry and nervous thigh of the ostrich; his body is broad; his flowing tail fills up the whole interval between the legs. The blood of the fierce animals or the warrior foemen whom he aids me in seizing, when dried upon his mane, is like the rose-tint of the *henna*, that dyes the whiteness of the old man's beard.

"He passes the night under saddle and bridle, always ready at my command, without turning his nostrils towards the surrounding pastures,"

After the description of the horse, which reminds one of the horse of Job,\* the Arabian poet relates one of the natural phenomena most agreeable to shepherds, a shower of rain in the desert :

"The storm," says he, in his three last stanzas, "in discharging its clouds upon the declivities of Châbir, has revived their verdure and made their flowers rebloom ; thus the silkmonger of Yemen, when he stops before the tent, unties his pack, enveloped in a dark-colored cloth, and displays upon the sand a thousand stuffs of various dyes. The birds of the valley warble with joy, as if intoxicated by some drops of an exhilarating and delicious wine. The lions of the uplands, which the torrents of the ravines have surprised, swept away and drowned in the night, lie extended afar off like the weak and worthless weeds that are uprooted and scattered on the ground !"

Such is the literature of this people, equal in energy and relief to that of Greece and of Rome (!) superior in naïveté and in naturalness ; a babbling, by turns savage and graceful, of early humanity.

## XI.

These inspired men, by turns shepherds, poets, and heroes, led lives as poetic as their lays. We will cite but one example ; to complete this portraiture of manners, in the life of one of them, the young Mourakkich, who died at the commencement of the mission of Mahomet.

Mourakkich was the son of a tribe chief named Amr. He was in love with one of his cousins of the same tribe, named Esma, the daughter of Auf. He asked her in marriage of his uncle. Auf replied to him : "You are too young, too obscure, and too poor as yet ; but I promise you my daughter when you make a name and a fortune." Mourakkich departed to earn his cousin. He visited all the tribes, became illustrious for his courage and genius ; and having attached himself to an Arab king, a powerful feudatory of

\* The description of the horse is as far inferior to that in Job as the whole specimen of the Arab poet is below the lowest of "Greek or Roman literature." I do not hesitate to say this though my author be a poet himself, since the reader has the means of judging before him. And I dare engage that my translation is still more *partial* than Lamartine's.—*Translator*.

Persia, he acquired at this court flocks, tents, clothes, and jewelry worthy of being offered to his uncle for the hand of Esma.

But during his absence, famine having desolated the tribe of Auf, this person, forgetful of the promises made his nephew, had given his daughter in marriage to a wealthy Arab of Yemen, at the price of two hundred camel loads of grain. Esma's husband took her off to Nadjran, his country.

On the return of Mourakkich to his tribe, he was told, to spare him sorrow, that his cousin was dead. Despair was consuming him to languor. He by accident, however, discovered the imposition of Auf, the marriage, and the place of residence of Esma. Although dying, he set out to at least see again his lover. He had no longer strength enough to keep himself in the saddle; he travelled lying upon his courser, and supported by two slaves. Fatigue aggravated his infirmity on approaching Nadjran; his two slaves seeing him swoon, and thinking him dead, deposited him in the shade of a cavern in the mountains.

Mourakkich, abandoned thus and returned to himself, was discovered in the cavern by a shepherd who kept the flocks of Esma's husband. "Do you often have access to your master's wife?" inquired Mourakkich, "and could you convey her a secret message?" "No," replied the shepherd, "but I every evening see a slave who comes to milk the goats to take to her mistress." "Very well," said Mourakkich, "I have a favor to request of you, and you will be largely rewarded. Take this ring and slip it into the milk which the slave is carrying to Esma."

In the evening, at the hour when the slave brought the cup from which her mistress used to drink, the shepherd, in pouring the milk, slipped into it the ring. Esma, in drinking, having felt the ring tingle against her teeth, took it in her hand, examined it by the light of the fire, and recognized it by certain signs that she had engraven on it in formerly presenting it to her cousin. She asked some explanations of her slave, no less astonished than herself. Then she appealed to her husband, and said to him, "Send for the herdsman of your goats, and know from him whence has come this ring."

The herdsman replied to his master: "I received that ring from a man whom I met in a cavern of Djebbun. He

besought me to throw the ring in the milk intended for Esma. I have done what he desired. But I am ignorant of his name and his tribe; and when I left him in the cavern his last breath was nearly on his lips."

"But," said the husband to the wife, "to whom does the ring belong?" "It is the ring of Mourakkich," responded Esma; "he is dying, run with all speed to take him up."

The husband instantly called for his horse, and had a second prepared for his wife, so that the presence of her he had loved might revive the spirits of the dying man. They set out attended by slaves loaded with provisions and a litter suspended to the sides of a camel. Before night they arrived at the cavern. Mourakkich expiring was taken up and transported by them to Nadjran. They treated him as a brother. Their tenderness and compassion were unable to heal the wound which the forgotten promises of his uncle and the deception on his return, had left still bleeding in his heart. But he at least enjoyed the supreme consolation of dying in the house and beneath the eyes of Esma.

## XII.

Such were the manners of the Arabs at the epoch of Mahomet. Although occupying a quite extensive territory, they were not very numerous. The desert, the distance of springs, the crags, the sand, the pastoral life which impoverishes the soil, the nomad existence which fertilizes nothing in its passage, the absence of agriculture which was only practised around the cities—in fine, polygamy which exhausts man in his very life spring, slavery which decimates the family, war which mows down generations, did not suffer these petty populations to multiply like the sedentary, civilized and agricultural nations. An approximative estimate scarce sets above two or three millions the number of that nation, which was going to conquer for its faith a third part of the entire globe. Christianity, which diffused itself gradually, step by step, and which was become the religion of the Roman Empire, was bordering upon the sixth century of its existence. Nomadic Arabia was, no less than Syrian Arabia, overrun with false prophecies in imitation of the Hebrews. Vague presentiments were promising the tribes a Messiah, whose birth was to effect a transformation of Arabia. It was announced even that he would be born of the

tribe of Khoreish, masters of Mecca and the guardians of the temple of Abraham, the Kaaba.

The tribe of Khoreishite Arabs, at once sedentary and nomad, numerous and powerful, held control at Mecca and the small places around. It was governed, like most of the other tribes, by a sort of republican aristocracy, wherein inheritance, genealogy, habitude, wealth, gave dominion and divided it among particular families. These leading families had besides at Mecca, as symbol of their authority, a sort of national pontificate which was exercised at the time of pilgrimage in the temple of the Kaaba, at the wells of Zemzem, and over other sites reputed sacred and visited by pilgrims. This priesthood was to them and to the inhabitants of Mecca a source of wealth and a title to the veneration of the other tribes.

In the year 500 of Jesus Christ, Abdelmotaleb, the grandfather of Mahomet, exercised the most elevated of these functions, that of distributor of food and of entertainer general to the pilgrims of Mecca. Noble, a warrior, rich, powerful, nothing was wanting to his felicity and the perpetuity of his ascendant in Mecca, but children, that blessing of the patriarchs. He made a vow that if ever Heaven should grant him ten male children to sustain his dignity and his traditional rights to the holy wells of Mecca, he would sacrifice with his own hand, like Abraham, one of his sons before the Kaaba, to the idol of this house of God. Twelve sons and six daughters were born to him after this vow. He felt with anguish that the time was come to keep his promise. He called together his ten eldest sons and avowed to them the oath that he had made. The sons resigned themselves to the will of the idol and the choice of the father. But the father felt it cruel to choose himself a victim among children who manifested such obedience. The heavens were consulted through the oracle of the arrows, which bore each of them the name of one of his sons. Death fell to the lot of Abdallah, the best-beloved of his father. The Khoreishites, who cherished likewise the young Abdallah, opposed the sacrifice. Recourse was had to the counsel of a sibyl or pythoness, and the obligation of immolating Abdallah was, in consequence, converted into that of sacrificing one hundred camels to the idol.

Abdelmotaleb, after having thus redeemed the blood of his child by the blood of a hecatomb of camels slain by

him before the temple, returned home, holding by the hand his son Abdallah, the most beautiful and best beloved by the people among all those of his race. The people, on seeing Abdallah thus miraculously saved, and restored to his father, had no doubt that he was destined by Heaven for something great in the future. The rumor spread that he would be the stock of the prophet of the Arabs. A young woman, noble and beautiful, of the family of Harriith, was struck with the halo almost divine which illuminated at that moment the face of the young man. She approached Abdallah while his father held him by the hand, and leaning to his ear, she said to him : " I will give you as many camels as your father has killed to ransom you if you consent to choose me, for this night, for your wife." She aspired to be the mother of the great man or the demi-god whom Arabia was expecting. But Abdallah replied to her : " I must at present go with my father."

Abdelmotaleb led directly his son to the house of Wahn, one of the most influential chiefs of Mecca. He asked him for his daughter Amina, to be the wife of Abdallah. The union, consecrated by the festivals of this day of happy omen, was consummated the same night.

Next day, Abdallah, in going out from the house of Wahn, met in front of the temple the woman who, the day before, desired to be his wife. But she seemed to regard him with indifference. Abdallah accosted her and said : " Do you still continue to desire what you asked me for yesterday ?" " No," replied the young Khoreishite, " I will have nothing to do with you ; the light that yesterday beamed on your countenance is gone."

Mahomet was conceived in the womb of Amina. The radiance had been transferred from the husband's countenance to hers.

### XIII.

Abdallah being sent, a few months after his marriage, by his father to Yathreb, a distant town, to fetch home a provision of dates, died on the journey at the age of five and twenty, and was buried in the country of Nadjir, beneath the palm-trees of his uncles.

His widow, Amina, bore Mahomet in her loins. She dreamt that a luminous arrow had emitted from her person,



and diffused itself, like an aurora, upon the face of the earth. She was brought to bed the 1st September of the year 570 after Christ. The custom of the sedentary Arabs, in good circumstances, and living in towns, was what it is at this day. They sent their sons to nurse into the families of the nomad Arabs, living in tents. The object of this sort of adoption was twofold: in the first place, the child contracted amid this rural and pastoral life a sounder health and more masculine habits; and secondly, the affection that grew up between the child and the nomadic family wherein he had been suckled and had commenced his life, gave to the powerful family to whom he owed his blood an indissoluble clientage among the tribes of the country.

His grandfather, Abdelmotaleb, gave, the day following the birth of his grandson, to the chief inhabitants of Mecca, a banquet, at which he immolated several camels. "What is to be the name of the child in honor of whom you invite us?" asked the guests towards the end of the repast. "Mahomet!" replied the grandsire. This name, unusual at Mecca, astonished the company. "This name," said the old man, "signifies *the glorified*. I give it because I hope the child who has been just born to continue my race, will be glorified by God in heaven and by men upon the earth."

The nurses of the desert, who came usually to compete for the new-born children to the doors of the wealthy, did not present themselves at the door of Amina, because she was a widow, and that widows, commonly poor, did not remunerate so liberally as the fathers the nurses of their children. At length Halima, one of those women of the desert who sold their milk, not having been able to find another nursling in the city, returned to Amina towards the evening, and took her infant. The credulity of the Arabs remarked, that from the day when this child was introduced into the tent of Halima, all the prosperities and fecundities of nomad life made it their centre. The nurse refused to give him back to his mother, for fear of losing, with his departure, the benedictions of her tent. Not many years after he was weaned, some signs of the mental exaltation that afterwards characterized the child confirmed that domestic superstition which attached itself to his cradle, and was to linger with so much splendor at his tomb. The nurse's son, one day minding the flocks with his foster-brother, at some distance from the tent, ran home alone and in tears to his

mother. "What is the matter?" asked Halima. "My little brother of Mecca," replied the boy, "is lying on the ground and cannot get up; he saw two men clad in white, who threw him down and opened his sides." Halima and her husband ran to the spot where Mahomet had been left. They found him standing up, but pale and trembling. He related to them that two celestial spirits had put him to sleep, and taking his heart from his breast had purged it of all the stains of earth. Those corporeal ablutions, symbols of the purity of the soul, which the prophet at a later period erected into set prescriptions, were no doubt a reminiscence of this first vision of the child. The nurse regarded it as a presage of some sickly tendencies of her foster-child; and, not wishing that he should discredit her nursing qualities by dying in her tent, she took him forthwith back to the mother. "You dread that he is possessed with an evil spirit," said Amina to the nurse, who avowed her uneasiness; "be reassured, the evil spirit has no power over him; an immense destiny awaits that child." He remained six years at Mecca. His mother Amina died on the same spot where died his father, in going, like him, to visit her relatives at Yathreb. She left as whole heritage to the orphan, twenty camels, and one slave advanced in years, named Oùm. The assiduity of the slave Oùm, towards whom Mahomet retained filial sentiments, even in the height of his greatness, replaced that of his mother. His grandfather, Abdelmotaleb, who was living still, received him into his house. This old man had been accustomed, like all Arabs of high birth at Mecca, to pass a part of the day seated on a carpet, in the shade of the walls of the Kaaba. The little children who were born to him in his old age were playing around him with the child of Amina. The latter, an object of predilection with his grandfather, always occupied the place nearest to the old man, upon the carpet. When the spectators were astonished at it, and would, through reverence, remove the child: "Leave him," said Abdelmotaleb; "he has a presentiment of his future greatness."

Abdelmotaleb died at the age of eighty years. Mahomet was then but nine. One of the sons, Aboutaleb, an uncle of Mahomet, received the boy and brought him up as his own son. Aboutaleb had inherited a portion of the functions and the authority of his father, at Mecca. He was a man of good heart and sound head. He was in the first rank of

the councils of the city, and kept up his wealth by commerce with the cities of Syria. The journeys which he made from time to time, himself, at the head of his own caravans, laden with the produce of India and Arabia, to exchange it for the arms and the stuffs of the West, became the first occasion of the religious mission of his nephew. One day, as he was about to start for Damascus and Aleppo, with a numerous retinue of his servants and camels, Mahomet, who was then but thirteen years old, but whose intellect and strength were in advance of his age, cast himself, in tears, at the feet of his uncle, and besought him to carry him along. Aboutaleb, overcome by his entreaties and the affection which he bore his adopted son, consented to the desires of the youth. The caravan had a prosperous journey across the desert, and the frontiers of Mesopotamia. It encamped one day beneath the walls of a Christian monastery, whose superior was an Arabian monk named Bahirâ, converted to the faith of Christ by the Arabs, and called Djerdjis (George) by the Christians. Syria was at one time peopled with these monasteries—a sort of *oases* in the midst of idolatry, and of *citadels* amid barbarians.

## XIV.

The monk Djerdjis, contemplating from the terraces of his monastery the encampment of the caravan in the valley beneath the walls, remarked the beauty of a boy who was seated on the ground, and whom some light floating clouds, like parasols beneath a burning sky, seemed spontaneously to shade against the ardor of the sun. Whether from natural attraction towards this beautiful youth, or a desire to converse about his country with his compatriots, the monk sent to offer the hospitality of the establishment, in his name, to the chiefs of the caravan. They ascended to the convent, but they did not wish, on account of his youth, to take Mahomet with them. When they were seated to the repast served them, the monk Djerdjis remarked the absence of the boy, and asked that he should be brought up. As Aboutaleb was apologizing on the score of his extreme youth: "Yes, yes," cried one of the Arabs of his suite, "the grandson of Abdelmotaleb is worthy, whatever his age, to partake of the honor which you do us."

The monk Djerdjis received him kindly. His Chris-

tion faith had not effaced entirely the national credulities of his race. He perceived a *sign* below the neck, between the shoulders of Mahomet, a sign regarded by the Arabs as the omen of a great destiny. He addressed a great number of questions to the boy, and was astonished at the soundness and the force of his responses. The caravan made a long halt beneath the walls of the hospitable convent. The monk availed himself no doubt of these long conversations with the son of an illustrious race, to implant in his susceptible and prolific intelligence the germs of a faith more intellectual and more pure than the clumsy superstitions of Mecca. He trusted to time and the precocity of the boy to mature them. When Aboutaleb resumed his journey, Djerdjis said to him in a tone at once prophetic and paternal: "Go! take back after your journey your nephew to his country; watch over him solicitously, and above all, save him from the Jews. If they come to discover in him certain indices which I have myself found, they would not fail to form plots against his life: only be sure that the future reserves great things for your brother's son."

All the Arabian historians are agreed on the recital of this first interview and other interviews renewed at a later period, between the young Arab and the Christian monk of the Syrian convent. It is the starting point of the ideas and of the future mission of the Arabian prophet. The Koran, it is evident, was in his mind the vegetation of that seed of the Gospel cast, in passing, by the desert winds into his soul.

## XV.

Aboutaleb conceived from these remarks of the monk a secret respect for his nephew. He brought him back to Mecca. The young man made himself admired no less for the maturity of his mind, the probity of his character, and the gravity of his deportment, than for the grace and the majesty of his countenance. He courted the conversations of the aged and the wise; he shunned the levities, the debaucheries, the intoxications of the young Khoreishites. He used to meditate, alone upon the hills and stony valleys in the environs of Mecca, those thoughts which only can be found in solitude, and which make bitter what the crowd call sweet. It is probable that these musings there, without a confidant, of the nephew of Aboutaleb turned all upon a

reform of the brutal and idolatrous religion of his countrymen. The revolution which he operated was not, as has been thought, without presentiment and even predisposition among the Arabs. The shameful superstitions of the primitive worship were revolting to the intelligence of the reflecting Khoreishites. The usages subsisted, the convictions were undermined. Otherwise, whatever may have been the genius of Mahomet, it would certainly have failed against a religion. A man destined to succeed is never but the living summary of an inspiration common in the spirit of his times. He anticipates it by a little, and this is why he is persecuted; but he expresses it, and this is why he is followed. Hence also it is that the glory of an individual is so justly the glory of his time. We find some traces of this aspiration to a more rational and purified religion in the local histories of the Khoreishites from the earliest years of their future reformer. The sacrileges of the intellect towards their outworn gods were become common.

## XVI.

One day, four of the principal sages of Mecca, Waraca, Othman, Obaydallah, and Zayd, seeing contemptuously the people celebrate the festival of one of their idols, withdrew a little apart and said to one another: "The Khoreishites are taking a false route, they have abandoned the pure religion of Abraham; what is that pretended divinity to which they sacrifice, and around which they make solemn processions? a block of inert stone, deaf and dumb, incapable of doing them either evil or good. All that is but deception; let us seek the pure religion of Abraham our father, and, in order to find it, let us abandon, if need should be, our country, and betake ourselves to cultivate it into strange lands."

Waraca, now advanced in years, passed for the luminary of Mecca. He was the oracle of the Khoreishites, and the most learned and lettered of the Arabs; he had had relations with the Jews, he had read their sacred books, he had borrowed from them the idea and the presentiment of a revealing Messiah, predestined to regenerate the mind of mankind; he likewise knew the Gospel, he spoke respectfully of Christianity, and afterwards he died himself a Christian.

Othman, his cousin, was of this conclave of philosophers. He felt himself attracted towards the God of spirit and of truth whom Christ had preached not far from Arabia. He went to instruct himself to Byzantium, and there received baptism.

Obaydallah, agitated with the same doubts,—the agony of religions that die within us,—was doomed to fluctuate a long time in his incertitudes, to adopt for a few days the reform of Mahomet, and then abjure it to side at last with Christianity.

As to Zayd, more impatient for the truth than his three friends, he broke openly with the religion of his country, he blasphemed heroically the gods of the Khoreishites, he wished to travel into foreign lands and to take counsel of their sages. His family caused him to be kept by force at Mecca, closely watched by his wife Saphya. He sighed under the constraint he was thus subjected to. He was sometimes overheard, with his back against the wall of the temple, to say with bitterness to the unknown God who was agitating his conscience: "Lord, if I only knew how thou wouldst be served and adored, I would obey thy will; but I am in ignorance. . . ." He then prostrated his face against the ground and moistened the place with his tears. He proclaimed however the unity of the Creator. He was shut up in a tent on an uninhabited hill in the environs of the city. He made his escape, fled towards the Tigris, reached Syria, saw the monk who had presaged the destiny of a forthcoming Messiah of the Arabs, in the nephew of Aboutaleb, repaired back to Mecca with the view of embracing his cause, and perished on the way assassinated by the idolatrous Arabs.

## XVII.

At the same time there lived at Mecca, in a little shop on the hill Marwa, the district of artisans in metal, a goldsmith named Djaber, Greek by origin and Christian by religion; Mahomet used to frequent the workshop of this artisan. He held with him frequent and long conversations, of which the mysterious subject could be but the doctrines and morality of Christianity—a worship towards which the young philosopher was leaning, like his four friends. Although the colloquy was difficult between the Greek artisan,

who knew but little of the Arabic, and the Khoreishite, who knew nothing of the Greek, Mahomet was not rebuffed by the obstruction, and passed hours and days in the society of this Christian.

This frequentation, remarked afterwards when he promulgated his doctrine, led to accusing him of having conceived nothing himself and of having got the precepts of the Koran indited by the hand of the goldsmith of Marwa. He replied indirectly to that imputation, more or less probable, by this verse of his book: "They say that a foreigner indoctrinates Mahomet, without reflecting that a foreigner can only speak a barbarous language, and that the Koran is written in the most correct and pure Arabic."

But while the young man was imbibing from foreign sources the religious philosophy of the neighboring nations, the Magi in Persia, the Hebrews in Judea, the Christians in Syria and Abyssinia, he prosecuted in the poets and men of letters of his own country the studies necessary to give one day to the expression of his thoughts the propriety, the force and purity of the national idiom. He knew that the truth, to become popular, must reflect itself in a mirror, which reproduces it at once clear, splendid, and penetrating, like the sun-ray in water. The Arabian tongue, by so much the purer in the sequestration of the desert, that it was less altered there through contact with foreign languages, presented at this moment to the eloquent revealer, an admirable instrument of intelligence and propagation. The Koran remains still its most consummate type. It has acquired nothing, lost nothing since; it seems to have been petrified or metallized, under the reed pen of the author of the Koran.

## XVIII.

He seems to have cultivated, at this period, his moral qualities with equal assiduity as the intellectual. His beauty, his modesty, his sequestration from the profane pleasures of the Khoreishite youth, his assiduity to prayer in the temple, his respect for the aged, his attention to treasuring up the sayings of the wise, his filial affection for his adopted father, Aboutaleb, his deference towards the son of his uncle, of whom he was the guest, without affecting to be the equal, his taste for solitude, his reveries—a sort of clouds under which he veiled the splendor of his intellect;

in fine, his sober eloquence, which never spoke until interrogated, but which flowed from the soul rather than the lips, and which had the gift of persuading others, because it was persuasion in himself,—all these qualities of birth, of body, of mind, of character, esteemed every where, even among barbarians, drew the esteem, the affection, the eyes of Mecca upon the orphan of Amina. They attracted, above all, the heart of an opulent and influential woman of Mecca, named Kadidje, or Kadidjah.

## XIX.

Kadidjah, daughter of Khouwalid, chief of one of the most noble families among the Khoreishites, was a widow. Her father and her first husband had left her large wealth, which she invested, after their example, in the commerce of Syria. Her caravans used to traverse the desert. She sought a capable and trustworthy intendant to whom to confide the direction of her business and the conduct of her caravans. She wished to make sure of his zeal by interesting him in the success of the traffic by a share in the profits. She heard every where the praises of the nephew of Aboutaleb; she offered him this post of confidence in her house. Possibly the illustrious birth, the youth and exterior graces of the son of Amina, quite as much as his virtues, already suggested to Kadidjah a vague expectation of one day attaching to her this young man by much more intimate ties. Virtuous, beautiful, still young herself, she might, after having tested the character of Mahomet, think of making him a second husband.

## XX.

Be that as it may, Mahomet, eager to visit the unknown countries whence the Hebrew and Christian doctrines, so attractive to his soul, transpired, accepted gratefully the offer of Kadidjah. She at first placed him under the surveillance and counsel of one of the oldest and most experienced of her servants, named Maycara. They set out together, and conducted happily the caravans of Kadidjah to Damascus, to Aleppo, to Antioch, to Jerusalem, to Beyrout, to Palmyra, to Baalbec, and all the opulent cities of Arabian and Roman Syria. They sold at high prices the tissues



and Indian pearls wherewith Kadidjah had laden her camels. They loaded them on returning with the articles most in vogue with the Arabs, who came at pilgrimage time, to furnish their tents, to Mecca. This exchange produced fresh profits to Kadidjah. Maycara, her trusty servant, whom she interrogated about Mahomet, spoke to her of his young companion as a being beloved of God, whom the angels protected on the way with their wings against the heat of the burning sun. He related to his mistress that Mahomet made a short halt at the fort of a Christian monastery, whose superior, already a friend of the young man, had been, like himself, a witness of the divine protection, which supplied him a shade at his pleasure. The monk, added Maycara, presaged the young man a great destiny. He would be, he said, the prophet of Arabia.

These words of the Christian monk to the servant of Kadidjah, attest that Djerdjis and Mahomet conversed anew upon holy things, and that the former, delighted with the disposition of his proselyte, had thought he saw and had announced in him, to his idolatrous fellow-countrymen, the propagator of Christianity in the desert.

As to Mahomet, he was more occupied with the religious truths which he picked up on his journey, than with his portion of the treasures brought back to his mistress. Kadidjah, however, deemed that part insufficient for her gratitude. The merits, the services, the precocious virtues of her young servitor had altered her esteem for Mahomet into partiality and admiration. The prophecies of the Christian monk, moreover, added to her love that prestige which is the presentiment of glory. To become the spouse of him in whom the heavens announced something divine, appeared to the young widow an association with the divinity. Love promoted the prodigy, and the prodigy promoted love.

## XXI.

She did not dare, according to the Arabian usage, to speak herself to him of her feelings. She had it done by an old man attached to her house. The message which she sent by him ran as follows:—"My cousin, the relationship that exists between our families, the precocious consideration that surrounds thee, thy wisdom and thy fidelity in the

conduct of my caravans, combine to make me desire to be thine."

Mahomet, highly flattered by this signal felicity, did not dare, however, to make any answer without the advice of his uncle, Aboutaleb, and of his cousins. Aboutaleb saw in this union the glory of his family and the fortune of his nephew. He went to ask the father of Kadidjah for the hand of his daughter. He undertook to pay himself the amount of the widow's dower. He assembled, at a banquet, the heads of the forty most powerful families of Mecca, and announced to them that the festival was to commemorate the marriage of his adopted son, Mahomet, to the wealthy daughter of his cousin. "Mahomet, my brother's son," said he to them as he rose from the carpet, "is destitute of the goods of fortune, of those goods which are but a transient shadow, a deposit to be rendered soon or late back to the earth; but you all know his virtues and the nobility of his birth, and that no one can be matched with him in wisdom."

Could the youth, of whom these things were said without objection, in an assembly of his townsmen, be, as writers repeat ignorantly, the son of an obscure camel-driver? All the Arabs, for that matter, the humblest as well as the highest, were camel-drivers; for the camel was with all of them a sign of wealth, and of relative power. It is as if the son of a noble family of Normandy, or of England, were called the son of a cow-herd, because the fortune of their fathers consisted in cattle and pastures.

Mahomet and Kadidjah, united in heart, but separated in property, according to the usage of second marriages in the desert, lived in a state of exemplary fidelity. Mahomet treated his wife, who was older than himself, with the deference of a son, and the affection of a husband. We find, in the Arabian historian Aboulfeda, a touching testimony of the scruples of the husband for his wife's authority. His nurse Halima, having heard of his marriage, and of his wealth, came to tell him of her misery, and to solicit his charity, for her who had given him her breast. Mahomet, affected deeply, did not dare to aid his own nurse with the money of his wife. He humbly besought Kadidjah himself for the assistance asked, and it was only with her permission that he gave the poor Halima a flock of forty sheep.

Kadidjah soon gave birth to a son, her first-born, named by her Cacim; then two other sons, named Zayeb and

Zayr; four daughters afterwards, named Rocaya, Zaynab, Oummcolthoum, and Fatima. The sons died in infancy. The daughters lived to the epoch of the father's preaching, and were brought up in his faith. Othman, the Khalif, espoused two of them successively; the third, Zaynab, was married to Aboul-as; Fatima, the youngest, was wedded to Ali, the youngest also of the sons of Aboutaleb and cousins of Mahomet. Fatima is the fountain whence descend the green-turbaned Mussulmans, who now style themselves *sherife*, and who pretend to have in their veins somewhat of the blood of the prophet.

During the ten years that followed his marriage, nothing remarkable occurred to signalize the life of Mahomet. He lived in obscurity, in meditation and in silence. He was thirty-five years old when the inhabitants deliberated on the reconstruction of the Kaaba, or the temple, which was crumbling with age, and of which the pilgrims deplored the ruin. Piety impelled them, but reverence restrained them. A Roman vessel having suffered shipwreck, precisely at this juncture, upon the shoals of the Red Sea not far from Mecca, cast upon the coast some wood, iron, and a carpenter, who escaped the wreck. A divine augury was, of course, manifest in this celestial succor of materials, and an artisan to ply them. But at the moment of commencing to repair the tottering walls, there was no one who dared strike them the first blow. At last Walid, with less piety, or more hardihood than his compatriots, took up a crow-bar, and cried in lifting it to give the wall a punch: "Do not be angry with us, O God of Abraham! what we are doing we do through piety." The wall tumbled, and Walid was not stricken with death. Nevertheless, the Khoreishites resolved to let pass the night before proceeding, to be well assured that no divine vengeance would punish the material sacrilege of Walid. He emerged from his house next morning safe and sound. The Khoreishites, on his first appearance, took confidence and continued the demolition. But when the black stone of Abraham was to be replaced in the new wall, the principal families of Mecca disputed the honor with each other. Recourse was had to arms to decide the contest by a pitched battle. At the moment of commencing, the sages interposed, and Mahomet, regarded as the juster of them all, is chosen as arbiter. He spread his cloak on the ground, he had the holy stone set upon the cloth, he placed the four corners of

the cloak in the hands of the four chiefs of the factions whose rivalry was going to stain with blood the temple, and he made them elevate simultaneously the stone, of which the weight was thus divided, to the height which it was to occupy in the wall. The Arabs admired this policy, this equity, and this wisdom in parable. The renown of Mahomet increased. The King of Persia, Kosroes, to whom this subterfuge was related, asked : "What aliment is he fed upon?" "Bread and cheese," it was replied. "So I thought," rejoined the monarch, "for milk and dates could not produce this subtlety."

## XXII.

It was at this period that Mahomet, by a gratitude that won him afterwards the first and most beloved of his disciples, relieved his uncle Aboutaleb of the burden of a family, too numerous for his small means. Mahomet called together the relatives of Aboutaleb, and said to them : "Our uncle is become poor, let us take each of us one of his sons." He took home with him the youngest, named Ali, and adopted him to substitute the male children he had lost by death. He at the same time obtained from Kadidjah an infant slave named Sayd or Zeid, who was given as a present to his wife, and who gave promise of courage and intelligence.

Mahomet adopted him with the permission of Kadidjah. The boy became tenderly attached to the prophet. His father, from whom he had been kidnapped in Syria, came afterwards to Mecca, to ransom him. Mahomet did not refuse to give him up. He caused Zeid to be brought to him, and said to the child : "Follow whichever of us two you prefer." Zeid preferring his adopted to his natural father, followed Mahomet—preferring the paternity of benefaction to that of nature.

## XXIII.

Meanwhile Mahomet verged upon his forty-first year. Nothing in him thus far gave indication to his countrymen of a personage invested with a mission. But he was noted for what the Hebrews had remarked in their lawgiver Moses—a mute communion with his own spirit in solitude. He seemed to fly the crowd and bustle, to listen better to

the voice of his heart. He used to retire during the heat of summer, with his wife and his family, into a cool cavern of Mount Hira, near Mecca. He often slipped from it by night, and wandered upon the hills and in the valleys around the grotto to contemplate, to pray, and to prosecute the thoughts that led his steps at random.

His absences grew gradually longer from day to day. He seemed oppressed by some inquieting preoccupation. Time fled, and he had not yet commenced his work; he experienced those internal reproaches of men who think they have a painful mission to fulfil, and who are chidden by their conscience for their hesitations and adjournments. By dint of a conviction which deluded his senses, he thought he heard the voices of invisible beings scattered upon the mountain, emerging from the rocks, and saying to him as he passed: "Hail, messenger of God." He related to Kadidjah these ecstatic voices. Kadidjah convinced of the virtue and superiority of her husband, took as he did, the illusory voices for real ones. Her faith, no less than her affection for her husband, precluded doubt. She regarded the son of Amina as sufficiently virtuous and superior to other men to merit these heavenly communications. By her pious illusions, she confirmed him in his credulity. The opinion of his divine mission commenced in the heart of his wife.

Nevertheless, Kadidjah appears to have sometimes apprehended that those visions of enthusiasm might in her husband be the seeds of malady, or perhaps the derangements of an evil spirit. We find the traces of this uneasiness in the sequel of one of the longest visions that decided the public preaching of Mahomet.

#### XXIV.

One night as she reposed in the grotto of Mount Hira, she was awakened, and was astonished not to find her husband by her side. Alarmed at his long absence amid the darkness of night, she sent her servants, her children, and her slaves in quest of him through the gorges of the mountain. They went forth, examining even the smallest ravines and calling him aloud, without meeting him, along to Mecca. During their absence, Mahomet at length returned at day-break. Kadidjah interrogated him in tears.

"I was wrapped in a profound sleep," replied her hus-

band to her, "when an angel appeared to me in a dream. He carried a large piece of silk cloth covered with characters in writing. 'Read,' said he to me. 'What shall I read?' said I to him in my ignorance. Then the angel enveloped me angrily in this piece of writing, compressed around me so as nearly to stifle me, and repeated in a more imperious tone: 'Read!' 'What shall I read?' said I again. 'Read, in the name of God,' rejoined the angel. 'It is he who has revealed to men the art of writing, and who teaches the ignorant what they do not know?' I repeated these words after the angel. He went off. I then went out and walked to calm my spirits, far away upon the mountain. There I heard overhead of me a voice which said: 'O Mahomet, thou art the messenger of God, and I am his angel Namous (or Gabriel), the confidant of God.' I raised my eyes, I saw the angel, and I remained long transfixed to the spot where I had seen him disappear."

It is impossible not to see in this dream and in the imaginary vision that accompanied it, the morbid pressure of a fixed idea in Mahomet; he, not yet knowing at this period to either write or read, and being convinced, however, by his intimate genius that a book was the requisite instrument for the religious transformation of his countrymen.

"Courage, and rejoice," said his wife to him, consoled; "by him who holds in his hands the soul of Kadidjah, I hope that you will be the prophet of our nation."

## XXV.

However, for fear of being herself the dupe of her husband's and her own fantasy, as soon as morning arose, she went alone to Mecca, for the purpose of consulting the oldest and most renowned sage of the nation, the illustrious Waraca, of whom we have already spoken. She related to him what her husband had believed he saw and heard. "Holy God!" exclaimed the old man, who was already detached, as we have seen, from the popular idolatries, who used to read the Bible and saw Christianity gleaming upon the horizon of Arabia. "Holy God! if all that be true, it must be Namous (Gabriel), he who used to carry formerly the messages to Moses; it is certainly he who has appeared to thy husband, and Mahomet will be the prophet of the Arabs."

Waraca, who verged upon the last days of existence, and whose eyes had been extinguished to the light of the heavens, was accosted next day by Mahomet himself in the court of the temple. "My son," said the old man to him, "thou wilt be the messenger of God to bring down a purer light upon our children; but expect, on this account, to be persecuted by thy countrymen."

## XXVI.

From this day forward it was that Mahomet believed definitively in himself, and accepted resolutely the pains and perils of the supernatural mission with which he thought himself charged. His interviews in dream, in ecstasy, or in trance, with the confidant of heaven, Namous or Gabriel, were multiplied ecstatically or artificially, according to the exigencies of his spirit, or the plan he had conceived for the conversion of his tribe to the sole God. The first revelations that he reported from those ecstasies were the unity of the Godhead, the merit of conforming the human will to the will of the Creator, the use of prayer five times a day, preceded by bodily ablutions—a symbol of the purification of the soul, and faith in himself as the inspired prophet of God and the organ of his mysteries.

The full and feeling faith of Kadidjah in the prophetic character of her husband, confirmed his own, dispelled his doubts, consoled his troubles, and inspirited the faintings of his courage. He had, to the contrary of great men, his domestic conclave in his own house. Islamism commenced like a family. It was practised for a long time in the dwelling of Mahomet, before it was diffused and exercised in any meeting of the Khoreishites. The first of the faithful were himself, his wife, his nephew, his daughters, and his domestics. He seems to have been long content with this conversion of himself and household to the pure faith of Abraham, hoping that God would be content with this restricted worship, and would not ask of him a more onerous propagation of the truth.

The young Ali, his cousin, brought up by him as his son, and aged only some twelve years, was, after Kadidjah, the first and the most resolute of his believers. The boy, accustomed to take the word of Mahomet, saw quite naturally, in this second father, the oracle of his intellect, as

he was that of his heart. With a courage above his years, he thought the way to God himself was but by following in the footsteps of his cousin. When Mahomet went to pray upon the neighboring hills, Ali, against the suggestions and the incredulities of his nearest relatives, and even of Aboutaleb, his father, accompanied at a distance Mahomet, in an attitude of devout seriousness that disconcerted the raillery of the other children of his age. He might be seen, relates the chronicles, kneeling, or prone with his face against the ground, behind Mahomet, imitating all the gestures, all the postures, all the elevations of heart, and all the invocations of his cousin. One day, his father Aboutaleb, having followed and surprised them at these prayers: "What are you doing there, or what new religion are you practising, pray?" said he to them. "The religion of the true God, of the only God," replied Mahomet; "that of our father Abraham."

"God has raised me up to make it known to men, and to invite them to adopt it. O my uncle! none is worthier than thou to hear the call, to embrace the true faith, and to assist me in diffusing it."

"Son of my brother," replied Aboutaleb, "I cannot abjure the religion of my fathers; but if thou shouldst be attacked for thine, I will defend thee." Then turning to his son Ali, whom he had delivered to Mahomet to be educated in place of his own: "Thy cousin Mahomet," said he, "can teach thee nothing wrong; be therefore always docile to his directions."

After Kadidjah and Ali, the third disciple that embraced *Islamism*, that is to say, *the religion of resignation to the will of God*, was Zeid, the slave of Kadidjah, whom Mahomet had emancipated and adopted as his son. An Arab, noble and celebrated for his beauty among the tribes, named, on account of the distinction of his countenance, El-Atik, was the fourth. He changed his name in changing his God, and took that of Aboubekre, or the *father of the Virgin*, because he was the father of Aiché, or Ayescha, a young girl of marvellous beauty, who was afterwards the favorite wife of the prophet.

## XXVII.

The open profession of faith of Aboubekre to the doctrines of Mahomet, preserved nascent Islamism from an air of fatuity



and ridicule—that first sarcasm which popular prejudice never fails to cast upon whatever is at variance with its habits. Aboubekre was one of those men whose adhesion brings to the side they take, if not the conviction, at least the respect of the multitude. In avowing Mahomet as his master, he covered him against contempt. He also soon brought over with him the principal Khoreishites among the elegant and martial youth of Mecca: Othman, of the illustrious house of the Ommides; Abderrahman; son of Auf; Sad, son of Abouwaccas; Zobeir, nephew of Kadidjah; Talha, son of Obaydallah.

These disciples confessed boldly the unity of the God-head, the liberty of man in his actions, the merit of virtue, the chastisement of vice, the duty of conforming the resigned will of man to the supreme and perfect will of God, the immortality of the soul, rewards or punishments after death according to the life led, almsgiving, obligatory prayer, double sacrifice—one of the body, the other of the spirit—offered to the Heavenly Father in exchange for sacrifices of blood, the rites promulgated by Mahomet to attest and foster this faith—a sort of discipline of his worship, which should distinguish the true believers; in fine, the supernatural character of the new philosopher himself, of whom the words, the writings, and the actions implied obedience, since they believed them to emanate from secret communications held by his spirit with the confidants of God. Such, at that time, was to the Arabs the entire religion of Islamism.

## XXVIII.

Mahomet, in whom his ecstasies, sincere, affected, or pathological, diminished nothing of his political sagacity, allowed his doctrine to remain ripening for still three years in this semi-mystery of the conclave of his primary disciples—a half-light that could not fail to excite the public curiosity, without shocking it by any scandalous demonstration. He was waiting till his sect should acquire sufficient force to make head against the public clamor and the persecution, which he would not fail to incur in coming openly into collision with the idolatrous worship, and the interested partisans of the ancient superstitions. To attack the idols of the Kaaba, was to attack Mecca, the centre of the pilgrimages of entire Arabia; it was to attack the Kho-

reishites, his townsmen, who were the people chosen, among all the tribes, to guard, to open and to shut the common temple; it was to attack commerce, monopoly, the public weal, kept up exclusively by the annual concourse of entire Arabia to this temple; it was, above all, to attack, in their privileges, the first families of Mecca, who divided among them the offices, the pontificates, the hospitalities, honorific or lucrative, of the pilgrimages.

The insurrection against such an expropriation of prejudices, of superstitions, of honors, of profits, of interests, must be therefore general. It was proper to make gradually some preparation beforehand against the certain indignation of all classes, by first detaching, one by one, from each of the leading families some of the natural supporters of that coalition of falsehood; to implicate in his sect those who had the power to make it triumph. Such was evidently Mahomet's motive for the three years of temporization. Perhaps, also, he employed these three years of prudence, of meditation, and of conferences with his first elect, in preparing in secret the code of doctrines and legislation which he was to substitute for the fables of idolatry and the immoral usages of his people. Perhaps, too, that courage failed him at the last moment to lay prostrate the old edifice of idolatry, of traditions, and of organized vices, which was likely, in its fall, to crush himself and his adherents. Perhaps, finally, that he hoped God, by whom he deemed himself inspired, would be content with his being a philosopher, without requiring that he should be martyr.

The life of Mahomet indicates plainly this diversity of motives in his alternate impetuosities and hesitations. We shall presently find another attestation of it in the narrative.

## XXIX.

He used the harmless policy of at first quieting the people and the great Khoreishite families as to the privileges, the benefices, and the dignity, which attached to the possession of the temple and the concourse of the pilgrims. It little mattered to the cause of the Unity of God, that the new worship should continue to respect the tradition which attributed the foundation of the Kaaba to Abraham, that it should retain a veneration for this reminiscence, and that the practice of pilgrimages should be preserved in Arabia, provided

only that the false divinities were banished. Mahomet, who believed firmly himself in the tradition of Abraham, and in the pure religion of that patriarch, maintained the veneration for the Kaaba, the pilgrimage, the ceremonies, the concourse of caravans to Mecca, during holy month. It sufficed him to alter the idol into God. He knew, like all reformers, that it is unwise to eradicate needlessly,—that we must graft, as far as practicable, the new sap upon the old stock. The roots of error bear thus more speedily and more surely the fruits of truth.

After these precautions enjoined by merely human wisdom upon all revolutions of opinions, societies or empires, he felt himself at last urged by monitions of his conscience to give open proclamation to his mission. It was already no longer a secret, it was but a confidence almost general in Mecca. The zeal of his disciples diffused a dumb but growing rumor of it, which the mystery could keep no longer from exploding. He assembled his relatives to the number of forty, at a feast served in the court of his house, as was the usage of the grand councils which preceded great revolutions among the Arabs. They were all the sons and descendants of his uncle and adoptive father, Aboutaleb. The banquet, frugal, like the life of the desert, was composed but of a leg of mutton and some rice. Mahomet supplied its meagreness by the nutriment of the soul; he entertained his guests with so much inspiration and persuasion that they felt themselves quite satisfied by his words. These simple minds, astonished to find they had their fill despite the pitiful supply upon the table, attributed to the magic of the infernal spirits this charm and repletion which were but the magic of the divine word. They retired uneasy, interrogating each other, and promising not to return to expose themselves to such enchantments.

Mahomet, however, invited them for the next day in greater number. They returned despite their resolution. Mahomet labored to attach to him all that portion of his family which did not yet profess his religion.

"What are you afraid of?" said he to them at the end of the repast. "Never did Arab make an offer to his nation of advantages to be compared to those I bring you. I offer you happiness in this transitory life, and eternal felicity in the life to come. God has commissioned me to bring him back mankind. Let me see which of you is willing to aid

me in this work; to become my second, my brother, my substitute upon the earth?" Astonishment, terror, backwardness, incredulity, kept all of them to silence and their seats. No one arose; all sat in mute embarrassment. Mahomet was going to be left alone, when the youngest of the guests, Ali, as yet almost a child, coming to the aid of his second father, rose with the naïve generosity of his years, and exclaimed: "I, prophet of God! I will, in default of others."

Mahomet, affected to tears, and seeing in this burst of a mere youth, the least considerable of the guests, a designation of the finger of God, who marks where men are not observing, clasped the boy to his heart: "Very well," said he, no more ashamed of this disciple than the disciple had been of him, "behold ye Ali, my son, my second, my brother, my other self, *obey him!*" This election of a child by the inspired prophet scandalized the company to even laughter. A man who found to acknowledge him but the youngest and most timid of the family, appeared to them to be abandoned by common sense. They arose then with a burst of raillery, and said, on going away, to Aboutaleb, the father of poor Ali: "It is for thee, then, henceforward to pay dutiful obedience to the wisdom and the will of the last of thy sons." Aboutaleb himself, although loving Mahomet and determined to protect him against insults, could not help pitying him as a kinsman full of virtue and of genius, but whom these qualities themselves transported beyond the tenor of human things.

These first preachings of Mahomet passed at Mecca for the visions of a good man whose soul, excited by meditations, was divided between great wisdom and a touch of madness. So long as he contented himself with professing in the public places, in the assemblies, and the temples, the majestic doctrine of the unity and the perfection of God, and the duties of prayer—that supreme morality in the relations of adoration between the creature and the Creator, the people listened to him without rapture, but without repugnance. These were ideas so elevated and generally admitted, that they passed over their heads without breaking the idols in vogue. But as soon as, drawing the religious consequences of this spiritual doctrine, he came to proscribe the idols that profaned the temple and usurped the place, the faith, and the respect due the only God, a cry of general indignation was

raised against the blasphemer. The piety of the idol worshippers was changed to anger and imprecation. The people asked the nobles for protection and vengeance for the gods of the country.

The nobles assembled; they did not dare to lay hands on Mahomet, protected as he was by his kinship with the powerful family of Aboutaleb. They sent a numerous deputation, composed of the wisest and most conciliating amongst them, to request of Aboutaleb himself either to put a stop to the blasphemous audacities of his nephew, or to suffer that he be repressed by themselves, by maintaining a patriotic neutrality. "The son of thy brother," said they to him, "Mahomet, outrages our religion. He accuses our sages of folly, our ancestors of impiety and error. Either hinder him from provoking us, or remain neutral between us and him; and since thou thyself hast not adopted his chimeras, leave us to punish his assurance in attacking a religion which is also thine."

Aboutaleb, whether from contempt of the popular religion, or a secret inclination to the doctrine proclaimed by Mahomet, or through the susceptibility of family pride, or, in fine, through that grateful tenderness which he appears to have always cherished for the nephew who had been a son of his adoption, and who, in turn, was a father to his son Ali, eluded the appeal of the nobles of Mecca. He refused to promise a neutrality which, with the Arabs, would have appeared a dastardly desertion of the claims of blood. Mahomet, strong in this protection, continued to preach in the public places.

### XXX.

The indignation increased; the nobles again assembled at the call of the people. They again summoned with respect, but with more energy, Aboutaleb to retire from the protection of his nephew. "We respect thy age, thy blood, thy rank," said the speakers; "but respect has its limits. We have besought thee to close the mouth of thy brother's son, and thou hast not done it; we cannot tolerate with impunity the blasphemies which he utters publicly against our gods; oblige him then to silence, or we will lift our hands against him and against thyself; we will fight till the extermination of one or the other party."

Aboutaleb, dreading the calamities which would afflict the people, through the civil war which the obstinacy of his nephew was about to provoke, besought the deputies to wait, and sent to call Mahomet. "Avoid then," said he to him in their presence, with a tone of reproach and paternal pain, "to bring upon thee and thine the calamities that now menace us." "O, my uncle," replied Mahomet, sadly, "I would wish it were in my power to obey thee without a crime; but though the sun were made to descend upon my right and the moon upon my left, to compel me to silence, and though death were set before me face to face, to intimidate me, I would not give up the work which I am ordered to attempt." In speaking these words he wept with regret at not being able to gratify his uncle, and being inevitably cast off by him, in consequence. He made some steps to leave the assembly; but Aboutaleb, affected by his countenance, and edified by his conviction, said to him, "Come back, my brother's son." Mahomet approached him: "Well," said the uncle to him, "go on prophesying what thou wilt, never—I vow it here before thyself and thy accusers—shall I abandon thee to thine enemies."

The kindred and clients of Aboutaleb, convoked by him, assembled in their turn; and although strangers for the most part to the religion, they swore by the religion of blood that they would not suffer the dominant party to strike down Mahomet, who was their relative and their natural protégé. The refusal of Aboutaleb, and this declared protection of his powerful house, reduced the enemies of Mahomet for a time to inaction and intrigue.

### XXXI.

It being the season when the pilgrimage attracted to Mecca the Arabs from all parts of the desert, they agreed to post themselves upon the route, to the end of warning the pilgrims against the novelties which a pretended prophet, a nephew of Aboutaleb, was disseminating as a schism in the Kaaba. "Let us also," they deliberated, "be agreed, before leaving the city, upon what we shall say separately to the pilgrims, so that there may be no discrepancy between our several representations."

"Will we say that he is a diviner? No, for he has neither

the convulsive and incoherent accent, nor the language full of affected consonances of the diviners.

"Shall we say that he is a madman? But his entire exterior inspires dignity and reflection.

"Shall we say he is a poet? But he does not express himself in verse.

"Shall we say, in fine, that he is a wizard? But he does not work miracles; he practises none of the mysteries of magic; his sole magic lies in the eloquence and the persuasion of his lips.

"Let us say then, that he is a public enemy, who, by his artifices sows disunion among families, who poisons the affections, who severs brother from brother, son from father, wife from husband."

### XXXII.

They did what they concerted. But, as always happens to new doctrines, when they contain some seeds of truth prepared to spring up in the human mind, in spite of human opposition, the interested precautions that are taken against them only turn to their triumph and their glory. The cry set up to confound them serves also to propagate them; the publicity of scandal to which they are consigned, supplies the light and agitation, without which they would be smothered. This is what happened to Mahomet. All the pilgrims to whom his Khoreishite enemies had taught his name and his blasphemies, wished to see and hear the man of scandal, who made so loud a noise at Mecca. They carried, all of them, away his name to disseminate it on their routes through parts of Arabia which it would have never reached but for the vain prudence of his enemies, and a certain number carried also his doctrines.

### XXXIII.

Meanwhile Aboutaleb and his relatives, indignant at the calumnies which the adversaries of Mahomet had circulated against him and his family, became more embittered, through motives entirely human, against the other families of Mecca. They published a challenge in Arabic verse to those who insulted them in the person of their kinsman; and they swore to die to hinder the loss of a hair of his head.

These dissensions, charged with blood, made their way along to Yathreb (Medina), a town in rivalry with Mecca. A great poet of Yathreb, named Aboucarys, wrote an epistle in verse to the Khoreishites to persuade them to lay down their enmity.

"Beware," said he, "of discord; shun that cistern whose waters are bitter and empoisoned.

"A man of genius amongst you professes certain religious doctrines; what matters that to you? It is alone for the master of heaven to read in men's consciences.

"The eyes of Arabia are fixed upon you at this moment; men make their way through the desert by observing the elevations."

#### XXXIV.

This defiance of the Aboutaleb's and the adjuration of the illustrious poet of Yathreb to concord and toleration, allayed the armed hostilities against Mahomet. The Khoreishites avenged themselves upon his obscure neophytes for the rage which they durst not gratify upon the prophet. But derision, disdain, raillery, assailed him with impunity whenever he went out to pray, and even in his own dwelling. His neighbors, who, from the height of their terraced roofs commanded the inside court of his house, used to throw filth upon his head when he was at prayer or ablution. The women, always more keen haters and more pliant to calumnious insinuations, signalized themselves, because they were also more sure of impunity, by their ignoble persecution of the blasphemer of their idols. One among them, of whom history has handed down the name, a veritable fury of Mecca, was Oum Djemil, wife of Abou Lahab, the next-door neighbor of Mahomet. This woman used to go daily, to gather in the country the thorny plants, of which the prickles bled the mouth of the camels; she used to strew them every night upon the threshold of the door of Kadidjah, so that the earth itself should tear the naked feet of Mahomet as he came out. Shoals of posted women and children used to relieve each other in pursuing him with their maledictions and their hootings through the streets along to the temple. The nobles, more guarded in their hatred, were content with standing aloof from him as from a leper, when he crossed the outer court of the Kaaba, the ordinary place of their assemblage.



One day that he heard them growl their murmurs more loudly than ordinary, while he was making seven rounds of the temple, according to the rites, he approached them after having prayed and presented them his head. "I bring you," said he, with resignation, "a victim to immolate." Some of them were touched by this resignation and disarmed of their hatred. "Retire, father of Cacim," said one of them to him generously; "we know how to esteem and respect thee."

Others, less tolerant, rushed upon him the next day with furious faces and hands uplifted, as he came out from the temple: "Thou, then, art the wretch," cried they, "who accusest our fathers of error, and our divinities of impotence?" "Yes, I have said so," replied Mahomet, with intrepidity. At these words they seized him by the neck, as if to stop the blasphemy in his throat. He was going to perish in their hands, when Aboubekre, his disciple, rushed courageously between him and his assassins, and rescued him, all torn and bleeding to death.

But the Arabs were aware by how many a murder an act of murder was to be paid for by the executioners. It is this law of blood for blood that appears alone to have preserved Mahomet from a death unceasingly suspended over his head. But this law did not protect him against the other sorts of violence. They made the existence of the prophet in his country a long martyrdom, which was not mitigated by a particle of consolation from his compatriots.

He relates himself that his heart had often fainted within him beneath the pressure of a reprobation so universal. One evening, after passing all the day in the city engaged in preaching to deaf ears the convictions which he was so full of, and which he deemed it duty to cast abroad at any hazard, even on the rock, he returned home without having met, said he, a single being, man or woman, free or slave, who had not flouted him as an impostor, or who had been willing to pay a moment's attention to his preaching.

This general incredulity towards his doctrines made him almost doubt of himself. He appears to have that day experienced that internal agony of ideas going to expire within us, for want of finding in others even a solitary echo which might assure them at least of their identity, as the echo of the dungeon gives assurance to the prisoner of the noise of his footsteps through the void.

He returned home silent, prostrated, discouraged, wrapped

his head in his cloak, lay down upon a mat, and fell asleep. Inspiration, still more obstinate than the popular indifference, revisited him during his slumber. He heard a voice crying from his heart to him: "O thou who enlopest thyself in thy mantle to sleep, arise, and go preach." He arose with the day, and went out to preach as if he had the day before made a harvest of converts.

## XXXV.

The very excesses of the outrages to which he was subjected procured him for a moment a return of respect. Insulted on the hill of Safa, where he went to say his prayer, a woman, who witnessed from a distance the occurrence, showed the insulter to one of his uncles, named Hamza. Hamza was returning from the chase, and held his bow in his hand. He went thus armed into the assembly of the enemies of his nephew, and having met there the person who threw stones at Mahomet while at prayer, he reproached him with his cowardice, and gave him a light blow of the wood of his bow upon the head.

Indignation had revolted the soul of Hamza, and led him to profess, through defiance, the doctrines which so odious a persecution made at once interesting in his eyes. Like all men of generosity, he adopted the new faith, not because it was true, but because it was weak. "Coward!" said Hamza to the insulter of Mahomet, "thou darest stone Mahomet for announcing a religion which I profess myself. Attack me, then, if thou darest!" The culprit repentingly confessed his fault. His friends making a movement to defend him against Hamza, "No," cried he, "do not touch him; I was wrong in insulting violently the son of his brother." The conversion of Hamza consoled and fortified Mahomet.

The Khoreishite elders, somewhat mollified, entered into friendly negotiation with him, to neutralize the effect of his preaching on the city youth. They invited him to an assemblage in the court of the Kaaba; and one of them said, in the name of all: "Son of Abdallah, who was my friend, thou art a man eminent for thy birth and for the graces of God. Although thou introducest trouble into thy country and dissension into families, and blasphemest our divinities, and accusest of error our ancestors and our sages, we are willing to act towards thee with the kindness and the respect which are due to thy

name and thy virtues. Listen, then, to the propositions which we have to make thee, and reflect well if it does not behoove thee to accept one or other of these measures of peace." "Speak," said Mahomet, attentively, "I am listening." "Son of my friend," resumed the negotiator, "if the object of thy preaching be to acquire riches, we will make thee up amongst us a fortune superior to that possessed by the most opulent of the Khoreishites. If thy tendency be power, we will appoint thee our sayd, our supreme regulator, and we will not take a single resolution against thy will. If the spirit which appears to thee so besieges and controls thee that thou canst not, despite thy efforts of resistance, escape its influence, we will invite on to Mecca the first physicians in all Syria, and will spare expense to no amount to see that thou art fully cured."

"Art thou done?" asked Mahomet.

"Yes," said the old man.

"Well, listen thou in thy turn," said Mahomet, in a tone of fatigical inspiration.

"In the name of the clement and the merciful God,

"Here is what he has revealed :

"He has revealed a *Koran* (a writing), a book of which the separate verses, afterwards collected, forms an Arabian book for the use of men who can understand it. This book contains promises and threats, but most men refuse to hear it. 'Our hearts,' say the Arabs, 'are shut, our ears are deaf to thy words. Leave us to believe and pray according to the custom of our ancestors, and believe and pray thyself as it may please thee.'

"But the clement and merciful God addresses me : 'Say to them,' says he, 'I am but a man like yourselves, but a man to whom it has been revealed that God, your master, is an *only* God. Woe be to those who associate him with idols ! Woe be to those who reject the precept of almsgiving, and who deny a future life ! He has called upon the heavens and the earth, and they have answered : Here we are at thy disposal ! The retribution of the enemies of God is by fire ! Angels bring to the adorer of the only God, to the just man on his death-bed, consoling promises to come ; they announce to him the garden of delights.' "

After this profession of the unity of God, and of future remunerations, according to works, Mahomet prostrated himself before the divine words which the spirit had uttered by

his lips. "Thou hast heard," said he to the old man charged to negotiate with him; "take now the part, thyself, that may best suit thee."

The old man, named Otba, returned with his countenance transported with astonishment, to his friends. "What is the matter?" they inquired. "By our gods," said he to them, "he has answered in such terms as I had never before heard in my life. It is neither poetry, nor a cabalistic language, but something that falls from on high upon the spirit, and agitates, in entering, the heart. Take my advice, leave him freely to convince the Arabs of his mission. Some believer from a foreign tribe will perhaps rid us of him, if his destiny be to perish; should Mahomet, on the contrary, succeed in his apostleship, his power will become yours, and will make your tribe for ever glorious." "He has bamboozled thee, too," said they to him, with incredulity. "I tell you frankly what I think," responded Otba.

### XXXVI.

The negotiation, broken off that day, was resumed the next, between Mahomet and the same politic potentates of the tribe. The former offers were still enhanced to the end of purchasing at least his silence.

"Listen to me," said Mahomet, "I am not what you think. I am neither a man covetous of worldly wealth, nor ambitious of public dominion, nor a patient possessed with a spirit of convulsion. I am the organ of God, of Allah (it was already in Arabia the name of the God of the infinite, the God without material images), who has inspired me with the *Koran*, a writing, a book, and who has ordered me to teach you his recompenses or his penalties, according to the good or evil actions of mankind. I transmit you the words which God imparts to me; I apprise you; I admonish you; if you receive what I convey to you, it will be your felicity in this world and the world to come; if you reject my teachings, I will take patience, and wait until God pronounces between you and me."

They were moved by these words, and shaken by this confidence. "Well, Mahomet," said they to him, half convinced, but wishing, like carnal men, for carnal testimonies to the truths of the spirit, "give us, if thou speakest truth, some proofs of thy mission. Our valley of Mecca is narrow

and unwatered; widen it, by moving back the mountains that hem it in, and cause a river to flow through it, like the streams of Irak or of Syria; or at least cause one of our ancestors to come out of the sepulchre; for instance, our grandfather Cossay, the son of Kilab. Let but this man, whose word had the authority of laws, arise, speak to us, and tell us to recognize thee as our prophet, and we will recognize thee at his word."

"God," replied Mahomet, "has not delegated me for such things; he has raised me simply to announce to you the truths of salvation."

"At least," said they, "let thy God make appear one of his angels to command us to believe in thee! Or let him dispense thee from coming daily, like the meanest amongst us, to the market to buy the rice and dates necessary to thy subsistence, and upon which thou art supported like ourselves."

"Nó," replied Mahomet, "I will take care not to ask my God for such privileges. My sole mission is to convert you to him."

"Well, then, let thy God bring down the firmament upon our heads, as thou sayest he has the power of doing, for we will not believe in thee. All that thou announcest does not even come from thyself; these things have been taught thee by a certain Erraman, a native of Temama. Learn then that we will defend our religion unto death; the force of arms must decide between thy party and ours."

This Erraman, to whom the Arabs ascribed the doctrines of Mahomet, was one of the names by which God was designated in the Koran. It was also supposed that Mahomet used to receive lessons from that Christian goldsmith of Mecca, who passed for the concealed inspirer of a religion similar to Christianity, and which already ordered to venerate Christ as the divinest of revealers, the Prophet of prophets, the Word of God.

### XXXVII.

There was so much resemblance, at the beginning of Mahomet's mission, between the creed of the Koran and the creed of the Christian, that the first followers of Mahomet at Mecca having fled from persecution into Abyssinia, the Abyssinians, already converted to Christianity, received the Mahometans as holy Christians.

"What is this new religion, on account of which you fly your country?" demanded of the Khoreishite refugees the King of Abyssinia, in presence of his bishops. "We were buried in darkness," responded the Arabs. "A virtuous and illustrious man of our race has appeared; he has taught the unity of God, the contempt of idols, horror of the superstitions of our fathers; he has commanded us to quit our vices, to be sincere in our words, faithful to our promises, beneficent to our brethren; he has forbidden us to assail the chastity of women, to despoil the widow or the orphan; he has prescribed prayer, abstinence, fasting, almsgiving." "Just as with us," said the king. "Could you repeat from memory some of the prayers themselves of that apostle who has taught you his religion?" "Yes," said the Khoreishite. And he recited a chapter of the Koran, wherein the miracle of the birth of John, the son of Zachary, is related in the very style of our Scriptures. The king and the bishops, transported with astonishment and edification, bedewed their beards with tears of emotion. "These are words," said they, "that seem to flow from the same source as the gospel." They asked the Khoreishite exiles: "What think you of Jesus Christ?"

Djafar, son of Aboutaleb and cousin to Mahomet, responded by this passage of the Koran: "Jesus is the servitor of God, the envoy of the Most High, his spirit, his word, which he has sent down into the blessed virgin Mary." "A miracle!" exclaimed the king and the bishops; "between what you have just said of Christ and what is said of him in our religion, there is not the thickness of a blade of grass of difference. Go, and live here in peace."

It seems, in fact, that Islamism was, in the first idea of Mahomet, but simply an Arabian commentary of the gospel, and that he hesitated a long time whether he should not confine himself to declaring himself an apostle of Christ, and to preaching the religion of the monk Djerdjis and of the goldsmith of Marwa to his nation. But Mahomet did not possess his spirit, he was rather possessed by it. Whether from continual tension of his imagination towards things invisible, or the habitual ecstatic hallucination which he manifested from his childhood—but above all since his nocturnal swoon in the cavern of Safa, or an intermittent epilepsy or catalepsy with which he appears to have been affected, like Cæsar and other great men who have overtaken the brain,

it seems evident that Mahomet was visited by visions, and especially *dreams*. These dreams and these visions referred naturally to the pre-occupations of his waking enthusiasm; he took them for revelations of Allah to his soul. He re-collected them on awaking, he clothed them in the figured style of his nation, with the Biblical and Evangelical imitations wherewith his mind had been enlightened by his frequentations of Jews and Christians in his journeys; he often uttered them to his disciples as laws transmitted direct from heaven to mankind, through the faithful echo of his lips. We can detect a trace of pious artifice but in the composition evidently careful, literary, eloquent, poetic, of the pages of the Koran or the sermons written upon leaves of palm tree, and distributed to the Arabs as the identical expression of the revealing spirits who inspired him.

This well-considered composition of his religious and civil code was evidently a work of his will, his policy, his meditation. The writer assisted the prophet. But this labor of the tranquil writer, when the vision or the dream was over, does not prove that the poet was knowingly an impostor. It proves only that during the fit he had supposed he saw and heard, he had believed in the divinity of dreams, and that he afterwards employed his legislative and exhortatory genius to present his revelations in the form and the style most proper to commend them to his readers.

The railleries, the persecutions, the public contempt, the death, which he incurred every day of his life, for those visions and those ecstasies of which he sometimes almost doubts himself, attest his own belief in the mission which he communicated to the Arabs.

Historians cannot too much distrust those imputations of imposture which ignorance and party spirit cast from a distance upon the men who have reformed the human mind in all ages. Hypocrisy is not in man a force but a feebleness. The mask falls off invariably on some side or other. Great hypocrites are great comedians, but are not great men. The enthusiasm of sincerity is the sole lever that may move the earth; but that this lever may have all its power, it should have first, as a supporter, the faith of an enthusiastic, an intrepid and honest mind.

Such appears to us, more and more, to have been the prophet of the Arabs in the vicissitudes of his religious indoctrination; a convinced ecstatic, a sincere visionary, a politic

enthusiast, but to whom his enthusiasm left all the lucidity of his genius.

Let us proceed with his life.

### XXXVIII.

His enemies, to rescue the people from the magic of his teaching, set up a rival, who brought around him a concourse charmed with his eloquence. This man was a travelling Arab, a poet, a philosopher, an orator of great renown in Arabia. He was named Nadher. When Mahomet had done preaching in the public place, Nadher would smile disdainfully; addressing himself to the circle who were going to disperse:

"Listen now," cried he to the auditory, "to things more worthy of attending to than those with which Mahomet has been *boring* you." Then he went on to edify and charm his hearers by the fabulous or heroic stories of the gods and heroes of their ancestors. He adorned the old falsehoods, so dear to the puerile imagination of the people, with all the prestiges and all the sanctities of tradition. "Well," he would then say to them, after having intoxicated them with admiration and piety for the objects of the worship of their fathers, "are Mahomet's histories more entertaining than mine? He retails you old fables, which he has stolen without understanding them, and which he has been at the pains to write down, as I have done myself, in enriching myself on my travels with what I could learn from other nations, and which I have in writing to recite you."

Nadher bore off, of course, the palm with the multitude, of whom he flattered the old national reminiscences. The innovators gave the preference to Mahomet. An effort was made to get the oracles to pronounce against him, an agency all-powerful over public opinion at that time. A deputation of the priests of Mecca presented themselves at Yathreb, a neighboring and sacred city, inhabited by Jewish rabbins, who were famed for occult and infallible science.

The deputies related to the rabbins the dissension which arose among the people, on occasion of an innovator, named Mahomet. "You, who read in the books that contain all knowledge, what think you of this man?" asked they. The rabbins replied: "Propose him three questions, and ask him,



among others, "What is the soul?" Mahomet demanded three days to reflect. He then replied to the questions to the satisfaction of the rabbins. As to the definition of the soul, which does not fall under the senses, and which cannot be defined by words all borrowed from material properties; "The soul," said he, "is a mystery, of which God has reserved to himself alone the knowledge. Man can know only what God vouchsafes to teach him."

## XXXIX.

These responses, so sage and so conformable to what the oracle had confided secretly to the deputies, accredited the science of the prophet. The Khoreishite chiefs saw the only way to stifle his voice was to leave it to be lost in the void. They withdrew from him, and ordered the people to retire when he should open his mouth. This excommunication of the nobles, the priests, and the people, completely isolated the prophet in his own country. He had then no other means of continuing his preaching but the whispering, which cannot be seized upon the lips. When he came to the temple to pray, he prayed in a low voice, so that the young people who were next him on the floor, should hear and retain the prayers.

It is thus that he taught them how they must adore and serve the one God. This mystery gave a seasoning of stolen confidence to his doctrine. His persecutors themselves did not always resist the curiosity.

Three of the most virulent of them chanced to meet one night, without preconcert, upon a terrace adjacent to the residence of Mahomet, from which he could be heard to murmur his prayers in the court. They recognized and reproached each other mutually for their infraction of the excommunication of contempt which they had passed against the preacher. They separated, swearing to each other not to relapse into this weakness.

But the night following, each of the three, not doubting he deceived the others, returned there in secret and accused him blushinglly of perjury. And yet it was the same on the third night. "What hast thou felt within thee, on listening furtively to these professions of faith?" demanded they of the most sage of their number. "I have understood and admired certain words," replied the enemy of the pro-

phet; "the others have passed beyond my intellect." "It is a shame for thee," said they, on turning to go away, "to suffer that the family of Aboutaleb produce a revealer whose glory will inflate that family, and place it overhead us all."

One of the disciples, urged by the zeal of martyrdom, vowed to violate by himself the prohibitions to profess the religion. He came forth boldly on the public place, and recited the first verses of the Koran: "God has created man. The sun and the moon pursue the line prescribed them by his finger. The plants and the trees adore him." . . .

He was interrupted by vociferations and hootings; he was rushed upon, his clothes torn, and his face battered. He returned all lacerated and bleeding to the group of believers. "I have been beaten," said he, "but I have forced them to hear some words of the inspired book."

Persecution followed this temerity of the disciple. The neophytes of the prophet used to be laid upon their backs, with the face towards the burning sun of the desert, and a block of stone set upon the breast to oppress the respiration. "You will remain in that posture," it was said to him, "until you renounce the impostor who persuades you of another god than the gods of our fathers." "There is but one God," was the answer of the victims. Several of them expired of this torture on the hill Ramdha.

Mahomet, whose high birth and the fear of the resentment of his family protected him alone from these atrocities, used to pass by the sufferers, and address them encouragement and consolation: "Courage," he would cry to them, "paradise awaits you."

## XL.

Nevertheless, the spectacle of the insults and tortures undergone before his eyes for his cause, by his followers, less protected than he was by the power of their family, confounded and humiliated the philosopher. He exhorted them himself to fly the fury of their fellow-citizens, and seek a land where they might worship without a crime the God of Abraham. An initial emigration set out from Mecca. The emigrants bent their course, some towards Yathreb or Medina, a city where the Jews found toleration; the others towards Abyssinia, where the people were Christian. Mahomet remained to watch and increase the harvest of souls

which was ripening one by one beneath the fervor of his preaching.

It was the epoch of the conversion of Omar, who was one day to be Khalif and master of Syria and of Egypt. Omar, a son of one of the most powerful families of Mecca, had a sister married to Zayd, a secret disciple of Mahomet. The impetuous Omar rose one day from his carpet on the vestibule of the Kaaba, saying that it was necessary to get rid of a man who was infecting the mind and heart of the community, and that he was going himself to despatch Mahomet. "What thinkest thou of doing?" said one of his kinsmen, who inclined himself in secret to the faith, and who wished to preserve the life of the master; "if thou wouldst punish the infidels, thou shouldst begin at home; dost thou not know that thy brother-in-law Zayd, and thy sister Fatima, are wont to practise under cover of their house the new faith?"

## XLI.

Omar, eager to assure himself of the infidelity of Fatima and Zayd, ran to their residence. He surprised them in the company of a neophyte, who was reading to them and expounding the Koran. At the sound of his steps the neophyte runs to hide himself like a criminal. Fatima slips under the carpet the leaves of the book; but Omar, who from the threshold had caught the murmur of low pitched reading; "What were you reading there?" asked he. "Nothing," answered Fatima. "You lie," replied Omar, "you were reading the forbidden book." And rushing upon Zayd, he laid him prostrate at the feet of his sister. "Well, yes," exclaimed Fatima, indignant, and throwing herself between her husband and her brother, "yes, we are adorers of the only God, we believe in God and in his prophet; massacre us if thou wilt." The intrepid Fatima, involuntarily wounded in the struggle by Omar, stains with her blood the hands of her brother. At the sight of this blood, Omar is troubled and softened; he excuses himself: "Only show me," said he to his sister, "the book that you were reading." "I fear," said she, "that thou wouldst tear it." Omar made oath to respect it. Fatima presented the leaf that defined the unity, the grandeur, the sanctity, the mercy of Allah. "How beautiful, how sublime!" exclaimed Omar, on read-

ing the verses of the text. The neophyte, concealed in the adjoining room, recognizing by these exclamations that God had returned into the heart of the young man, came forth from his retreat, showed himself to Omar and said to him: "Yesterday I heard the master pray; 'Lord,' said he, 'permit that Islamism may be fortified by the conversion of Omar, who would be himself alone worth a whole army to the cause.' The Lord has heard the prayer, heaven doubtless reserves for thee to be the hero of the faith, yield to the involuntary admiration which thou feelest, and join us by embracing the truth." "I yield," said Omar, "show me where to find the prophet; I hasten to confess my error and to devote myself to him whom I had come to assassinate."

At that moment, Mahomet, shut up with forty of his followers in a lone house on the hill Safa was commenting to them his doctrine. One of them posted sentinel, to notify the conclave of the approach of the infidels, looked out through a chink of the door: "There is Omar," cried he, "armed with a drawn sword, he knocks at the door." "Open to him," responded Mahomet. The disciples trembled, Mahomet advanced towards Omar, led him into the midst of the circle by the lappet of the coat. "What art thou come to do?" said he in a tone of reproach; "wilt thou then persevere in thy impiety, until the wrath of Heaven shall burst upon thee?" "I am come," responded humbly, the ferocious Omar, "to confess God and his prophet." The terror of the faithful was changed to joy and benediction.

Omar, wishing to let his conversion transpire among the Khoreishites without avowing it himself, went, on leaving the meeting, to the house of a Khoreishite notorious as a newsmonger and for his impotence to keep a secret: "Listen," said he to him, "but do not betray me; I have just made a secret profession of faith to Islamism." The newsmonger runs immediately to the vestibule of the Kaaba, the habitual resort of the idlers of Mecca, crying aloud that Omar had apostatized the idols, and was become perverted like the others. "Thou liest," said Omar to him, coming up behind him, "I am not perverted, I am converted, I am a Mussulman, I make confession that there are no other gods but the only God, and that Mahomet is the revealer of that God."

The Khoreishites, scandalized at this impiety, rushed on Omar. He drew his sword and defended himself alone,

against the whole multitude. The aged interposed, and restored peace. Up to that day, Mahomet only dared to come to offer prayer into the temple of Abraham in the teeth of the idolaters.

He was accustomed to place himself for his adoration between the corner of the temple and the black stone incrusting in the wall. The next day, Omar ventured to join him there in prayer. The terror of his sabre intimidated the idolaters. The rest of the believers fell in behind him by and by. Two religions thus disputed with each other the same sanctuary; the schism of the only God confronted openly the false divinities.

## XLII.

Soon after, the conservators of the old idolatries became indignant, signed a league, offensive and defensive, against the families tainted with the new faith, and especially against the family of Aboutaleb, which was that of the prophet—a league resembling in name and spirit that of the Guises, in France, against the heretics, and which was sealed with the blood of Saint Bartholomew.

It was the seventh year since Mahomet broached his doctrine in Arabia. The families menaced or proscribed for his faith retired, with Mahomet in the midst of them, into a valley at some distance from the city. They here encamped, during three years, under tents, with their flocks. Aboutaleb, the venerated uncle of Mahomet, although he had not made profession of Islamism, was at their head. The spirit of family was already substituted for the spirit of sect. The dissension, at first religious, became civil. The nomad tribes of the desert, and some of their secret allies in the city, used to bring them provisions.

The fanaticism of the followers of Mahomet renewed, however, from time to time, the disputations and scuffles in the Kaaba. Othman was one day listening there to the poet Lebid, who was reading some sacred poetry in honor of the gods of Arabia:

“All is non-existence, excepting the Divinity,” said Lebid.

“That is true,” interrupted loudly Othman.

Lebid continuing, recited another verse, which said:

“All felicities are transitory.”

"That is false," interrupted again Othman; "the felicity of heaven is eternal."

The poet was disconcerted at the apostrophe. "Never mind him," said one of the auditors; "that man is an idiot, who, like other idiots, has quitted the religion of his fathers." Othman rushed upon the insulter. An affray ensued in the temple. Othman lost an eye by a blow of a fist. A humane Khoreishite offered Othman to take him under his protection. "I thank thee," responded Othman, "I wish no other protector than Heaven; and may I, in the cause of the only God, receive a like blow on the eye that remains to me."

### XLIII.

Meanwhile, these dissensions weakened the Khoreishites with the other tribes. Negotiations were opened between the two parties for the return of the exiles into the city. An accident favored the negotiation. The palm leaf whereon the leaguers had inscribed the act of federation, was posted, for three years back, upon the wall of the Kaaba. The worms had quite gnawed away the text and the signatures, respecting but the invocation of the name of Allah that was at the head. This miracle seemed to discharge the signers from their oath. The aged Aboutaleb, respected by all, came to treat himself on the conditions of his return, and that of his family, to the city. Mahomet returned with his followers. But soon after, Aboutaleb, his uncle and protector, died of old age without having either condemned or embraced the religion of his nephew. Mahomet wept over him like a son.

But presently the death of the companion of his faith, of his happiness, and of his tribulations, cost him tears more bitter still. His only and cherished wife, Kadidjah, died in the faith and in the love of the prophet. Grief and discouragement seized, a second time, Mahomet. His social stay in Aboutaleb, and his moral stay in Kadidjah, were both withdrawn from him at once. He set out alone from home, and went to Taief, the capital of a neighboring people, hoping to find there hearts better prepared for his doctrines. The leading people of the city assembled to hear him. But scarcely had he opened his lips to explain to them his religion, than they burst into laughter and sarcasm at the *inspiré* of Mecca. "Had God no other apostle than such

as thee to send to dispute with us ? " said they to him with contempt.

One of the auditors, more lettered than the rest of his compatriots, confounded him by a dilemma which reduced the prophet to silence. "I am unwilling to discuss with thee," said this wily-tongued individual: "if thou art inspired, as thou affirmest, thou art too holy and too great for me to dare to answer thee; if thou art only an impostor, thou art too vile for me to condescend to talk to thee."

This reply appeared victorious to the populace of Taïef. They hunted Mahomet with stones out of the city. The slaves and children pursued the chase into the country. He was obliged, when fatigue arrested him, to crouch and wrap his head and legs within his cloak, in order to deaden the blow of the stones that showered upon him. At last, a compassionate family opened to him an inclosure to shelter himself behind the vines, and permitted him to eat some raisins, to quench his thirst until nightfall, when he resumed his route towards Mecca.

No more did he dare enter here without having implored a protector of his life. The answer refused by all, he a long time waited upon Mount Hira. We can never measure the weight of woes which is entailed on him who bears it, fatally, by every great or true idea communicated to mankind. Drops of sweat, and drops of tears, and drops of blood point out the trace of the missionary of the Unity of the Godhead, upon this sand of Arabia, as upon every other land. God wills not that the truth should be a mere gratuitous gift; he wishes it should also be a conquest: and in this lies the glory of truth and the merit of man!

#### XLIV.

He was disheartened a third time, and was tempted to return to God the commission which he believed he had received from him, telling him to execute himself his own work, which was too onerous for a mortal individual. He retired into his house, and ceased blaspheming the idols in vogue among the multitude—making, so to say, a pact of silence between error and truth. He appeared to have given up the conviction of his countrymen. He turned to converting furtively the Bedouin Arabs who were encamped on the hills around the city, and the pilgrims from a distance,

whom the worship of the Kaaba brought annually for a season to Mecca. But the Bedouins and the pilgrims were forewarned against his preaching by even the members of his own family, still unbelievers.

One of his uncles, Abou-Lahab, zealous for the temple and the idols, used to hang upon his footsteps when he went out of the city, as if he were the guardian of a madman. He used to call out to the strangers accosted by Mahomet: "Do not listen to him! go away from him! he is an impostor who would lead you to apostatize the gods of Arabia in exchange for certain visions of his own!"

#### XLV.

The strangers, prejudiced by the incredulity of the Khoreishites, paid him little attention. They nonplussed him by that apothegm of vulgar common sense which occurs naturally to unreflecting minds: "Thy countrymen and neighbors are better placed to judge than we are; if thou wouldst persuade us, begin then by convincing them."

The inhabitants of Yathreb, a city jealous of Mecca, alone listened to him with some degree of favor. This city, peopled in large part by Jewish refugees, imbued with the antique hope of a Messiah who should free their race, fomented the same notion in the Arabian population. "It is perhaps he," they would say to each other; "well, let him come, let him declare himself, and let him deliver us from the enemies of Jehovah!"

Deputies from Yathreb, Jews or Arabs, came several times to offer him an asylum and the liberty of preaching in their city. Although he had lost his words and labor for now ten years that he was preaching in his own country, and that he was entering on the fiftieth year of his age, he felt unwilling to leave Mecca, because it was the centre, the most frequented, and the most famous of Arabia.

#### XLVI.

His widowerhood, the comparative severity of his morals in a country where a promiscuity of women existed under the form of unlimited concubinage; his long union with a single woman more aged than himself, and respected by him as a tutoress of his life and a confidant of his house, had



preserved to him to this advanced age the sensibility of heart, and the passionate ardor of youth. The same focus of imagination that lit his ecstasy, lit his love. This double power, proceeding from the same source, confounded, in Mahomet, religion and voluptuousness. This propensity to sensual pleasures, which the loose morals of the Arabs, the climate, the example and tradition of the patriarchs in the desert, the toleration of Moses,—and, in fine, his own temperament did not give him the notion of resisting, was the dominant weakness of his character, and proved the vice and ruin of his legislation.

The Arabs wedded and repudiated quite as many women as caprice, inconstancy or disgust authorized them to dishonor. Mahomet thought he did sufficient for that moiety of the human species in consecrating the union of the sexes by a religious and almost indissoluble tie; but he judged it not too much, to make his law compatible with Arab license, to authorize the possession of up to four wives, when the fortune of the husband was sufficient to support them suitably.

The chaste and severe unity of the Christian marriage—the most anti-sensual, but the most moral and the most civic of the consequences of Christianity—which he had under his eyes in Syria, was discarded by Mahomet from his legislation, as too incompatible with the habits of his people, or rather too austere for his own sensuality. He forgot that in a religious legislation, whatever would be passed for divine ought of necessity to be superhuman, and that it is not warrantable in an inspired lawgiver to make to human weakness a concession of virtue.

The reciprocal equality of rights and duties between the sexes being but the first of all the virtues, that is, justice, Mahomet violated justice, maintained the inequality of duties, continued the degradation of one half the human species, deprived of lawful wives the two thirds of poor men, favored the excesses of the rich, deprived of husbands, to give them masters, the two thirds of the women, and threw confusion into the sentiments and the inheritances of families, in proclaiming, not, however, the precept, but the tolerance of polygamy in the faithful. This licentiousness belied his mission to the eyes of thinking men, even at the time. That which degraded one half his creatures could not have been inspired by God.

It is true that the religious lawgiver of Arabia imposed upon the sensuality of his people the two most painful privations of sense that can be imposed upon mankind, to protect them from the temptations and occasions of crime and vice—the sequestration of the women from the society of the men, and complete abstinence from wine and all fermented beverages. Of these two precepts of the Koran, the one tended to preserve innocence, by severing the eyes from the sight of beauty, the other to preserve the reason, in severing the lips from drunkenness, that delirium of the soul.

It is true, again, that he prescribed to them assiduous and repeated prayers at every pace which the sun makes in the heavens; fasts, of which the most important was that of the month of Ramadhan; also rigorous prohibitions of carnal nourishment, incessant ablutions by water or sand, silence, meditation, abnegations of the will, borrowed from the rules of the Indian monasteries or the convents of the Christians. It is true, in fine, that he commenced boldly the emancipation and moral elevation of woman, in recognising in her equality of soul and of immortal destiny with man, in admitting her among his disciples, in interdicting her immolation at birth by the usual child-murder of the desert, in teaching the Arabs to respect in her their mothers, their daughters, their wives, the most beautiful and holy of the creatures of Allah. But he did not dare, or did not wish to cut the vice at its root by the divine precept of conjugal unity. He did thus but restrict disorder and shut up license in the interior of the house, instead of annihilating it in the heart of the Arabs. It was the scandal of his Koran, the cry of mankind against the authority of his book, the superiority of Christianity over his legislation, the future condemnation of his doctrine of society. This complacency to the senses lost him the intellect of the universe.

#### XLVII.

Marriage to several women among the Arab tribes was also, it must be owned, another thing than brutal sensuality. It was a tie of affinity, a pledge of political alliance among the principal families of the same city, or the same tribe, to assure themselves by this relationship, the friendship, the fraternity, the support of the tents or the houses from

which the woman was taken. The wives were hostages which the families delivered to each other reciprocally. They assured the peace, they augmented the power of the houses whereinto they married. In a country where there was no superior central authority to establish a fixity of power, this power, or this predominance, floating ceaselessly from one family to another, and having no title but possession, it could not be founded or maintained but by the adhesion, in the councils, of the majority of the influential family chiefs in the town or tribe. The unlimited marriages were the means of acquiring these adhesions and these alliances. It is thus that the dominant family used to be enlarged, or that the effort used to be made to counterbalance its ascendant, by multiplying against it the blood relations with the rival houses. A wife was a treaty.

This is what appears to have determined Mahomet, as much perhaps as voluptuousness, in the choice of the wives whom he took to himself after the loss of Kadidjah. It was the moment when, to sustain his proscribed doctrine, he needed to support himself in Mecca by alliances with the families of undecided enemies, or of his most affiliated disciples. This conjecture is found verified by the ages of the two women whom he married at the end of this year of widowhood. The first, Sauda, daughter of Aboucays, a house illustrated by the poets of that name, had scarcely reached the age of puberty; the second, Aïche, daughter of Aboubekre, his disciple, so celebrated for his masculine beauty and for his martial elegance, was not as yet out of her infancy.

Aïche was but eight years old. She was afterwards the favorite wife of the prophet, already advanced in years, but still amorous of his disciple. Aïche, who was at first his adopted daughter rather than his wife, did not assume this last relation to him till several years after. Mahomet appears to have loved her beyond all other women, as much for her fidelity and elevated intellect as for her charms celebrated by the traditions of Arabia.

#### XLVIII.

His senses, inflamed by the ecstasies of voluptuousness, transported him at this epoch of his life, by a swoon or by a vision of his imagination, like that of the cavern, into

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heaven, where he conversed with the patriarchs, the fathers of his faith.

He dreamt that his mare, the fleetest racer of the desert, swept him over the dust of stars and the glowing gardens of the firmament. He related as a fact what he had seen as an ecstatic. His paradise, the vision of a sensual heart, assembled all that, in the future world, answered best to the felicities of a people warlike, meditative, pastoral, and voluptuous in the present—an oasis, a garden wherein shade, fountains, flowers, fruits, and singing-birds lulled the eternal leisure of an existence without labor, and celestial wives or virgins of divine beauty lavished on the elect the intoxication of ever-springing desire.

This ecstasy (related naïvely after his imaginary tour to heaven) delighted his enemies. They found either the simplicity too puerile or the artifice too clumsy. All Mecca broke into laughter at this revelation. His disciples themselves were scandalized. They supplicated the prophet to say no more about it. "No," said he, "I would betray him who has opened the heavens to me if I suppressed in a cowardly silence the marvels he has let me see and hear." Some of the neophytes felt their credulity overtaken, and retired from the sect.

#### XLIX.

Fortune seemed disposed to compensate Mahomet for the desertion of the disciples whom he had lost by his untimely revelation. Twelve old men, chiefs of the Arabs of the city of Yathreb, deputed by their fellow-citizens to wait upon him, came to Mecca under pretext of the pilgrimage. They asked the prophet for a nocturnal conference in a ravine of the hill Acaba. This conference was terminated by a tacit alliance, and by an oath which the twelve envoys made to Mahomet in the name of their tribes. He gave them one of his missionaries named Mosad, to teach them his dogmas, his laws, and his rites.

Mosad preached the religion of Mahomet to the children in gardens of date-trees, inclosed by walls outside the city. Sad, the *caid*, or first magistrate of the city, having learned that a stranger was catechizing the people against the gods, ran with lance in hand to chase the missionary from the inclosure. Mosad only asked him to hear him. Sad consented, fixed his lance in the sand, and sat down to listen to

the innovator. Conviction wrought a complete revolution in his heart, which was bedazzled by the truths that flowed from Mosad.

He returned to the city, assembled the people, and said to them: "What am I to you?" "Thou art our caïd, the head of our councils," replied the people; "what you bid us, we do." "Very well," resumed Sad, "I swear that I shall never more speak a word to one amongst you, man or woman, until you have embraced the sublime religion of Mahomet, and professed with him an only God."

A moiety of the population of Yathreb went off forthwith to listen to the exhortations of the delegate of the prophet. His doctrine of the unity of God was spreading broadly, like day from night. At the close of this year, which was the twelfth of his preaching, seventy-five neophytes of Yathreb, chosen among the great of the country, were led to Mecca by Mosad, to make oath to Mahomet.

These seventy-five believers were encamped with the caravan of the pilgrims at the gates of the city. They slipped away during the night from the camp, without waking their compatriots, and went to confer with Mahomet in a solitary spot. A compact was sworn to, whereby the primates of Yathreb engaged to receive Mahomet and his disciples into their city, to obey him as the organ of God upon the earth, and to die, in case of need, in his defence. "What dost thou promise us in return?" said they to him. "Paradise," replied the prophet. "But if we succeed in making thy cause triumph," added they, "wilt thou not one day quit us, and return to reside in Mecca, thy native city?" "Never," responded Mahomet, "I swear to live and die with you."

In imitation, no doubt, of Christ, who had chosen twelve apostles to disseminate his creed, Mahomet chose among them twelve missionaries to go diffuse to a distance his doctrines among the tribes.

## L.

Meanwhile, this nocturnal treaty between the chiefs of Yathreb and Mahomet transpired, after the pilgrimage, in the city. The followers of the prophet, suspected of treason against their country, were forced to abscond, one by one, from Mecca, and fly to Yathreb. Mahomet, although daily exposed to death, refused to follow them until he had,

said he, received the inspiration of God as to the hour. Aboubekre, the father of the young girl Aiche, and Ali, who was verging on his twentieth year, alone remained along with him to defend him.

The Khoreishites, after having deliberated on the proper means of delivering themselves, either of the presence or of the armed return of this troublesome fellow-citizen, engaged some assassins to assail his house, and to slay him the following night. An indiscretion or a presentiment gave notice to the prophet. He charged his beloved disciple, the young Ali, to go restore on that evening all the deposits which the Khoreishites, even idolaters, had confided to his house, through conviction of his probity. Ali executed the order of his adoptive father. "Now," said the prophet to him, "wrap thyself in thy cloak and lie down on my mat. Fear nothing, no one will touch thee." Ali took unhesitatingly, at the risk of dying in his stead, the cloak and the place of the prophet. During this simulated sleep, Mahomet, slipping unperceived from his house, in the dark, enters that of Aboubekre: "God commands me to fly," said he to him. "Does he permit me to accompany thee?" inquired Aboubekre. "Yes," replied Mahomet. Aboubekre melted into tears of joy and gratitude for this favor.

Two race camels and a guide, which were prepared in advance, against the moment when Mahomet would consent in fine to leave, awaited the fugitives in the country. The master and the disciple pass out under favor of the night. They reach a cavern of Mount Thour, at three hours' travel from Mecca, on the side opposite the route leading to Yathreb, where they would be supposed to have repaired for safety.

## LI.

During this time the assassins posted to kill Mahomet, as he came out, in the morning, from his house, conversed in a low voice, under the porch. Some insisted that he had eluded them, and was no longer in the house; others looking through a chink in the door, and seeing a man enveloped in the green cloak of Mahomet asleep upon his mat, did not doubt of having their victim on his awaking.

Meanwhile the morning rose, Ali shook off the cloak and opened the door. The assassins, in consternation, thought they saw in this substitution a divine intervention.

The rumor of Mahomet's escape is spread abroad through the city. His enemies rush forth into the various routes to arrest him. Some of his persecutors ascend to even the cavern of Thour. But on seeing a pigeon's nest at the entrance, and a spider's web spread intact athwart the opening of the grotto, they felt convinced that no man had for a long time entered it, and went off. Mahomet and Aboubekre had had the prudence not to touch the nest, and to lift up the web instead of tearing.

They passed three days and three nights in this asylum, awaiting the guide and the camels. Esma, daughter of Aboubekre and sister of Aïche, used to send them, by night, a provision of milk and dates. Aïche, and the more aged wife of the prophet, had been left by him at his house. The threshold of the Arabs was always inviolable in regard to women.

The third night, Esma herself brought the guide and the camels to the grotto. Mahomet mounted the nearest; Aboubekre, after embracing his daughter Esma, mounted the second, and set his freedman Amir behind him. The fugitives, to mislead pursuit, descended towards the sea, instead of crossing the isthmus by the mountains, and followed the shore, which rounded for a distance the Yathreb territory. Recognized by a Khoreishite warrior, named Soraca, in traversing a maritime tribe, they pressed on the pace of their camels. Soraca mounts a horse and pursues them, lance in hand, to earn the reward that was set upon their heads. Aboubekre gets uneasy, and would dismount to fight on foot. "Fear nothing," said his companion, "God protects us."

At the moment when Soraca was on the point of coming up to them, his mare stumbles and rolls with the rider upon the sand. Soraca rises promptly, remounts his mare, and resumes the chase; the mare receives the like fall a second time. Her master gets again into the saddle, and gallops behind them, crying: "Stop, I swear you have nothing to fear from me." "What dost thou want with us then?" said Aboubekre. "I only ask," replied the warrior, "that Mahomet motion me a word with his hand, to the effect of recognizing me as one of his disciples."

Aboubekre, who had not a palm leaf, whereon to register this testimony of the instantaneous conversion of Soraca, picked up upon the sand a fragment of bone that was

polished and whitened in the sun. Mahomet wrote thereon the profession of faith of the Khoreishite. Soraca put the bone into his quiver and regained his tribe, without saying any thing of his course, of his fall, and his conversion. This bone inscribed by the prophet, and again presented at a later period to Mahomet when he returned conqueror to Mecca, was the safeguard of the new convert to Islamism.

## LII.

The inhabitants of Coba, a town adjacent to Yathreb, were expecting the prophet. He seated himself beneath a palm tree at the entrance of the village, to wipe off the dust of the journey. The respectful multitude kept at a distance, and asked each other which was Mahomet. None dared approach them in this ignorance, fearing to mistake the personage and to offend the prophet in taking him for one of his disciples. But, the sun which was ascending the heavens having displaced the shade of the palm tree, and left the head of Mahomet beneath its rays, Aboubekre arose, and spreading his cloak upon the branches, he made it cast a broader shade upon the face of the prophet. The curious, at this mark of deference, distinguished the master from the disciple. They then approached and offered hospitality to Mahomet.

It is from this day of the entrance of the prophet on the territory of Medina, the 15th or 16th June of the year 622 of Christ, that is dated the *Hegira* or *flight*, the era of the Arabs and the Mussulmans.

## LIII.

Ali, who escaped from Mecca, after having saved his master's life, rejoined the prophet in the village of Coba.

Next day the prophet made his triumphal entry into Yathreb. All the inhabitants contended for the honor of receiving him; he referred it to the instinct of his camel, to which he ascribed a divinatory virtue, to choose herself the house that he should prefer. The camel, accustomed to come with dates to the market of Yathreb, traversed the whole city, and did not kneel to let down its master but on one open place outside the walls, where the inhabitants were in the habit of spreading out the dates to dry. The most



contiguous house was that of Abou-Aïoub, one of the principal tribe chiefs of the city. Abou-Aïoub hastened to unload the animal, and to carry to his house the baggage and the carpet of Mahomet.

The prophet gave orders to build a mosque on the spot where he had set foot upon the ground, with a house for him and for his family. He worked at it with his own hands, assisted by the citizens of Yathreb. "Whoever works upon this edifice," said he to them, "builds for eternal life."

The city, after the entrance of Mahomet, changed its name in honor of its guest, and took that of *Medina-el-Nabi*, the city of the inspired prophet. Mahomet, recognized as both spiritual chief and sovereign by the principal tribes of the city, made a treaty of alliance with the others, guaranteeing them entire liberty of their religion. Some were Christians, others Jews, the majority idolaters. All became equally his subjects or his allies.

The laws of police, of justice, of equality, and of peace, which he promulgated as soon as he took possession of Medina, are a code impartial as well as politic of toleration and equity. The outlaw, who remembered still the persecutions which he suffered for his own faith, respected so far, justly and ably, the religion of others. To become powerful, he showed himself just.

Presently after his two wives, Sauda and Aïche, respected on account of their sex and their years by the Khoreishites, rejoined him at Medina. He installed them in separate apartments of his house adjoining the mosque. At each new wife that he married afterwards, he added new apartments to the edifice. The walls of this palace were of sunburnt bricks. Trunks of palm tree ranged in arcades sustained the roof in its projection. Three doors gave egress into the courts and the gardens. A block of stone, placed in the mosque on the side that looked towards Mecca and Jerusalem, indicated to the faithful the two former temples of Abraham, towards which their prayers should be directed to be agreeable to the only God.

As soon as Mahomet had secured this asylum, these adherents and these allies, the spirit of proselytism seemed to change into a spirit of conquest. The warrior was substituted for the prophet. Vengeance drove him to take arms

against his persecutors. He enrolled a few hundred intrepid men and marched at their head towards Mecca.

A hundred men in those times was an army, and the least encounter took the name of a battle. He concluded, in his armed excursions through the desert, new alliances with the wandering tribes, and enrolled the bravest of their warriors among his troops. His whole success, for the first year, was confined to the surprise and the pillage of a caravan from Mecca, laden with leather and dried raisins. He of his lieutenants who bore off this victory during the holy days, was blamed by him for having spilled blood in a forbidden season. "However," said he, softening and sharing the spoils among the faithful, "idolatry is worse than murder."

He established, on that occasion, the usage which subsists still of calling the faithful to prayer by a signal which unites the people, at the same hours, in the same aspiration. It was first proposed him to employ the trumpet which used to call the Jews to the temple; then the creaker that convoked the Christians before the invention of bells. He preferred, after long hesitations, the human voice, that living signal, that appeal from soul to soul, which gives to sounds the accent of intelligence and piety. He instituted the muezzin, who are servitors of the mosque, selected for the amplitude and sonority of their voice, to mount the summit of the minarets and chant from on high upon city and upon country the hour of prayer.

He gave, for the first time, this function to a freedman of Aboubekre his companion in flight, on account of the melody of his voice. He taught him the unalterable antiphon of this convocation, repeated since that day by so many thousands of voices from the minarets of Africa, of Europe, and of Asia.

"God is great! I attest that there is but one God! Mahomet is the apostle of God! Come to prayer! Come to salvation! God is great! God is one! Come to prayer!"

He fixed at the same time the minimum of alms that each Mussulman would be obliged, before God, to give to the poor to redeem his right of property and of privilege above his indigent brethren. This impost of heaven was rated by the lawgiver at a tenth of the whole possessions. He thus corrected, by a prescription of charity, that greediness of gain, the egoistical vice of the Arabs, and levelled

ceaselessly and voluntarily the inequality of fortunes by the perpetual dispensation of alms. It was the *Jubilee* of the Jews, which remitted debts every seven years, applied in another form to the Mussulmans.

This law, religiously observed throughout Islamism, serves to constantly extinguish there the scandal, at the same time, of excessively hoarded riches and of excessively crying indigence. It propagated also the family spirit and the duties of fraternity in the whole people.

## LIV.

Not satisfied with his primary successes in arms, he sought insidiously to strike at the Khoreishites in their reputation. He charged the most popular poets of Medina to circulate satires and invectives against his former compatriots throughout Arabia, and on the contrary to celebrate the new religion. Hassan, one of the convert poets, accepted the task, and showing his tongue to the prophet, said to him : "Thou seest this tongue, it is short; but there is no leather or buckler that I cannot pierce with that weapon." Mahomet smiled and said to him : "But how wilt thou manage to attack the Khoreishites, without letting the abuse which thou wilt pour upon my tribe recoil upon myself?" "Make thyself easy," replied Hassan, "I will know how to withdraw these from the midst of thy ungrateful kindred, as a hair is extracted from the dough be-kneaded to make bread." "Very well, go then call upon Aboubekre," said the prophet, "he will give thee all the scandalous anecdotes about the genealogies and families of the Khoreishites; strike with thy tongue the enemies of God, and may the angels inspire thee."

Mahomet, ashamed of his inertia for two years, made a sortie from Medina, on the report of a caravan of Mecca, escorted by the Khoreishite army which was marching towards Syria. His army counted but three hundred and fourteen fighting men mounted upon seventy-four camels. Two banners, the one black and the other white, were carried before him by Ali and by an inhabitant of Medina.

Such was the army which was to change the face of the world more profoundly than the millions led by Xerxes or by Napoleon. It is the cause, not the number of combatants that gives the measure of the events. A million of soldiers

fighting for the ambition or the glory of a conqueror, pass away without leaving a trace except their bones upon the earth. Three hundred and fourteen men fighting for the disinterested idea of the Unity of God, against idolatrous populations, made the conquest for ages of one third the universe to their cause. Victory, despite the saying of a materialist sovereign of our times, is not with the large battalions; victory is with God, and with him who fights for the Spirit of God, against the corrupted spirit of men.

The caravan of the army of Mecca was commanded by an illustrious warrior, an enemy of Mahomet, named Abou-Sofyan. Instructed by his spies of the approach of Mahomet, Abou-Sofyan despatched a messenger to Mecca for reinforcements. Mounted on a dromedary, this messenger halted in a valley adjacent to the walls of the Kaaba. In sign of terror, he cut off the ears of his animal, from which the blood then trickled down the head; he reversed the saddle on its back, tore his clothes, and cried seven times: "Khoreishites! to the caravan! to the caravan! Mahomet surrounds it, all is going to perish, merchandise and men; to the assistance! to the assistance of your brethren!"

This appeal and those signs of despair caused the Khoreishites to rise en masse. One of the oldest of them having refused to march on account of his corpulence, "Perfume thyself," said his fellow-citizens, "for thou art but a woman." He blushed at the reproach and joined the march.

The army was a thousand warriors and a hundred horses strong. Mahomet, encamped at Beder, at four days' journey from Medina, heard of the formidable reinforcement expected by Abou-Sofyan. Number did not dismay him, but it might dismay his soldiers. He called them together: "Prophet," said Aboubekre, "lead us wherever God directs, we will not imitate the children of Israel, who used to say to Moses; 'Go, thou and thy God, fight together yourselves the enemy; for our part we remain where we are.' But we will say; 'Go, thou and thy God, we will fight with you to the last.'" "Though thou shouldst lead us into the middle of the waves of the ocean," cried one of the first of his Medina disciples, Sad, "we will follow in thy footsteps." Their enthusiasm supported his own.

His spies, sent to a distance to bring him news of the approach of the enemy, having seated themselves by a well which was surrounded by a group of women, heard one of

the women saying to another : " I will pay you what I owe you when I make some sales to the caravan ; it will pass this way to-morrow."

A moment after, Abou-Sofyan, chief of the Khoreishites, seeking, on his side, some indications of the vicinity of Mahomet's army, arrives at the same well : " Have you seen some stranger," asked he of the women. " Yes," said they, " we have seen two strangers mounted on camels, who came to drink at this spring and are gone away."

Abou-Sofyan pressed his horse upon the traces of the spies of Mahomet, and recognising some date stones in the excrements of the camels : " By the Kaaba," cried he, " they are camels of Yathreb." He then rejoined his army to bring it up upon this trace.

#### LV.

The two armies were next day in presence of each other. Mahomet marshalled his with the skill of a general knowing the localities. The enthusiasm of his soldiers made up for their inferior number. While he was ranging them in order of battle and shaping the lines with a pointless arrow, so that the breast of no one man should protrude beyond the others, he struck a light blow of the arrow upon the thigh of Sewad, one of the best of his combatants, who was not sufficiently in line. " Thou hast hurt me, prophet," said Sewad to him, " and according to thy own laws, which thou hast brought us in the name of God, I have the right to strike thee in my turn !" " Very well, avenge thyself," responded Mahomet ; and opening his mantle, he presented his bare person to the soldier in fulfilment of his own prescriptions. But Sewad, instead of striking, threw his arms round the prophet's body and kissed his naked breast. " We are," said he, " at a critical moment when death is before us ; I may perhaps perish ; I desired, before being separated from thee for ever, that my skin should touch thine."

The army of the Khoreishites was already coming down the hill. Mahomet placed himself a little aloof, upon an eminence, under a cabin of bamboo-canes which was constructed for him by his soldiers, and surrounded by the horses fit for charging or for flight. A cistern separated the two armies.

The battle was commenced between a few cavalry of both

sides who galloped down to contend for the water of the cistern. Presently, from challenge to challenge, it became general. Mahomet, from his elevation, followed visually all the movements. He sent orders to his soldiers to keep still at the post he had assigned them, to discharge their arrows against the horses of the Khoreishites, and not to charge themselves till they had exhausted the first impulsion of the enemy. Then lifting his arm to heaven and surveying the small space occupied by his force, compared with the clouds of the enemy that covered the flank of the hills: "Lord of heaven," he exclaimed, "be mindful of the promises which thou hast made thy servant! If thou allowest to perish this handful of believers, thou wilt no more be adored in spirit and in truth upon this earth." His mantle slipped off his shoulders in the ardor of the invocation. Aboubekre replaced it on his body. "Enough! enough! prophet," said he to him, "God will not prove false to his word."

Mahomet was seized with a sudden fainting which deprived him of his senses. He soon recovered from the swoon with a face all radiant with hope. "I have seen the Spirit of God," said he, "with his war-horse behind him. He was preparing to combat on our side. Whoever shall have fought bravely to-day and died of wounds received in front will enjoy Paradise."

One of his guards seated near him in the shade of the cabin, and who was eating dates, having overheard these words, cried: "What? no more is necessary to possess Paradise, than to be killed by the people?" And, throwing away his dates, he drew his scimitar, rushed into the *mêlée*, slew five Khoreishites, and died himself, satisfied in taking Mahomet at his word.

Another drew near him, and asked him what was the action the most capable of making God smile with joy in heaven. "The action of a warrior," replied Mahomet, "who precipitates himself amidst the enemy without other armor than his faith." The soldier threw down his buckler, stripped off his cuirass, rushed upon the enemy, and died.

At last Mahomet, espying the moment when the first impetuosity of the Khoreishite cavalry was deadened against the firmness of his troops, snatched up a handful of sand, and launching it as a visible malediction towards the Khoreishites—"Charge, Mussulmans!" cried he.

## LVI.

At this signal, the Mussulmans, a long time restrained, fell like a tempest upon the broken ranks of the idolaters. Bound firmly to each other by enthusiasm and by discipline, the weight of this little band makes a breach wherever it turns in the scattered and disordered swarms of the enemy. All fly or fall before them. The plain is covered with the bodies of the unhorsed cavalry of the enemy. The conquerors are here and there observed conducting the disarmed vanquished to the foot of the hill occupied by the prophet. One of the officers gets indignant at the pity which leaves infidels to live. Mahomet reproves him, and gives orders to spare the vanquished.

At every instant he is brought Khoreishites known for the persecutions that they inflicted on him. He pardons them, but he inquires solicitously about the most inveterate of his enemies, Aboudjal. "Look for him on the battle field," said he to his guards; "you will recognize him by a scar which he received on the knee in wrestling in his youth with me for the place of honor at a banquet. He fell under me, and carries still the trace of his fall."

Abdallah sets off, explores the field, recognizes Aboudjal by his scar. He was expiring of his wounds on the sand. Abdallah put a foot on his throat to dispatch him. "For whom is the victory?" was the sole demand of the dying man. "For God and his prophet," responded the Mussulman in cutting off the head with a blow of his sabre. Mahomet received this head of the old man, and contemplates it with a ferocious satisfaction. "Thou swearest it is really his?" said he to Abdallah. "Yes, I swear it." Then Mahomet prostrates himself, and thanks heaven for the vengeance.

Mahomet had lost but fourteen of his men. The Khoreishites had left sixty-four corpses on the field. Mahomet ordered them to be buried in a cistern excavated between the two camps. The bodies filled it full.

One of the young believers, come from Mecca with the prophet, recognized the body of his father, Otba, among the dead; he shuddered with horror at this spectacle of religious wars. Mahomet saw the shudder. "The fate of thy father affects thee," said he; "will it shake thy faith?" "No," replied the young man; "I know my father has had

the lot of the infidels ; but my father was a just, a wise, a pious and a compassionate man ; I always hoped his virtues would bring him over to our faith, and I weep to see him thus die in idolatry where he was born." " It is well," replied the prophet ; " that filial piety is agreeable to God, and I honor thee before men."

## LVII.

The sepulture ended, he approached the cistern covered with sand, and apostrophizing his dead enemies by their names : " Thee ! " said he, " and thee ! and thee ! and thee ! " naming them all, " fellow-citizens unworthy of a prophet ! You have accused me of imposture ; others have believed in my mission ! You have chased me from my country ; others have given me an asylum ! You have armed yourselves against me ; others have armed themselves in my cause ! Has God lied through my lips in the menaces I made you in his name ? Has God lied in the promises which he had made me ? Say ! "

His soldiers, astonished, looked one at the other. " How is that, prophet ? " said they, " thou talkest to the dead ! " " Be it known to you," said he, " that they hear me as well as you do."

Among the prisoners, Mahomet found his uncle Abbas, son of Abdelmotaleb, his adoptive father. The night following the victory Mahomet could not sleep. " What is it that hinders thee from sleeping ? " he was asked. " It is," said he, " that I hear my uncle Abbas complaining in his manacles." Abbas was forthwith unbound, and the prophet went to sleep.

His return to Medina was a triumph. His gift of inspiration appeared ratified by the victory. The people had two faiths in place of one. But the grief of the father dashed the joy of the warrior. On entering Medina, he learned the death of his daughter Rocaya, married to Othman. He wept like a man, and not like a god. His tears did not assuage his vengeance against certain prisoners, his personal enemies.

The humanity which he had shown on the field of battle after the victory, gave way, in him, to the resentment of the outlaw, that most implacable of political resentments, and to the resentment of the prophet against the incredulity towards his mission, that most cruel of religious resentments. He



ordered the decapitation of one of the Khoreishites from whom he had received at Mecca the most ignominious outrages. "Who will receive my poor children," cried the man about to die. "The fire of hell," replied Mahomet. The surname of "Children of the fire" remained attached to the sons of that tribe.

Hitherto Mahomet assumed to himself but the right of preaching the only God; thenceforward he assumed the right of avenging in his name, and he saw, like all sectaries, the enemies of God in his own. From prophet, he turned, thenceforth, exterminator. Nevertheless, these ruthless crimes were very rare in his life. "Nature," he used himself to say, "had not moulded his heart to hatred." Hatred, in fact, to him would have been no more politic than divine. In the council held at Medina, upon the massacre or pardon of the prisoners, he declared against his lieutenants for indulgence. We shall presently see that magnanimity wins him more partisans than glory.

#### LVIII.

He assumed to himself, after each of his military expeditions, the exclusive possession and the division of the spoils, so as to pay at once his combatants, pontifical and military. His decrees were received without a murmur by the people. Three absolute powers combined together upon his head, allowed him to be at the same time the public conscience, the law and the sovereignty.

The ransom of the prisoners by the Khoreishites enriched his treasury with the price. He remitted it generously in several instances.

His daughter Zaynab, whom he had by Kadidjah, his first wife, was married at Mecca to a Khoreishite warrior, an idolater as yet, named Aboul-As. Aboul-As was prisoner at Medina. His wife Zaynab sent for the ransom of her husband a rich necklace. Mahomet wept on seeing this ornament detached from the neck of his daughter. "Hold," said he to Aboul-As, "take back this necklace, thou art free, but on condition that thou givest me back my daughter. It is not fit that a Mussulman woman, as she is, should be the wife of an infidel." Aboul-As, on his return to Mecca, sent back his daughter to the prophet.

Some time after, Aboul-As, in the eagerness of his desire

to see again his wife who had been taken from him, introduced himself furtively into Medina, at the risk of his life, if he should be discovered. He saw Zaynab secretly during the night, and he concerted with her an audacious subterfuge to escape death. Mingled, without being known, with the crowd who came to pray to the mosque, he raised of a sudden his voice to claim the protection of a woman; Zaynab, rising at this call, cried, from the height of the gallery reserved for the women, that she took this stranger under her protection. Aboul-As, thus shielded by the hand of the daughter of a prophet, was inviolable. He stayed with impunity at Medina, and his love for Zaynab soon converted him to the faith of her to whom he owed his life.

A few days after Mahomet united his beloved disciple, Ali, aged twenty years, with his fourth daughter Fatima, aged fifteen. Ali, as poor as he was enamored, was forced to sell his cuirass to buy the trinkets, stuffs, and perfumes;—the wedding gifts the Arabs used to make to purchase their betrothed.

#### LIX.

The poets and men of letters were the last in Arabia to abandon the traditional fables with which they fed the popular imagination. They kept up a vivid opposition to the prophet. They deplored openly the defeat of the Khoreishites at Beder, and the victory of Mahomet over the gods of the country. One of them, in returning from Syria, had the boldness to go venerate the tomb of the martyrs on the field of battle. He made his dromedary mount the mound wherein lay the bodies of the vanquished; he cut off its ears in token of grief, and chanted from the height of this funereal tribune an eloquent elegy on the defeat of the gods. Mahomet, irritated, had him hunted from asylum to asylum, until he expired of want in the desert.

Another illustrious poet, named Caab, filled Medina with popular satires against the prophet and his adherents. His verses, at once impious and licentious, inspired the men with incredulity and the women with infidelity. Mahomet, offended and scandalized at this depravation, cried one day: "Who will rid me of that man?" Five of his guards took this wish for an order, awaited the poet in a street of Medina, and immolated him to the indignation of the prophet.

Terror imposed silence upon public opinion. The blood of his enemies was sure to flow upon the slightest signal.

His successive expeditions, conducted at one time by Ali, at another by Othman, anon by Aboubekre, brought to Medina the rich spoils of the caravans and imposed submission upon the Arabs of the desert.

Mahomet, still propense to love, transcended soon the four wives prescribed by his own law to Mussulmans. He made himself an exception in all things, when he did not make himself a model. His numerous marriages were also treaties of alliance between him and the tribes attached to his cause. That year, the daughter of Omar, Hafsa, lost her husband Konais. Omar offered the widow in second marriage, to Othman, son of Affan, who hesitated to accept her on account of the haughtiness of her character. Omar complained of it to Mahomet. "I will take her," said his master to him; "Othman will wed a woman superior to Hafsa, and Hafsa will have a husband superior to Othman." He married still another, Zaynab, who was distinguished among all his wives for her benevolence and charity; she got the surname of mother of the poor.

## LX.

Meanwhile the Khoreishites of Mecca had recovered, in a repose of two years, the blood of which the defeat of Beder had exhausted them. They raised an army of three thousand combatants, increased by numerous reinforcements through alliances with the wandering tribes, all enemies of Mahomet. The very women of Mecca enrolled themselves to avenge their fathers, their husbands, their brothers, lost in the first campaign. These women, at the head of whom marched a beautiful and intrepid Khoreishite, named Hind, agitated tambourines, bordered with camel bells, and chanted, by turns, to animate the warriors, hymns of war, lamentations, and canticles of triumph. Hind, the daughter of Otba, who was slain by Hamza, Mahomet's uncle, at the battle of Beder, swore to have blood for blood, by the death of Hamza, her father's murderer. A black slave, named Wahchi, who followed the army, swore to Hind that his arrow would drink the blood of Hamza. Every time that Hind saw the black upon the march, she reminded him of his oath, and repeated her promise of recompense.

A white-bearded monk, at first apostate from the idols, then returned through inconstancy to the false gods of his fathers, marched along with the army, and fanaticized it with his exhortations. Hind arrived in a few days at the oasis of Medina, which was planted with date-trees, and devastated the plantations. Mahomet wished to wait behind the ramparts of Medina. The ardor of the Mussulmans opposed this resolution. He consented then to lead them out to battle. He declined the assistance of the Jews at Medina, no less indignant than the believers at the violation of their territory.

## LXI.

The two armies came face to face at a little distance from the city. That of the Khoreishites reckoned four combatants to Mahomet's one. Hind and her companions animated it with the sounds of their tambourines and the verses of their poets. History has preserved to us their war-song :

"We are the daughters of the morning stars, we tread upon downy cushions;  
Our necks are encircled with pearls, our hair is embalmed with perfumes;  
The heroes who encounter the enemy shall be embraced in our arms;  
The cowards who should fly, we reject them, and never will give them our love."

The monk, after having vainly harangued the soldiers of Mahomet to seduce them, received only insults, and launched the first arrow. The battle, although unequal, was long and strenuously disputed. Several times the Khoreishite cavalry traversed the Medinians to carry off Mahomet. One of the Medinian cavalry rushed, with drawn sword, up to the women of Mecca. He brandished his bloody weapon above the head of Hind, but disdained to strike her, because she was a woman.

Two young Khoreishite brothers, struck down together by Hamza and by Ali, go to lay their heads to die upon the knees of their mother, in the troop of Hind. "Who has struck you, my children?" said the mother. "Hamza and Ali," replied the sons. "Well," said she, "I vow never more to drink wine, but from their skulls."

Hamza was pursuing his exploits, when the black slave,

who watched from a distance, to accomplish his engagement to Hind, launched at him a deadly dart, and laid him in the dust. He recognized, in dying, the avenging negro of Hind; but he expired without being able to take vengeance in his turn. The banner that Hamza bore is snatched up by a Mussulman heroine, named Amra. She groups around her the bravest combatants of Mahomet.

But a cry arises: "Mahomet is dead!" It shoots a thrill of discouragement through the ranks. Mahomet, in fact, pressed by a throng of Khoreishite cavalry, was fighting like a hero on his war charger. A deep trench, covered over with sand by the enemy, engulfed him of a sudden with his horse. His comrades drew him from the trench, and covered him with their sabres. But an arrow has stricken him on the face; stones cast from the hill above shatter his helmet. Abou-Obeydah has his hand pierced with a steel-pointed arrow, in extending it to ward off a blow aimed at the prophet. The rings of the helmet chain were buried in the flesh of Mahomet. Abou-Obeydah tears them out with his teeth, and breaks, without uttering a cry, two teeth, in extracting the metal from the wound. Another sucked the blood from the wound, to drink the poison, should it have mingled with the blood. "He who mingles his blood with mine," said the prophet, in full possession of his presence of mind in the face of death, "will never be touched by the fire of hell."

A woman of Medina, who had followed the Mussulmans to furnish them with drink in the conflict, took up a sabre, and fought like a hero, to cover the prophet. The sword of a Khoreishite cleft her shoulder. A young companion of Mahomet, named Ziad, rolled upon the sand, wounded mortally, in defending her. Mahomet extended him his leg that he might lay his head upon it in dying. Ziad expired thus upon the feet of the prophet, for whom he gave his life.

These devotednesses rallied around the general enough of Mussulmans to keep him from the hands of the enemy, and to force back the Khoreishites. But the rumor of his fall from horseback and of his death, had been diffused in the remainder of his army, and threw the faithful into consternation. Aboubekre, Ali, Omar, Othman, separated from him by the conflict, and grouped upon an eminence, conversed in tears about the loss of their master. A young Medinian, son of Nadhir, perceived them. "What do you stand still there for?"

cried he to them. "Mahomet exists no more," replied they; "for whom should we fight?" "Well," resumed the son of Nadhir, "if he be dead, is it not shameful to survive him? Come, then, and die with him."

They plunge again into the conflict, to unite their blood with that of the prophet. They find him living, make him way athwart the cavalry of the enemy, and fall back upon the narrow defile of Mount Ohud.

Mahomet, when the bleeding of his wounds is stanchèd, remounts his horse, returns to the mouth of the defile, and kills, with his lance, in the gorge, the first Khoreishite who attempts to enter. The Mussulmans, reanimated by his presence, and covered by his bravery, rally on the two flanks of the mountain. The enemy insult them, without daring to go to attack them. Ali fetches water in the hollow of his buckler, from the natural cup of a rock, to wash away the blood and dust that stained the visage of his second father.

During this truce, Hind and the women of the Khoreishite victors roam like furies over the field of battle, to satiate the vengeance they had sworn to the manes of their fathers and husbands. Seventy Mussulman bodies were heaped upon the earth; they mutilated and despoiled them. The ferocious heroine, Hind, sought the body of Hamza, the murderer of her father, who was slain in turn by the arrow of the negro slave Wahchi. She discovers it, rushes upon the carcass, lays open the side with a sabre blow, plucks out the heart, and tears it with her teeth. Then, taking from her own neck and arms the bracelets and necklaces that adorned them, she gives them to the black slave, and substitutes them with a necklace and bracelets made of the ears of the dead enemy.

## LXII.

After these reprisals, Abou-Sofyan, chief of the Khoreishites, seeing the impregnable position occupied by the Mussulmans, rallies his soldiers to return in triumph to Mecca. In defiling under the flanks of the mountain, he insults aloud the vanquished: "*Victory to the idols!*" cried he, defying Omar and Aboubekre. "Victory to the true God, who will confound the idolaters!" responded the army of Mahomet. "Omar," resumed Abou-Sofyan, "I conjure thee to tell me if Mahomet is dead?" "He is living," replied Omar, "and hears your words."

## LXIII.

Mahomet, after the withdrawal of the Khoreishites from the field, came down into the plain to weep and bury the dead. On approaching the body of his uncle Hamza, mutilated by Hind, he is seized with fury. "Did I not fear," said he, "to afflict Safya, his mother, I would leave him there, in witness of the impiety of idolaters, until the entrails of eagles should become his sepulchre. If God shall one day grant me a victory over the Khoreishites, I will mutilate thirty of them in vengeance of Hamza."

He soon repented of this quite human impulse of ferocity and vengeance. "But no," said he, correcting himself, "if it be permitted Mussulmans to treat their enemies as they are treated themselves, it is more meritorious to support without reprisals, and with magnanimity, such outrages, than to imitate them." He interdicted the profanation of the dead.

He enveloped with his mantle the body of Hamza, and conducted the funeral himself. "O Hamza," cried he upon the grave, "I have never lost a friend like to thee!" The women of Medina, come to weep over their fathers, their husbands, their sons, wished to carry off the bodies to be buried in Medina. "No," said he, "bury the dead where they have fallen, and without washing the blood from their wounds. They will appear with this blood on the day of the resurrection, and their wounds will exhale an aromatic odor. I will then bear testimony myself in their behalf."

One of the women encountered the vanquished army returning to Medina. "Where is my father?" asked she of the soldiers. "He is slain," was the reply. "And my husband?" "Slain also." "And my son?" "Slain with them," said they. "But Mahomet?" "Here he is, alive," replied the warriors. "Very well," said she, apostrophizing the prophet, "since thou livest still, all our misfortunes are as nothing!"

Such fanaticism promised Mahomet reprisals for his defeat. He seemed to feel more sadness than humiliation in his reverses. In passing before one of the houses of Medina, whence he heard issue the wailings of women deploring the deaths of their husbands: "And the brave Hamza," said he, dropping himself some tears, "there is no woman to mourn him."

## LXIV.

After two days devoted to regrets, he called his faithful Mussulmans to arms, so as not to leave them long weighed down by the discouragement of a reverse. They marched, in stronger force, upon the traces of the army of Mecca, as if they had been the victors. Abou-Sofyan did not dare to turn round and give them battle. The prestige of the victory returned to Mahomet. His expeditions scoured freely the desert, imposing his faith and his alliance upon numerous tribes. We pass over that slow but continual course of conquest, which brought by little and little one half the Arabs under his dominion. It is the history of the conquest rather than of the man. Let us return to the man.

The defeat of Mount Ohud deprived him of nothing of his prophetic ascendant at Medina. He continued to publish, one by one, the prescriptions of the Koran. His renown, diffused from mouth to mouth, with his laws, throughout the desert, brought to Medina the Sheiks of Arabia. He conferred with them; he dazzled them with his eloquence; he contracted peace and friendship with their tribes; he enforced no longer his religion, he only counselled it, leaving each one free to become a convert or to persevere in the old traditions. He knew sufficiently, as a philosopher and as a politician, that the germ once planted would be sure to spring up in that sand, and that the religion of the victorious is, soon or late, that of the greatest number.

Menaced with a siege in Medina by the allies of the Khoreishites, he fortified that capital by surrounding it with a trench cut in the rock. He supervised the labor of the inhabitants of Medina, both to encourage them and to finish promptly the circumvallations. One day as he took himself a pickaxe and struck upon the rock, three sparkles leaped forth from it. "What mean these three flashes?" he was asked. "The first," said he, with the tone of one inspired with the full future, "announces to me the conquest of Arabia to my law; the second, the possession of Syria and of the West; the third, the dominion of the entire East."

Ten thousand confederates against Medina appeared with the Khoreishites under the ramparts. The siege was long and without danger to Medina. Ali signalized himself in some chivalrous encounters, under the walls, with the champions of Mecca. Safya, the mother of Hamza, avenged



there her son. Placed for safety in the stronghold of the poet Hassan, she perceived, from the roof, a warrior of the enemy below the walls. "Go kill that enemy," said she to her host. "May God pardon thee, daughter of Aboutaleb," replied the poet; "thou knowest that I am not a man of war." She seized his sword, descended into the plain, encountered the warrior, and avenged in his blood that of her son Hamza.

Soon after, the artifices of a Bedouin old man, whom Mahomet employed as secret negotiator with the chiefs of the tribes confederated against him, broke the league. The bad season advanced: "It is no longer possible to encamp here," murmured the confidants of the prophet; "the rain puts out our fires, the wind tears our tents, the dust soils our pots, we must leave." These murmurs caused the camp to be struck successively by all the tribes. The Khoreishites, deprived of their allies, abandoned the siege. "It is the last time they will have seen the walls of Medina," cried Mahomet, surveying them as they went off; "it will be for us henceforth to carry war to them."

He commenced the campaign with the punishment of a tribe adjacent to Medina, which had violated its engagement to him. He sent them first a spokesman named Loubaba, in order to lull them with the false hope of pardon. "Dost thou advise us to confide our life and children to the word of the prophet?" asked the chiefs and the women of the tribe. "Yes," replied the envoy of Mahomet. But, touched at the same time with the lot awaiting this fated tribe, and wishing to indicate by a mute sign a course the contrary of what he counselled in words, he passed his hand horizontally across his neck with the gesture of the sword in the act of decapitation.

The tribe understood the gesture, and put no trust in the words. It took flight during the night; the prophet's vengeance was disappointed. But scarcely had Loubaba thus saved the life of this devoted tribe than he repented of his humanity, and resolved to punish himself for his crime.

He returned to Medina, and tying himself with cords of camel's hair to one of the columns of the mosque, denounced with a loud voice his deception, and swore to take no food until the prophet had remitted his treachery. Mahomet, touched by his conduct, forgave and untied him. But the next day, another of his lieutenants got hold of another

tribe which had been implicated in the confederation ; he had an immense trench dug in the suburbs, and filled it with seven hundred human bodies, immolated in reprisal of the violated oath. Mahomet divided among the Mussulmans the arms, the spoils, and the flocks of this wealthy tribe.

Each foot soldier had one part, each horseman had three. The sinew of war, in those countries where the space was boundless, was the cavalry. Mahomet desired to augment it in his army. He attached rewards and honors to the breeding of horses of blood, instituted racing, ordained genealogies of nobility between coursers. He established also lists of trial and of glory for camel racing. One of his own camels, named Eladba, having been beaten by that of an Arab of the desert, he blushed with shame as if a camel-breeder who had placed his glory in the fame of his dromedary.

Religion, legislation, war, and age itself did not distract his attention from love. He had caused Zaynab, one of his relations, celebrated for her charms and wit, to be wedded to the young Zeid, one of the most cherished of his disciples. One day that Zeid was absent, Mahomet entered his house to give him some orders. Zaynab, half-robed in the transparency of muslin, through which gleamed the fairness of her skin and the fulness of her form, appeared in all her seductive charms to the dazzled eyes of Mahomet. He withdrew, overpowered by an invincible admiration, crying : " Praise be to God, the master of hearts." Zaynab having related with terror to her husband the visit and exclamation of his adoptive father, Zeid understood that he had but to choose between the repudiation of his wife and the rivalry of the prophet. He went to ask Mahomet permission to repudiate Zaynab. Mahomet married her, despite the precepts of the Koran, which forbid adoptive fathers to marry the widows or the repudiated wives of their sons.

This marriage was celebrated with splendid festivals at Medina. But Mahomet, apprised by his own infirmity of the danger of leaving exposed to roving eyes the beauty of woman, interdicted, from that day forward, the entrance of the apartment of his wives to strangers. He ordered them to always spread a curtain between them and the men in their chambers. " O believers ! " wrote he in the Koran, " when you shall have something to ask of the wives of the prophet, never speak to them but athwart a veil."

He showed, some days after, his humanity towards his enemies of Mecca. The city, beleaguered by an army of Mussulman Arabs, was perishing of famine. "Allow provisions to reach my fellow-townsmen," wrote he to the general who was starving the Khoreishites. The city in which he was born, still full of his relatives and secret disciples, interested his heart. He was unwilling to confound the innocent with the guilty. He set out himself at the head of two hundred cavalry, to supervise the execution of his orders. Arrived at the spot where he had lost his mother, he encamped there in veneration of her memory. He prayed and shed tears upon the tomb of his mother Amina. Then, of a sudden, starting up with effort, as if fanaticism had been struggling against nature; "No," said he, "it becomes not the prophet and the believers to thus invoke God for those who have been adorers of vain images." A harsh reflection upon himself, which, however, attested the sincerity and the ferocity of his faith.

## LXV.

As he rose from off the grave of his mother, a Bedouin woman, mounted on a dromedary, ran towards him: "The enemy," said she, "have seized upon my flock, that I was pasturing in the desert; I mounted this dromedary and made a vow to immolate it in your presence to God should I succeed in escaping through its speed. I come to fulfil the vow." "But," said the prophet, smiling, "would it not be ingratitude to the generous animal to whom thou owest thy safety? Thy vow is null, because it is unjust; the animal which thou hast consecrated to me, is thine no more, it is mine; I give it in trust to thee; go and console thy family."

## LXVI.

His first relations with the Emperor of the East, Heraclius, who reigned at Byzantium, date from this period. He sent ambassadors to that emperor to conclude a treaty of commerce with the people of Syria, then subject to Roman dominion. His caravans in returning from Syria to Medina, having been attacked, were avenged by Sayd, his lieutenant, at the head of five hundred Mussulman cavalry. Sayd, wounded and brought back by his companions to Medina, conducted thither whole tribes taken prisoners of war, to be

sold there as slaves. Mahomet, from the depths of his harem, heard the wailings of the women and children who were torn from each other to be sold in separate lots according to the convenience of purchasers. Although his legislation had not abolished slavery—that subordination of one caste to another, as old as the warrior and pastoral manners of the patriarchs—he learned to temper and transform it into a species of paternity and of legal tutelage, which makes the slave, in the East, rather a voluntary client than a property of the family. He was affected at the lot of these victims of war, and he forbade to ever separate the children from the mothers, or the wives from the husbands, in the sale of families reduced to slavery.

One of the slaves conquered some time after by Ali, the daughter of an opulent Sheik, renowned in the desert for her beauty and her talents, had concluded with Ali, her possessor, an agreement, in virtue of which she might ransom herself from slavery at a great price. Not being able to make up at Medina the amount necessary for her ransom, she went to supplicate Mahomet to loan her the balance. Mahomet, struck with her charms, proposed to free her from his own treasury and to elevate her to the rank of one of his wives; she consented. The Arabs of Medina, convinced that all the slaves of her race would henceforth find a powerful protection in the heart of the prophet, hastened to give their liberty to all the prisoners of the tribe.

## LXVII.

However, Aïche, the daughter of Aboubekre, arrived at the flower of adolescence and endowed with all the charms of mind and body the most esteemed by the Arabs—elegance of figure, simpleness of attitudes, majesty of gait, abundance of dark hair, humid lustre of the eyes, “like a star in the well,” said their poets—was still his preferred spouse. She ruled in his house in quality of daughter as much as wife. She reigned over his heart by the truth and justness of a natural genius which had fashioned itself from infancy upon the genius and eloquence of the prophet. She was his counsellor as much as his lover. He found in her, at once, all that a father could seek in a daughter, a husband in a wife, and a prophet in a disciple. The recitals, the confidences, the *memoirs* of Aïche herself, transmitted from her lips,

after the death of Mahomet, to history, attest in fact in the head and the heart of Aïche, all that could make a woman worthy of captivating the greatest man of his time. No favorite of modern sovereigns of the East or the West, if it be not the celebrated Roxana, appears to have justified, by greater charms and seductions, her empire over him of whom she was the slave. A cloud, however, obscured for some days that felicity, and threw sadness and doubt into the soul of Mahomet with respect to the fidelity of his favorite. The most secret circumstances of that adventure are told as follows by Aïche herself.

## LXVIII.

"When the prophet of God," relates Aïche, "used to set out from Medina on an expedition against his enemies, or on a journey, he took with him one of his wives. She followed him, accompanied by some of her slaves, shut up in a barred litter, suspended at the sides of a camel." (It is still in this way that the Arab or Ottoman women travel in the desert.) "The lot," continues Aïche, "fell upon me during the campaign of the prophet against the infidel Abdallah. Whether the departure was by day or by night, I came out of my tent, concealing myself, according to the precept, from the eyes of men. I lay down in my litter, which was lifted up by two slaves and attached to the side of the camel. A similar litter, occupied by one of my waiting women, formed a counterpoise on the other side. I was easily lifted up, for I was thin and light on account of my tender years and my extreme abstemiousness, a virtue then common to almost all Arabian women.

"On the return from that campaign, and as the army reached the last station before Medina, a halt was made at nightfall, and tents erected for repose during a moiety of the night. Before day the prophet gave the signal to raise the camp. While the troops were defiling before him, and the baggages being folded, I strolled alone for a moment into the country. On returning towards my tent, I perceived that I had lost an onyx necklace, detached and fallen from my neck during the excursion. I returned quickly on my footsteps to look for it in the sand. I lost some time during the search; at last, having found my necklace, I returned running to the camp. The army was

there no longer; my tent was taken off, my camel departed. The slaves charged with the care of suspending the litter had lifted and tied it to the sides of the animal without perceiving by the weight that I was not in it. When I arrived, I found no one; disconcerted and terrified, I wrapped myself in my veil and sat down upon the ground, hoping that my absence would be soon perceived, and that I would be come in quest of. But nothing of the kind occurred, the march continued without suspicion of the empty litter.

"While I was thus pining in expectation, the son of Moatal, Safwan, mounted on a camel, passed me by. He recognized me from having seen me frequently in the house of the prophet, before the time when the Koran forbade us to let ourselves be seen by strangers. He made an exclamation of astonishment to God, and cried; 'Is it possible? It is the prophet's wife!'

"He dismounted from the camel, made it kneel before me, and begged me to get up in his place. I swear by the heavens that he did not say a word more. He moved away respectfully while I was mounting the camel; then he took hold of the end of the halter and walked on in silence before the animal. We were able to rejoin the army, but in full daylight, at the morning halt. On seeing us make our appearance thus together, a thousand things were whispered against us. The calumnies ran from mouth to mouth throughout the camp, and rose even to the ears of the prophet.

"After returning to Medina, I fell sick of emotion and fatigue. I remarked that the prophet no more testified the same tenderness which he showed ordinarily for my health when I was indisposed. If he came into my room, he confined himself, without addressing me a word, to saying to my mother, who attended at my bedside: 'How goes your daughter?' I was mortified at this unwonted coldness, and said to him one day: 'Apostle of God, I desire, if you permit it, to be taken care of at the house of my parents.' 'I am very willing,' replied he. I was taken to my mother's house.

"I remained there three weeks without seeing the prophet. One day, as I was quite recovered, one of my friends made me a visit, and cried of a sudden, in breaking the conversation: 'Accursed be the calumniators!' 'What dost thou mean?' I replied. Then she related the rumors

which circulated about my meeting with Safwan, attributed to a culpable understanding between us. I blushed, I burst into tears, I rose and rushed to my mother. 'May God forgive you,' said I to her. 'What! my reputation is vilified, and you leave me in total ignorance!' 'Tranquillize thyself, my daughter,' responded my mother; 'it is very rare that a woman young, beautiful, adored by her husband, and who has rivals in his heart, escapes slander.'

"The rumor against me and Safwan ran so high in Medina, that the prophet, afflicted by the scandalous conversations, ascended the pulpit in the mosque, and took our part by inveighing against those, said he, who calumniate a person of his household who was dear to him, and a brave warrior from whom he never had received other than services.

"These words, which had the effect of making some cast the blame of the calumny upon others, only served to add fuel to the rumor. The prophet, by the advice of Ali, brought forward my waiting-maid to be interrogated as to my conduct. Despite the blows that Ali gave her to constrain her to avowals against me, she swore that I was pure. The prophet then, tranquillized, came to visit me.

"He found me weeping with my father, my mother, and a woman of my acquaintance, who tried in vain to console me. He sat down beside me and said: 'Thou knowest, Aïche, the rumors that are abroad against thee; if thou hast committed a fault, confess it to me with a contrite heart; God is indulgent and pardons on repentance.'

"The sobbings impeded me a long time to reply; I hoped my father and mother were going to answer for me; but seeing that they kept silence, I made a violent effort and said: 'I have done nothing of which I can repent; if I were to accuse myself I would be false to my conscience. On the other hand, it would be useless to deny the fault of which I am accused, I would not be believed; I will say as . . . ' Here I stopped for a moment; the agitation in which I was, made me lose memory of the name of the patriarch Jacob, which I tried in vain to recollect: 'I will say, like the father of Joseph,' I resumed: '*Patience, and may God alone justify me!*'

"At this moment, the prophet, too agitated himself, fell into one of those fainting fits during which heaven used to communicate to him his inspirations. I placed a cushion

under his head, and waited tranquilly his recovery, assured that heaven would have absolved me during its revelation. But my father and my mother, less certain than I was of my innocence, with what anxiety did they not await the end of the swoon and the first awaking words of the prophet ! I thought they would die of terror.

"At last the prophet recovered his senses, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, although it was then winter, and said to me : ' Rejoice, Aïche, thine innocence has been revealed to me from above ! ' ' God be praised,' cried I. And the prophet, leaving at the instant the house, went to publish the verse of the Koran that attests my innocence."

This justification of Aïche, inspired in the prophet by conviction or indulgence, evinces his passion for the favorite. We shall see another proof of it at his death. The return of Aïche to the house of the prophet put to silence the tales injurious to her honor. The satirical poet of Medina, Hassan, who had written some verses to her shame, wrote others to her glory, to merit the pardon of the prophet.

"She is modest and pure," wrote Hassan, "she is slender and supple, and her form is not made unwieldy by the excess of flesh which surcharges the lazy women of the harem."

## LXIX.

Mahomet, victorious in person or by his lieutenants, over all the tribes of Hedjaz, resolved to prepare the advent of his worship to Mecca by a triumphal visit to the Kaaba. The profound views of his religious policy were unveiled fully in this plan. If he only wished to be a conqueror, he would have marched on Mecca as a victor and not as a pontiff. He was then sufficiently powerful in arms, treasures, soldiers, allies throughout Arabia, to reconquer his native city or to efface it from the earth. Medina, his adopted country, had strong claims to become his capital.

The Khoreishites, annihilated or dispersed, could no longer struggle with their outlaw, now adopted by a moiety of the Arabs. But Mahomet, who could have outlawed them in turn in exterminating them, preferred to treat with them. He saw justly that the exterminator of Mecca, a holy city, and the destroyer of the Kaaba, the universal temple of the descendants of Abraham, though he might



indeed be the master, could never be the prophet, of the Arabs.

The ideas that Mahomet meant to inaugurate in Arabia should, to be adopted by his countrymen, be linked to old traditions. He accepted the temple, he ejected the idol. Such was the view of Mahomet in his treaty with the Khoreishites, and in the military and religious pilgrimage which he resolved to make himself to Mecca.

His suite, composed of idolatrous allies as well as of believing Mussulmans, formed an army and a people. Two thousand Mahometans, on horseback and armed, twelve thousand Arabs of Medina and of the desert, a countless line of camels caparisoned with boughs and flowers, and laden with rich presents for the temple, arrived in view of the holy city. Some Khoreishite warriors, obstinate in their hatred, went out, despite the body of their fellow-citizens, to oppose an entrance. The camel of Mahomet, at the aspect of the walls, stopped short and knelt down of itself. His Arabs expressed astonishment: "His camel is, then, restive," said they to one another. "No," said Mahomet, "the animal is not restive, but it feels repulsed by an invisible hand, by the same hand which repulsed formerly the elephant of the chief of the Abyssinians, about to tread upon the soil of Mecca; let us stop here."

Mahomet here negotiated a free entry into the holy city. The Khoreishite negotiators were astounded on seeing the deference which the Arabs, both converted and even the idolatrous, paid in their presence to the compatriot whom they had banished as a madman and a blasphemer. The water was preserved wherein he washed his face and hands; the hairs that fell from off his head were rescued from the wind; the dust that bore his footprints was taken up and treasured. "I have been at the court of Heraclius, emperor of the Romans, of Byzantium, and at the court of the great king of Persia in his capital," said, on returning to Mecca, the negotiator Orwa; "but never have I beheld sovereign so venerated by his slaves as Mahomet is by his disciples."

Despite the murmurs of his army, who could not comprehend his lenity, Mahomet signed a treaty almost humiliating with the Khoreishites. "Wherefore," said to him Omar, Ali, Aboubekre, "abase our religion now triumphant by timid concessions to the infidels?" "I am the servant

of God," responded Mahomet to these murmurs; "I obey his inspirations, he will not deceive me."

## LXX.

He concluded an armistice of ten years with the Kho-reishites. Similar to Henry IV. on his entrance into Paris, he seemed to treat the vanquished as the victors, and the victors as the vanquished. His pacific triumph over Mecca was but an imposing review of his forces, passed before the walls of the temple and the eyes of his dazzled countrymen. The growing murmurs of his army did not shake him in the slightest in his design not more magnanimous than politic. "I am not," said he to them, "the prophet of my friends alone, but the prophet of Arabia, and of all the future believers of the world."

In deference to certain usages and traditions, he did not this time enter the holy city. He returned to Medina without having drawn his sword, and availed himself of the peace made with the Khoreishites to extend his religion by envoys sent to all the kingdoms and empires adjoining Arabia.

The King of Persia tore contemptuously the letter by which Mahomet invited him to the worship of the one God. "Is it thus," said the monarch, offended at the title of apostle of God assumed by Mahomet, "that a man who is my slave ought to address me?" On hearing this answer, Mahomet exclaimed: "Well, let his empire be torn as he has torn my message." The malediction was soon fulfilled by the hand of Ali.

The King of Abyssinia treated his envoys with more deference. The apparent resemblance of Islamism and Christianity made him confound the two worships, and accept the alliance of Mahomet.

The Prince of the Coptic race, who governed at that time independent and half-Christian Egypt, received his ambassadors as those of a rising power, who might be of aid to him in struggling against the Romans. He vowed him his friendship; he sent him the present of a high-blooded horse, a white mule, famous for her instinct, named Doldol, and which the prophet mounted till his death; in fine, two young women of noble birth, of the race of the Copts. One of them, named Sirin, was given in marriage by Mahomet to the poet of Medina, the celebrated Hassan. He espoused the other, a vir-

gin of marvellous beauty, named Mary, and surnamed the Copt. He loved her with a passion which frequently balanced the empire of Aïche over his heart.

Soon after, at the rendition of a stronghold of Syrian Arabia, stormed by his troops, he married a princess of Syria, taken captive in the assault: her name was Safyd. His warriors were disputing with each other for her charms. Mahomet, being called upon to judge between the pretenders, spread his cloak around the captive, and thus engaged her for his own voluptuousness. His triumph was nigh costing him his life. A female captive, named Zaynab, gave him a banquet, in which was served the flesh of a poisoned sheep. He threw it from his lips after having tasted it. One of the disciples, who had eaten of it before him, fell dead at his feet. The poison was detected in the meat. "Wretch!" said he to Zaynab, "what was thy motive for this crime?" "Thou art the destroyer of my nation," replied the Arabian Judith; "I wished to avenge it upon thee if thou wert but an ordinary conqueror, or to embrace thy religion should Heaven reveal to thee thy danger." Zaynab obtained pardon under favor of an experiment which verified the gift of inspiration of the prophet. Nevertheless, the poison which he tasted thenceforward circulated in his veins, and multiplied the fits to which he more and more was subject.

## LXXI.

The extension and consolidation of his power in Arabia caused his ambassadors to be received with adroit respect by Heraclius, emperor of the Romans, on his passage through Syria to visit Jerusalem. The emperor placed the letter of Mahomet upon a costly cushion, and loaded with presents his envoys. On their return, Mahomet, followed by a countless army and population, went to accomplish at Mecca the pilgrimage so long suspended in that city.

At the head of this people, who had substituted his own townsmen, surrounded by his disciples, become his generals, mounted on his camel, the most renowned of the desert, the sabre—symbol of his victories past and future—at his girdle, he re-entered at last the city of his birth, and the temple in which he had received so many outrages. He did not avenge one of them. He accomplished religiously, in the name of the God of Abraham, all the rites of the ancient pilgrimage

around the Kaaba, and on the sacred mounts of the environs of Mecca.

The people had not changed a single letter of their ceremonies, but only an idea in their adorations. He left them free to become converts, or to persevere in their superstitions. A vast number did the former at the sight of the resistless force, which seemed to verify the mission of the prophet. He took, in token of kindred, a new wife among the Khoreishites. She was daughter of the chief Abou-Sofyan, named Habibé. He returned to Medina amidst the nuptial festivities.

## LXXII.

Sayd, his favorite warrior, left the city at the same time at the head of a select army to march against Syria. The Arab princes of this portion of Asia Minor, allies of the Romans, had assembled against the vanquisher of independent Arabia an army of one hundred thousand men. Sayd succumbed beneath this host of enemies, and lost his life in the engagement. The banner of Mahomet, borne by Sayd, fell with him to the earth. Djafar took it up, when a sabre severed his right hand; he seized the banner with the left, when another blow cut off this hand; he continued to hold up the standard between the bleeding arms and his breast until a lance blow laid him prostrate in the folds of the flag. Three other warriors rushed to raise him successively, and died. At last Kaled succeeded in holding him upright, rallying his troops, and retreating upon Medina.

Mahomet, on learning in advance of this reverse, evinced more sorrow for the loss of his friends than distrust of fortune. He went to visit Esma, the wife of Djafar, slain beneath the banner, and ordered his two children to be brought him; he embraced them and wept over them. "Apostle of God," said Esma to him, "why dost thou weep?" "They are now without a father," replied the prophet.

On leaving the house of the widow, he met upon a public place of Medina the daughter of Sayd, who was equally ignorant of the death of her father. Sobbing deeply, he clasped her in his arms. "What is the meaning of these sobbings?" demanded the girl. "The regrets of a friend," said Mahomet, "for the loss of a friend."

Far from reproaching his vanquished troops with their reverses, he marched to meet them with full honors, followed

by the whole population of Mecca. He carried before him, upon his camel, the sons, in mourning, of his slain generals. The army brought away their bodies. He ordered them magnificent funerals. Heroic elegies were recited to their glory. "Weep not over Djafar," said the prophet from his pulpit; "in place of the two hands that he has lost for the faith, God has given him two wings, on which he now is flitting through the bowers of paradise." He gave his widow Esma in marriage to Aboubekre.

Heaven seemed to justify his confidence in dispersing, like the dust, the cloud of Syrian, Roman, and Arab vanquishers of Sayd. Discord soon broke up the coalition. Besides, Mahomet, protected by a desert without forage or water, had nothing to fear from a numerous expedition. He might attack upon all sides, without being ever attacked in his capital. Solitude and space fought on his side. His religion, borne where he listed by his camels and his coursers, was inaccessible within its proper area. Defeat, victory, and time, multiplied from day to day his followers.

The chief of the Koreishites, Abou-Sofyan, now father-in-law of Mahomet, being come to Medina without a safe conduct, to negotiate with him, entered the chambers of his daughter Habibé, and seated himself on her carpet. Habibé withdrew the carpet from the feet of her father. "What dost thou do, my daughter?" said Abou-Sofyan; "dost thou think me unworthy to sit on it?" "This carpet," replied Habibé, "is the couch of the prophet of God; and thou art sullied by the adoration of idols."

### LXXIII.

The numerous followers whom he now had at Mecca, and who were hindered still by fear from declaring themselves, solicited him to come, in fine, and free them from their moral servitude. On the other hand, the desire of reviving the confidence of his troops, somewhat abated by the late reverses, commanded a conquest too long postponed. He had no longer to dread a desperate resistance from the Khoreishites. He marched, at the head of twenty thousand warriors, towards Mecca, resolved to plant there, at length, the banner of his religion. At his approach the city fell into dismay. One of his uncles, the son of Aboutaleb, named Abbas, ran to meet him with all his household, and declared

himself his disciple. Abbas served him as a parleyist with his countrymen. Abou-Sofyan, the most accredited general of Mecca, hesitated still. Abbas, by the order of Mahomet, flattered him, and conferred upon him the right of protecting all such of the enemies of the prophet as should obtain an asylum in his house. Abbas, in the next place, brought Abou-Sofyan to an eminence whence he could see defiling the whole invading army. Abou-Sofyan was overwhelmed at the number and splendor of the troops. "Who," said he to Abbas, "are those men so covered with steel that one can only see their eyes through the visors of the helmet?" "Mahomet and his guard," responded Abbas. "Ah, verily," rejoined the Meccan general, "the royalty of thy nephew is a majestic one." "The royalty!" cried Abbas, "what was that thou saidst? Hast thou forgotten that the son of my brother is not a king, but a prophet?" "That is true," replied the Khoreishite warrior, correcting himself. And he returned to the city, to persuade his compatriots that it would be madness to resist a force which he believed to be super-human.

Mahomet partitioned his army into four divisions, and designated generals to command under him. One of his lieutenants having cried, "Glory to the prophet, we are come at last to the day of carnage!" Mahomet, who did not wish to have his triumph stained with blood, removed him on the instant, and named another to the command. He entered the city mounted on his camel, having behind him, on the same animal, the infant son of his martyr Sayd, who was slain in the last campaign. Aboubekre and Oçayd, his lieutenants, rode on horseback by his side; his guards, mailed with iron, preceded and followed him like a dark cloud. He wore upon his head a black turban, a sign of terror which he never bore before this day. He had his tent placed upon an eminence, whence he surveyed the entire city.

Mahomet had abandoned to the vengeance of Ali some seventeen persons, proscribed beyond all pardon. Ali and his soldiers were pursuing to slay them. Two of them sought asylum against death in the house of a cousin of the prophet, a daughter of Aboutaleb, named Hani. She refused to open her door to the executioners of Ali, and ran towards the tent of Mahomet to implore his grace. On seeing her, Mahomet interrupted her prayer, and walked some steps to meet her. "Welcome, my cousin," said he; "dost thou

want me?" "I ask thee," said Hani, "for the life of two men who are come to place themselves under the protection of my roof." "Thy protégés are mine," replied he; "let no one molest them."

He after got on horseback and made the circuit of the temple. Having seen a dove in carved wood still suspended from the roof, he dashed it against the wall. At this signal the three hundred and sixty figures of idols that formed the frontispiece of the temple were hurled in dust upon the pavement. "The truth is come," he cried, "let shams and shadows pass away! Khoreishites, there is no longer any other god than God! He to-day has fulfilled his promises to his servant, and made his own name triumph over the enemies who disfigured it. No more idolatry! No more inequalities upon the earth! No more assumptions based on the antiquity of genealogies and ancestry! All men are the children of Adam, and Adam is the child of the dust! The common end of creation is a fraternal society. The most esteemed by God is he who fears him and who serves him best upon the earth!"

Then he promulgated, with a general amnesty, the oblivion of all his personal injuries.

He next sat down before the door of the temple, thus restored by his words and arms to the one God, and seemed to enjoy, in a profound ecstasy, the accomplishment of his mission, and the future extension of his law.

Aboubekre led to him a blind old man of near a century old, and who desired, before dying, to touch the robe of the prophet, of whom he was long expecting the advent against the superstitions of his race. "Wherefore bring out this venerable Sheik from his house?" said Mahomet to Aboubekre; "I would have gone myself to visit him at his dwelling." He made the old man sit upon his carpet, and passing his hand familiarly over his breast, he proposed to him to pronounce the formula of conversion to the one God. The old man did so with tears of delight.

He went from there to place himself upon the eminence of Mount Safa, where he received the oath of all the faithful population. This conversion *en masse* of the country of Mahomet to Islamism alarmed, anew, the Medinians. "He is going to establish his capital in the city of his birth," said they in a half whisper to each other. "No," said Ma-

homet, "faithful to gratitude, I vow to live and die with you."

Some Arabs of one of the tribes of his army having met at Mecca a warrior of another tribe, which according to the ancient usage owed them blood, killed him. Mahomet had the murderers brought before his tribunal. "When God created the earth," said he, severely; "he accorded to Mecca the privilege of being a place of asylum and peace, where no one should exercise vengeance, either upon man or upon tree. Obey God, who forbids murder!" And he paid himself the "price of blood" of the injured tribe.

Soon after, he gave the example of a sacrifice of vengeance towards those who had offended him to the quick of the heart. A ferocious man, named Habbar, felled, with a blow of a lance handle, his daughter Zaynab from off her camel, as she was coming out from Mecca to join her father at Medina. Zaynab was then pregnant; she died soon after of the effects of the fall, in her father's arms. Habbar had the assurance to present himself to Mahomet, to claim the benefit of the amnesty in making the profession of faith. "Go in peace," said he to him, "all is cancelled in thy return to the true God."

Another infidel, named Ikrima, was already embarked upon the Red Sea, to fly the vengeance of the victor. Mahomet sent him his dark turban in token of peace. Ikrima returned to Mecca. When he was ready to make his appearance before the prophet, Mahomet dreaded that his warriors, overcome by anger, might insult him. "Ikrima," said he to them, "is going to make his conversion, let no one here insult the name of his father; to insult the dead is to wound the living." The negro Wahchi, the murderer of Hamza, the cherished uncle of the prophet; the women who had mutilated the bodies of the believers on the battle field of Mount Ohud; in fine, Hind herself, the fury who sucked the blood from the heart of Hamza, were spared. Hind, concealed under a disguise in the group of women who came to make the profession of faith before Mahomet, hoped to escape notice. He recognized her and addressed her by her name. "Yes, I am Hind," said she, "pardon me the past." She returned pardoned to her home, and there broke the vain idols which were not able to protect her country.



## LXXIV.

After these acts of sovereignty, Mahomet went to pray upon the tomb of his first wife, the virtuous Kadidjah. He remained there for a long time absorbed in meditations which no one durst interrogate or interrupt. Who can measure the internal overflow of thoughts, of memories, of sorrows, and of joys in Mahomet, long a martyr, at last triumphant, on beholding his work accomplished, and coming as it were to place it in the grave of her who was, in times of general incredulity, the first believer, the earliest neophyte, the only confidant of his great design. The death of Kadidjah took off from Mahomet the best enjoyment of his conquest, that of making the consort share it who shared his ridicule and persecution. But he crowned her like Inez, after her sepulture, by verses of the Koran, to the praise of that "woman of faith."

## LXXV.

Before returning to Medina, Mahomet distributed the greater portion of his army into Arabia Petrea, to impose, by the example of Mecca and the exhibition of his force, submission upon the residue of the tribes. His lieutenants had orders to present themselves less as conquerors than as allies; it was forbidden them expressly to spill blood. One of them, Khaled, transgressed this order, and massacred a tribe who came to make an act of faith to the *one God*. On learning of this massacre, Mahomet, indignant, raised his arms to heaven and cried, "My God, I am innocent of the crime of Khaled."

On his march towards Medina he was, meanwhile, attacked on his issue from a defile of Mount Arafat, by a coalition of warriors of the infidel tribes, commanded by a blind old man, aged over a hundred years. His arm could no longer manage the sword; but his old experience always rendered him the oracle of the desert. He passed reviews of these immense gatherings, not by the sight of them, but by the noise of their hordes, whom he recognized without needing to have them named to him. "We are at such a place," he would say; "it is a good battle-ground for cavalry, it is neither rocky nor sandy. I hear the bleating of the sheep of such a tribe. I hear the braying of the asses of

such another. I hear the paces of the camels of this one; the hoofs of the coursers of that one. I hear the children crying and the women whispering behind the warriors."

This multitude, debouching suddenly from the mountain gorges that concealed their squadrons, threw back and dispersed the Mussulmans along to those around Mahomet; the prophet was nigh perishing in his triumph. Launching his white mule, Doldol, at full speed till he gained an eminence, he there succeeded with much difficulty in rallying his soldiers from their terror. "Around me," cried he, with a thundering voice, "around me, those who have sworn to die under the *acacia*!" This sacred memory brought back the timorous, and gave new courage to the brave. The battle soon turned against the infidels. Mahomet, rising in his stirrups to overlook the conflict, clapped his hands with joy, and exclaimed: "At last the fire is kindled in the furnace."

Ali cuts the tendons of the camel that bore the centenary Sheik, the banner rolls with the animal and the rider in the dust, the victory is to the Mussulmans. At this fall of the flag, Mahomet is transported: "Down, Doldol," said he to his intelligent mule. The mule kneels, the prophet takes up a handful of dust and launches it in malediction in the direction of the infidels.

### LXXXVI.

Meanwhile the old chief of the allied tribes, remounted on another camel, and placed by his sons in a suspended litter, fled through a gorge of the mountain. A young warrior of the Mussulmans, Rabbya, attained the camel, and fancying himself possessed of a female captive, doubtless beautiful, he opens the litter and sees an old man. "Who art thou, and what dost thou want?" said the blind man to him. "I am Rabbya, a warrior of Mahomet, and I want to put thee to death." At these words Rabbya struck the prisoner an ill-aimed blow of his sabre that merely wounded him in the throat. "Young man," said the centenarian, "thy mother has armed thee with a blunt sword; take mine, which thou wilt find at the bottom of the litter, and then strike me between the nape and the skull: it is thus that I have in my time made many a head roll from its body! And when thou seest thy mother, say to her, that thou hast killed

the aged son of Simna. Thy mother will tell thee what is due to me from the women of thy tribe."

Rabbya, after having heard these words, rummages the litter, takes the sword and cuts off the head of the prisoner. In despoiling him of his clothes, he is astonished to find his entire body covered like that of the animals of the forest with hair, with the exception of the inside of the legs which the constant friction of the war horse had polished like marble. He carried home the head to his mother. On seeing it, the mother wept: "Wretch," said she, "thou hast cut off the head of a man to whom three women of thy ancestry had owed their honor and their life."

## LXXVII.

Mahomet pursued the remains of the confederation, fled for refuge and fortified in the city of Taïef. Chiefs, warriors, women, flocks, all fell into his hands. An old woman, treated rudely by the vanquishers, exclaimed: "Respect me, I am nearly connected with your prophet." She was conducted before Mahomet. "Prophet of God," said she to him, "I am Chaïma, daughter of Halima, thy nurse." "What proof dost thou give me of what thou sayest?" replied Mahomet. "The scar of a bite which thou gavest me on the shoulder one day that I was carrying thee a child upon my back." She uncovered herself and showed the mark of the teeth of her foster-brother. The memory of his childhood and the maternal care received, when nothing presaged his greatness, in that poor tent, affected Mahomet. His eyes were bedewed with tears. He took off his very cloak and spread it on the ground to make it a carpet for his foster-sister. "If thou wilt remain with me," said he to her, "I will treat thee as the daughter of my mother; if thou preferrest to return into thy tribe, I will assure thee there a rich and peaceful lot." The daughter of the desert preferred her tent to Medina. She departed enriched with the gifts of Mahomet.

## LXXVIII.

The vanquished sent him parleyists, before the walls of Taïef, to demand back their captives and their property. "Prophet of God," said a blind man who was the orator of the embassy, "thou hast been brought up in the midst of us.

Those women, who have been delivered thee by victory, are the aunts, the sisters, cousins, of thy nurse, thy second mother. Through the milk which thou hast fed upon thou art-become their kinsman; restore them to their liberty, it will be worthy of thy piety. If we were speaking to the kings of Persia or of Syria, they would repulse our supplications; but for thee, thou canst not afflict us by a refusal." The captives were restored, at the request of Mahomet to his warriors; they retained but the spoils. Twenty-four thousand camels, forty thousand sheep, several thousand coursers, and some treasure in jewelry and coined gold, were divided among the victors. Mahomet gave back his portion to such of the Arabs as consented to profess Islamism. "I purchase arms for the true God," said he.

This division occasioned some murmurs: "Thou art not just, prophet," said an Arab to him insolently. "Woe unto thee!" replied the prophet to him indignantly. Omar, who was present, wished to strike the man with his sword. "Do not touch him, Omar," said Mahomet; "Providence has some views upon that man: a sect is to be born of him that will traverse Islamism as an arrow too strongly shot transcends the mark. This prophecy, inspired no doubt in Mahomet by the germ of a schism among the Mussulmans, of which he was aware, was verified soon after in a certain sect of mystics, exaggeraters of the practical religion of Mahomet.

#### LXXIX.

"The apostle is forgetting us," murmured also the Medinians; "his favors are alone for his ungrateful countrymen of Mecca." Informed of these murmurs, Mahomet convened the citizens. "I am aware of your reproaches," said he to them: "when I came amongst you, now eight years ago, you were in darkness and I have enlightened you; you were weak against your enemies and I have made you strong; you were at discord among yourselves, and I have united you. Is it not I?" continued he. "Yes!" cried the seditious populace, touched by these words, "and we owe thee gratitude." "Well, no," replied Mahomet generously, "it is I who owe it to you. You could have answered me in another manner than you do; you could have said to me in your turn: 'Thou art come amongst us a fugitive, and we have received thee; proscribed, and we have sustained thee; poor, and we have

enriched thee ; accused of imposture, and we have believed in thee ; repulsed by every body when thou didst announce thy word, and we have adopted thy law.' Such is what you might have said, and you would have said the truth." "No, no," replied the Medinians, "it is we who owe all to God, and to his prophet."

Tears of tenderness and reconciliation flowed at once from the eyes of Mahomet and those of the discontented, during the dialogue, a strife of gratitude. "Friends," resumed Mahomet in a voice broken by sobs, "you take umbrage at not sharing the perishable goods given by me to men of little faith, who must be purchased by carnal recompenses to the cause of God. But you, who are firm and disinterested in your faith, had no need of being seduced to the side of truth. Let others carry home with them senseless herds of sheep and camels ; it is yours to bring back into your families the prophet of God. By him who holds in his hands the heart of man I belong to the faithful of Medina, and shall be always with them. My God !" he pursued, with an accent of lyrical supplication, as if he had put the people in the confidence of his colloquies with Heaven—"My God ! be propitious to the Medinians my allies, my believers. Extend thy mercies to them from father to son and from generation to generation."

The people were so agitated by this eloquence and invocation that they cried : "We are satisfied for our part, we fight for heaven and not for spoils." "Every beard in the assembly," says Kitub-al-Aghani, "was bathed in tears."

#### LXXX.

After this partition of the spoils, he once more came to Mecca, to consolidate his domination and to institute a viceroy under him. During the journey one of the new converts from Taief asked his permission to go preach Islamism in his native city, as yet but ill submitted to the new law. Mahomet dissuaded him. But the zeal of the martyr was urging the believer. He entered his native city and preached to the people from the height of a balcony of his house. An arrow, shot from the ranks of the idolaters, cut short his speech and laid him dying upon the pavement. He thanked God, in falling to have been stricken in his cause, and asked

for sole vengeance to be buried amid the tombs of the Mussulmans who fell in storming Taïef.

## LXXXI.

The last wife of Mahomet, the Coptic Mary, who was a Christian, brought him a son on her return to Medina. He named him Ibrahim, and celebrated his birth with splendid festivals. His beautiful slave Mary was emancipated by Mahomet, in gratitude for the child she had conceived to him. "The son," said he in the Koran, "emancipates the mother." Fruitful slaves thus became free through maternity. All the women of Medina contended for the honor of suckling the son and heir of the prophet. He selected a woman of illustrious birth, the wife of one of his warriors. He went frequently to visit the infant to the nurse's house. Death, which seems to envy the posterity of great men, soon deprived him of this son. His enemies, who regarded the privation of a male child as a disfavor of Heaven, gave to Mahomet the ignominious epithet of a man without a continuation of himself.

Domestic quarrels, from that day forward, disturbed the peace of his harem. The fruitfulness of Mary had made her more dear to him. Her enfranchisement interdicted to the prophet those relations of tenderness which were permitted by the law towards his slave. The other wives of Mahomet, jealous of the frequent visits which he made to Mary, murmured against these preferences. His second wife Hafsa, entering one day unexpectedly his chamber, surprised Mary upon the carpet of the prophet; she broke forth into reproaches and sobbings. Mahomet, fearing the fits of jealousy which his interviews with the young mother of Ibrahim would excite in his household, besought Hafsa to say nothing of it, and that he never more would see Mary. She confided the adventure to Aïche, her friend. Aïche, proud and jealous, paraded every where her anger. Mahomet punished these rivals by repudiating Hafsa, and separating Aïche from him for a month. He now evinced no tenderness but for the mother of his son. Omar, the father of Hafsa, and Aboubekre, the father of Aïche, took part with their daughters. Mahomet feared to alienate them long from his interests. He took back Hafsa, he restored his tenderness to Aïche; but he promulgated a special verse of the Koran

to legitimate his weakness of heart for the Egyptian. "Woman," says this verse, "if you insurge against the prophet, know that God declares himself on his side. He is perfectly at liberty to repudiate you all, and the Lord will give him better spouses than you." These feminine quarrels did not tarnish in the eyes of the Arabs the divinity of his mission.

Hundreds of old men, deputies from the remotest tribes, came to bring him the submission and the tributes of Arabia. The ambassadors of the wandering tribes disputed with the sedentary Arabs of Medina the pre-eminence in the affection of the prophet. Contests of eloquence and of poetry were established upon this text between the orators and poets of the two races.

"Our genealogies," said the Bedouins, "assure us nobility and sway; we are the warriors and the sages; we lop the heads that pretend to rise above the level of our own."

"We are the hosts and the companions of Mahomet," replied for the Medinians the poet Hassan; "to defend his life we have exposed that of our wives and our daughters. What! you dare talk of nobility and of glory in our presence, you give nurses to our children and slaves to our dwellings!"

The Bedouin ambassadors confessed the superiority of the genius of Hassan, the prophet's poet. However, Mahomet wished to console them in conversing with a young man among them, who had remained through the modesty of his age, to guard the camels outside the city. After having heard this young orator, who surpassed in wisdom and in persuasiveness the old: "Verily," cried he, "eloquence is the magic of the soul." He made him a missionary of the faith in the desert. This disciple converted him some thousands of tents.

## LXXXII.

Some priests and a bishop of the Christian Arabs of Syria came, at the same time, to Medina, to inform themselves, in conferences with Mahomet, of the resemblances or the differences between the two religions, between which unity of the Godhead, fraternity, equality, almsgiving, abstinence, veneration of Christ, seemed to establish a common doctrine. Mahomet declared to them, in a solemn conference

outside the walls, "that he recognized *Christ as being the prophet by excellence, the word of God, the perfect servant of his father, but that Jesus, like Adam, had been formed of dust.*" And as the bishop was insisting and arguing to prove to him that "Jesus Christ was God, real Son of God, second person of the trinity, equally divine in all his attributes," Mahomet uttered this verse of the Koran which put an end to the discussion: "To those who continue to dispute against thee, when thou shalt be convinced that the truth is in thee, answer that God decides himself between us."

## LXXXIII.

One day his detachments brought him a captive woman of high nobility and great beauty. "Apostle of God," said she to him, "my father is no more; at the approach of thy warriors my brother, my sole protector, fled to the mountains; I cannot hope to be ransomed from slavery, it is only from thy magnanimity that I implore my deliverance. My father was illustrious, the chief of his tribe, a man who used to give their liberty back to prisoners, to protect the honor of women, to exercise hospitality, to nourish the poor, to console the afflicted, and who never dismissed a suppliant uncontented. I am Sofana, daughter of Hatim!" "Let that girl go free," said Mahomet to Ali; "her father was humane and charitable; God loves the beneficent; if he had not adored the gods of the flesh, I would pray for him."

The captive, delivered, went back to Syria to rejoin her brother, whose name was Adi. Adi hastened, full of gratitude, to return thanks to the prophet for having liberated and respected his sister. He embraced the faith of his benefactor, and converted afterwards his whole tribe from idolatry.

## LXXXIV.

A celebrated poet of Yemen, named Caab, after having written some bitter imprecations against the new worship, desired to see the prophet without being known to him. He changed his name, crossed the desert, made his camel kneel at the door of the mosque of Medina, and entered.

He saw a man of majestic aspect who, going about from group to group, spoke with some, saluted others, and received from all external tokens of deference. He approached:



"Apostle of God," said he to him, "if I were to bring thee Caab, wouldst thou pardon him?" "Yes," said Mahomet. "Well, I am Caab." At this name, so odious in Medina, the warriors asked of Mahomet permission to slay the blasphemer. "No," said Mahomet, "I have granted him his life." Caab then recited, in a loud voice, a poem, since famous, called *Cacida-el-Borda*, and which passes for the masterpiece of Arabian lyrics.

"Saad, my beloved, is far removed from me; my heart, since that day, languishing and torn from my bosom, pursues her as a captive drawn along by a halter."

A lyrical transition brought the poet's thought to God, and to him who revealed him to the hearts of men. When the poet had uttered these verses,

"The prophet is the torch who dispels night from the earth, the sword which God has unsheathed to annihilate impiety,"

Mahomet flung him his mantle in sign of enthusiasm and of liberality. This poem, become sacred, has since been called in the traditions the "Hymn of the Mantle." A khalif, successor of Mahomet, purchased afterwards this mantle from the family of Caab. It is preserved still to this day by the Ottomans, as a relic of their lawgiver.

#### LXXXV.

The ninth year of the Hegira, since the flight of Mahomet, was called the "year of the ambassadors." It was a harvest year to the prophet. The unity of God was springing up through all Arabia and beyond. The routes were covered with caravans coming to render homage to Mahomet, and to carry back his doctrines to the populations of the East. The Koran, issued verse by verse, at different epochs from the lips of the prophet lawgiver, was received and arranged by the disciples. The virtue and the vice of this code was to confound, in the same theocracy, the religious and the civil legislations. This unity of the civil and the religious laws would be the perfection of human institutions, if the legislators were infallible; they would become thus divine and human at the same time; conscience would decree as authority, and God be the prince. The subject or the citizen would be but the believer; the heavens and the earth would blend their interests in the government.

But the inconvenience of theocracies such as that founded by Mahomet, is to bind to a religious dogma, which must be absolute and immovable,—a civil law, which ought to change with times, with manners, with the progress of ideas, and the necessities of policy. Eternity is thus attached by an indissoluble bond to time, God to man, life to death. When more advanced enlightenment says to the government and to the people, "Change your laws, your administration, your policy;" religion, inviolable in its precepts and its traditions, says to them, "Do not change a letter of your law, for your law makes part and parcel of me." Thus dependent and death-doomed are the theocratical peoples who have not separated the religious and the civil powers. Theocracies are the strongest of governments at first, the most retarding of improvement, and the most incorrigible in their decay.

Islamism was not merely a *theism* disclosing God in reason, and doing homage but by good works; it was a theocracy, that is to say, the reign, sacred and perpetual, of a sovereign pontiff upon the earth. It is by this means that it was to spread and to perpetuate itself as religion, but also that it was to ruin itself as empire.

#### LXXXVI.

Mahomet now saw vegetate and fructify throughout Arabia the truth of the unity and immateriality of God which had been sown by his labors; on every side the idols were giving way before the one God. He felt his mission was accomplished, and that time would do the rest. Some symptoms of bodily weakness announced him the end of his career. He wished to make, before dying, a farewell pilgrimage to Mecca. Followed by all the chiefs of his armies, and a countless multitude, he spoke there for the last time to the Arabs assembled round their pontiff on the hill of Safa. Mounted on a camel, to be seen from a greater distance by the multitude of the tribes which covered the sides of the hill, he addressed them from aloft this pulpit, a tribune suited to the desert oracle. As his voice, although habitually grave and sonorous, was enfeebled by his long exertions in preaching, some disciples, selected for the vigor of their voices, were placed from distance to distance to repeat to one another the words uttered by the

prophet, and thus convey them to the thousands of believers by repercussing them along to the extremities of that vast auditory. Tradition has preserved textually this latest discourse of the prophet of Arabia.

"O men!" said Mahomet, "retain well my words, for I know not if the year that is about to commence will leave me in this sanctuary amongst you!"

"Be clement and equitable to each other.

"Let the life and the goods of each be sacred to all, as this month and this day are sacred to believers.

"Know that you are all to appear one day before the Lord, and that he will demand of you a strict account of your actions.

"Let every man who has received a deposit in trust restore it faithfully, when it shall be demanded back of him.

"Let him who loans to his brother demand no interest for his money. The debtor will return but the capital borrowed.

"The interest on loaned money is suppressed, commencing with the interest on all sums due to my own family.

"The vengeance of murders will be pursued no more, to begin with that of my cousin Rabia, son of Harith, son of Abdelmotaleb.

"There will be twelve months in the year; four of these months will be specially sacred.

"O men! you have rights over your wives, and they have equally rights over you. Their duty is not to dishonor your house by adultery; if they fail in this duty, God permits you to quit them and to chastise them, but not so as to cause death. You are obliged to treat them with indulgence and affection. Remember that they are in your houses like captives submitted to a master, and who have nothing reserved to themselves. They have delivered you their body and their soul on the faith of God. They are a sacred deposit that God has intrusted to you.

"O men! listen still to my words and engrave them in your minds. I leave you a law which, if you keep firmly attached to it, will preserve you for ever from idolatry, impiety and error; a law luminous, intelligible to all, formal in its prescriptions; a Koran inspired by God.

"O men! listen to my words and engrave them in your minds. Know that all Mussulmans are brothers. No one

should appropriate to himself what belongs to his brother unless he should receive it from him, of his own free will. Beware of injustice, it would lead to your eternal ruin."

Then taking this whole people to witness the great changes which he had operated in their faith and in their morals in destroying the worship of idols: "O my God!" cried he, as a man who interrogates with confidence his judge—"O my God! have I well fulfilled my mission?"

"Yes, prophet, thou hast well fulfilled it," responded thousands of voices from the multitude.

"O my God!" resumed he with more assurance, "hear in my favor this testimony of thy creatures!"

He descended from his camel, made a prayer, and said in rising: "To-day, O believers! I have terminated the work of your religious faith; that which I had to give you is given you; Islamism is the faith which God and his prophet expects of you."

A barber shaved his head, and the hair was distributed among his disciples.

He returned to Medina as a man who now is occupied but with discharging himself from the weight of his toil. He there distributed his moral conquests among all his companions in faith. He seemed in a hurry to regulate after him the empire of souls which he was about to leave to the mercy of God. He did not designate his successor to the government or the mission, not wishing, said he, to interfere with the choice which God would inspire the people with.

## LXXXVII.

His malady advanced; sleeplessness harassed his nights; he was plunged in that sort of melancholy which great souls collapse into when the spring of action or of thought has no more an object to press forth its energy. One night that he slept in the chamber of Aïche, he arose unknown to her, and went alone beyond the city walls to the Mussulman cemetery of Medina. "Hail!" said he, "inhabitants of the tombs! Repose in peace in your exemption from the trials that await your brethren!" He prayed till morning from one grave to another, for the souls of his buried disciples and warriors.

A burning fever was consuming him when he returned to the room of Aïche. Aïche herself felt and complained

of languor to her husband. "Ah!" said he, "I have much more cause to complain." Then mingling, in his consolation to his young wife, a melancholy joviality and tenderness: "Aïche," said he to her (as she herself relates), "wouldst thou not feel a certain consolation in dying before I quit myself this earth, and in thinking that it would be I who should envelope thee with my own hands in thy shroud, who would pray over thee, and who would lie down upon thy grave?" "Yes," replied, in smiling and reflecting, the jealous Aïche, "I would like that prospect sufficiently well, if I did not think, that on thy return from my burial, thou wouldst come, perhaps, to console thyself on having lost me, to the side of Mary, or some other of thy wives." Mahomet smiled at the repartee and the badinage of his favorite.

The fever did not deprive him of his energy. An Arab who wished to rival him, and who had got up a few followers, had the assurance to send him ambassadors with a letter. He replied by an epistle of disdain, conceived as follows: "Mahomet, Apostle of God, to Mosseilamah, the impostor. Hail to those alone who walk in the straight path. The earth is neither mine nor thine, it belongs to God; he gives it to whom he pleases. Those alone prosper who fear the Lord." These revolts, joined with imposture, were instantly extinguished.

At the same time he organized a formidable expedition against the Arabs and the Romans of Syria, and gave the command of it, in preference to all his generals, to a young man of twenty years, named Ouçama. Murmurs arose, naturally. "Obey," said he to his old warriors, "I know this young man to be the worthiest."

#### LXXXVIII.

He had hitherto inhabited, turn about, the apartment of one or other of his wives, so as not to testify for either a choice offensive to the others. But feeling death approach, he called them all together, and asked their consent that he should no more change apartments, but should remove, till his recovery or death, to that of Aïche: "The moment of our separation approaches," said he to them; "be faithful to God; I implore his benedictions upon you." His wives wept over him, and he wept over them. "Prophet of God," demanded his attendants, "if thou diest, how are we to bury

thee?" "In the clothes that I have on," replied he, "or the coarse cloth of Yemen." "And who will be sent for to pray over thee?" they added. Mahomet said to them: "When you shall have washed and enshrouded my body, you will place me on this carpet, upon the brink of my grave; it will be dug in this very chamber, under the spot where the mat is spread; then you will leave me alone with the heavenly spirits who have deigned to hold communion with me during my life, and who will come to pray over me at death. You will after come to pray yourselves, by successive groups, upon my body, first the men of my family, then the women, finally the faithful Mussulmans. I give you my peace, to you all who listen to me, I give my peace to my absent companions, I give it to all those who will follow my religion in ages to come."

He then made an effort to obtain himself the peace and pardon of the living before presenting himself before his judge. Sustained beneath the arms by his two cherished disciples, Aboubekre and Ali, he trailed himself along to the pulpit of the mosque, and said with a feeble voice:

"Mussulmans! if I have ever maltreated any amongst you, let him now come and strike me in turn. If I have offended any of you by word, let him return insult for insult. If I have taken from any his property, let him take all that I possess upon the earth. And these are not vain words; let no one, in doing himself justice, apprehend my resentment. Resentment and anger are not in my character."

A man dared to step from the crowd and claim of him a concealed debt. "Help thyself," said the prophet; "it is better to blush in this life, before men, for one's injustice, than to blush in the other world before God."

#### LXXXIX.

He then prayed aloud for all his companions deceased before him in the strife or in the martyrdom for the unity of God. Reflecting upon himself, and upon his approaching and premature end, "God," said he, "has given to his servant the choice between the world and heaven, and the servant has chosen heaven." "Can it be, then," cried in weeping Aboubekre, "that we cannot redeem thy life by our own?" Too enfeebled to continue the daily preaching and prayer to the

people, he charged Aboubekre to fill in his place the functions of the priesthood and the government.

The fever devoured him more and more during three days, and gave him visions and fits of delirium. To refresh his burning brow, he dipped his hands in a vase of cold water, and rubbed them over his forehead. He continued, however, during the lucid intervals, to converse on supernatural subjects with his disciples. The preservation of his doctrine disquieted him beyond all else. He could not bear to think his people should ever slip back into idolatry. He thought men never could be fortified sufficiently against the deification of their senses. "Bring me ink and some palm leaves," said he to them one day; "I wish to write a book to guarantee you for ever against those fictions." "The master is raving," said the disciples to one another; "have we not the Koran?"

The third day, feeling more calm, he wished to go again once more to hear the morning prayer, which Aboubekre used to say in his stead at the mosque. He then permitted Aboubekre to absent himself to go meet the new wife whom he had taken at Medina, and who was living in a date-garden in the suburbs.

On returning to his house, the prophet lay upon his carpet, and remained motionless, noiseless, and as if torpid for several hours. His head reposed upon the lap of Aïche, who was watching with eye and ear for the departure of his spirit. All of a sudden he opened his eyes, and muttered some unconnected words, among which Aïche could distinguish but this invocation: "O my God! . . . Yes, there above! . . . with the inspiring angel! . . . the celestial friend!" . . .

Aïche, at these words, felt his head become heavier and sink upon her hands. She looked: the breath had fled from his lips; and the gaze from his eyes. She laid the head of the prophet on a cushion, spread a veil over the face, rent her hair and garments, and called the other wives to commence the lamentations around the dead.

The people, apprised by the sobbings which emanated from the house, ran thither, refusing to believe in his death. "No," said Omar to them, "he is not dead; he is gone to visit God, like Moses, who returned forty days after his disappearance, presenting himself living among the people."

Aboubekre ran thither at the fatal news of his master's death. He lifted, weeping, the mantle which covered the

body, kissed the cold legs, and cried: "O thou who wert dear to me as my father and mother, thou hast then tasted of death, the destiny of every mortal!" Then turning to the incredulous multitude, "Mussulmans," said he, "if it was Mahomet you worshipped, know that Mahomet is dead. But if it be God you adore, know that God is living, and does not die. Have you forgotten then already that verse of the Koran wherein the prophet says of himself: 'Mahomet is but a man, charged with a mission of truth upon the earth: before him have lived other men charged likewise with celestial messages. Thou wilt die, Mahomet, and they, too, will die?'"

Aboubekre was elected the very day, in the assembly of the believers, to succeed Mahomet. In spite of some rivalry on the part of Omar and of Ali, a spirit of concord gave unanimity to this choice. Omar and Ali were the first to ratify it before the people.

"I am not the best amongst you," said, with modesty, Aboubekre, on ascending the vacant pulpit of the prophet. "If I do well, support me; if I go astray, correct me; if I command any thing contrary to the law of God and the meaning of the prophet, disobey me. The Koran reigns!"

### XC.

His first public act was to celebrate the funeral of the prophet.

The aged Abbas, brother of Aboutaleb, and uncle of Mahomet, presided as chief mourner. The body was placed beneath a canopy. His adoptive son, Ali, applied, outside the vestments, the lotions and funeral embalmments. Prayers were said around the bier, during the time that the entire nation were passing in review before the body. Ali and his cousins next dug a grave in the chamber of Aiche, and laid therein the body at the very place that his mattress occupied during sleep, by the side of the mat of his favorite.

This tomb became a pulpit, from which resounded the dogma of the unity of God throughout Arabia.

Death took off Mahomet in the integrity of his strength, and before age had, by dulling them, profaned, to the eyes of his followers, any of his faculties of body or sense, and, above all, his eloquence. He was in his sixty-third year. With the exception of the ecstatic visions, a nervous malady which



he disguised from himself, under the name of a translation into the world of spirits and communion with angels, his body was sound like his intelligence. The mild majesty of his countenance, accredited with those around him a superiority of nature and of divine predilection above the vulgar of mankind. His stature was tall, the imposing one that Michael Angelo has, by his chisel, given Moses; less than a god, more than a man—a prophet. His hands and feet, always bare, were large and strongly knotted with muscle, piercing well the sand with the toe, grasping well the sabre with the thumb. A skin delicately white, colored on the cheeks, let through the net-work of veins and arteries, full of tranquil although generous blood. His breast, without hair, heaved to long-drawn respirations. His voice, grave and ringing, resounded through its cavern, as if beneath a dome full of echoes. His eyes were dark, piercing, humid often with voluptuousness, more often with enthusiasm. His beard was dark, thin, and without waves, as was his hair; his mouth large, but closed habitually, seemed equally cut to seal up mysteries or to pour forth inspirations to the people, like all men who converse often with the supernal world, and who respect in themselves the instrument of inspiration. His smile had less of mirth than of indulgence. A compassionate gravity was the expression habitual to his physiognomy. Nevertheless he loved, as we have seen, the young, the women, the children—all that is fair and innocent in nature. Beauty reigned supreme over his senses, and the eternal pleasures were presented to his imagination but in the shape of woman. The very angels of his paradise were feminine apparitions. It is not he, however, who invented, as it has been thought, the houris, those virgins of the Musulman paradise. The houris, or female angels, were before him a voluptuous superstition of the Arabs.

With the exception of this invincible passion for beauty in his wives—a passion which led him to forget the sanctity of the sexual union in his law—his life was sober, austere, even ascetic, spent in meditation, in prayer, abstinence, fear of God, self-restraint, attendance at the temple, painful ablutions, prostrations in the dust, preachings to the people; he affected in his intercourse with the people no other superiority than that of the prophetic sanctity. Nothing in him or around him announced the sovereign or the conqueror; all was in simple keeping with the apostle.

His apparel was that of the poor—the coarsest cloth of sheep's wool, the cinctures woven from camel's hair; he rejected, as an article of luxury and vanity, the white turbans of Indian cotton worn by his warriors. He lived upon dates and the milk of his sheep, which he did not disdain to milk himself. He but rarely made use of the hand of his slave for the most disagreeable services of the house. He went to fetch water from the well, swept and washed the boards of his floor. Seated on the ground, upon his mat of straw, he mended himself his sandals, and stitched his worn garments. Cleanliness of body, which he made in his Koran the image of purity of soul, was his sole delicacy. He combed his beard with care; he dyed in black his eyelids and eyebrows; he also dyed his nails with henna, a tincture which gives a purple shading to the toes and fingers of the Arabian women. He used for a glass or mirror a bucket full of water, in which he used to look to adjust, decently, the folds of his turban. He laid up no treasure; he distributed the whole produce of the tithe, which he established upon general property and the spoils of war, between his soldiers and the poor. He had made, for his own part, a vow of poverty. He gave all that he received to the hands and hearts of the poor, to keep for him, as depositories, charged to give all back in heaven.

The appurtenances of his house, the porticoes adjacent to the mosque, the courts of the edifice, were one vast hospital, where the poor, the widows, the orphans, the infirm, could be seen waiting for nourishment or medicine. They were called the "guests of the bench," because they passed their life seated or lying on the benches of the prophet's house. Every night the prophet visited them, comforted them, clad them, fed them with his barley bread and dates. He brought daily a certain number of them into the house, to take their repast with him. He distributed the others, as guests of God, among the wealthiest of his disciples. His politeness to men of all conditions who approached him, was gentle and respectful. "He never," says Aboulfeda, "withdrew his hand the first from the hand of those who were saluting him." He played, as is related of Henry IV., with the children of Ali, the husband of his daughter, Fatima, in default of any of his own. One of these little ones, of a tender age, named Hossein, having crept upon his back while he was prostrated in prayer, with his face against the

earth, the prophet remained in this attitude, to gratify the child, until its mother came to deliver him of the burden.\*

Another day, while he dandled upon his knees, in caressing her, one of his little grand-daughters, an idolatrous Arab of the desert surprised him at this trifling, "What is that little lamb that thou so caressest with thy lips, O prophet!" said to him, with a rude pleasantry, the barbarian; "I have had myself a good many of that sort of lambs, but I have buried them all alive, without ever touching them with my lips." "Wretch," said Mahomet to him, revolted at the infamous practice of the Bedouins towards their female children, "thine heart must be devoid of every sentiment of human nature. Thou dost not know the sweetest pleasure that it has been given to man to feel."

He used to often say: "The things in this world that are most agreeable to my heart and senses, are children, women, and perfumes; but I have never tasted complete happiness but in prayer."

He consecrated the rights of property in women, who had been thitherto disinherited of all right and of all possessions of their own in the conjugal community. He commended the widows to their sons. "A son," says the Koran, "obtains paradise at the feet of his mother."

His herd of camels, and his flock of sheep, his sole heritage, became, at his death, the common property, subject only to a pension on the public treasury for the support of his widows and his servants. "A prophet," said he, "should leave no inheritance to his family upon the earth. His goods belong to his nation."

## XCI.

Such were the life, the mission, and the death of Mahomet.

Never did man propose to himself voluntarily or otherwise, an end more sublime, since this end was superhuman; to sap the superstitions interposed between the creature and the Creator, to bring back God to man and man to God, to restore the rational and holy idea of the Divinity amid that chaos of the material and disfigured deities of idolatry.

\* A group most worthy of the brush or chisel of a great painter or a great sculptor.—*Translator.*

Never did man undertake, with resources so feeble, a task so disproportioned to human forces, since he had, in the conception and the execution of so vast a project, no other instrument than himself, and no other auxiliaries than a handful of barbarians in the corner of a desert.

Never, in fine, did man accomplish in less of time so immense and so durable a revolution in the world; since, in less than two centuries after his preaching, Islamism, preached and armed, reigned over the three Arabias, conquered to the unity of the Godhead, Persia, Khorassan, Transoxiana, Western India, Syria, Egypt, Ethiopia, all the known continent of Northern Africa, several islands of the Mediterranean, Spain, and a part of Gaul.

If the grandeur of the design, the pettiness of the means, the immensity of the results, be the three measures of human genius, who would dare to compare humanly the greatest men of modern times to Mahomet? The most famous of them have agitated but armies, laws, empires; they have founded (when they founded any thing) but physical potencies, often crumbled to the earth before themselves. Mahomet has recast armies, legislations, empires, peoples, dynasties, with millions of men throughout a third of the inhabited globe. More than this, he recast altars, gods, religions, ideas, creeds, souls. He has founded upon a *book*, of which every letter is become a law, a spiritual nationality which embraces peoples of every tongue and race, and he has stamped as the indelible character of this Mussulman nationality, the hatred of false gods, and the passion of the one and true God. This patriotism, avengeful of the profanations of heaven, was the virtue of the children of Mahomet; the conquest of one third the world to his doctrine was his miracle; or rather, it was not the miracle of a man, but that of reason. The idea of the unity of God, proclaimed in the lassitude of fabulous theogonies, had in itself such virtue, that in exploding upon his lips, it fired the temples of old idolatry, and kindled with their flames one third the globe.

## XCII.

Was this man an impostor? We do not think so, after having well studied his history. Imposture is the hypocrisy of conviction. Hypocrisy has not the might of conviction, as falsehood has never the force of truth.

If the force of projection be in mechanics the exact measure of the force of impulsion, so action is the measure, in history, of the force of inspiration. A thought that carries so high, so far, and so durably must be a powerful thought; to be so powerful, it must have been sincere and well conceived. The internal inspiration of Mahomet was his only imposture. There were in his person two characters, the prophet of reason, and the visionary of ecstasy. The inspirations of the philosopher were aided unconsciously by the visions of the patient. His dreamings, his deliriums, his swoonings, during which his imagination traversed heaven, and conversed with fantastic beings, caused to himself the same illusions that he imposed on others. Arabian credulity invented the rest.

But his life, his meditations, his heroic blasphemies against the superstitions of his country, his daring in affronting the fury of the idolaters, his constancy in enduring it for fifteen years at Mecca, his acceptance of the part of laughing-stock and almost victim among his countrymen, his flight; in fine, his ceaseless preaching, his precarious wars, his confidence of success, his superhuman fortitude in reverses, his longanimity in victory, his ambition all of idea and none of empire, his prayers without end, his mystic converse with God, his death and his triumph after the tomb, attest more than an imposture—a conviction. It was this conviction that gave him the power of restoring a dogma. This dogma was twofold, the unity of God and the immateriality of God,—the one saying what is God, the other saying what he is not; the one subverting with the sabre the divinities of falsehood, the other inaugurating with the word an idea.

Philosopher, orator, apostle, lawgiver, warrior, conqueror of ideas, restorer of rational dogmas, of a worship without images, founder of twenty terrestrial empires, and of one spiritual empire—such was Mahomet!

What man was greater, by all the scales on which we measure human greatness?

There is no greater except him who, in proclaiming earlier the same dogma, had promulgated at the same time a purer morality; who did not draw the sword in aid of the word, that sole weapon of the mind; who gave up his own blood instead of spilling that of his brethren; and who was a martyr instead of being a conqueror. But this latter personage,

men, accordingly, have judged to be too great to be submitted to the common measure of humanity; and if his human nature and his doctrine have made him a prophet even among skeptics, his virtue and his sacrifice have made him a god.

## BOOK SECOND.

## I.

THE spirit of Mahomet seemed to survive him upon the earth, and to extinguish all the rivalries which would have naturally sapped his work, by dividing the competitors to his succession. His soul governed them still for some time after him. Faith, zeal, abnegation of all personal pre-eminence, subdued all ambition in the imans or priests. They immolated piously whatever was human in their hearts to that which was divine in the mission of the prophet—the abolition of idolatry and the adoration of the one God.

Scarcely had Aboubekre been nominated Khalif, that is to say, vicar or successor of the prophet of God (*Kalifet resoul Allah*), than he ordered the Arabian warriors of Medina, assembled for an expedition into Syria, to march in execution of the posthumous order of the prophet.

Omar, who was designated by Mahomet to march with this expedition, hesitated to obey, for fear the absence from Medina of the best soldiers of Islam, during the agitation caused in Arabia by the disappearance of the prophet, might compromise the city, the religion and the government of the Khalif. He represented strongly this danger to Aboubekre; but the Khalif, indignant, taking him by the beard and reproaching him with his small faith in the promises of the Revealer: "No," said he, "though Medina were to fall beneath the invasion of ferocious animals, I will not revoke an order once given by the prophet. His will must be accomplished after his death, as it was executed during his life."

The army set out under the orders of the young Ouçama, named commander of the expedition by Mahomet, notwithstanding his inexperience. Aboubekre accompanied the troops along to the first halt, on horseback, alongside the

young general, to assure him the respect of the army. At the moment when he was quitting him to return to Medina: "I would desire," said he to him, with a respectful deference, "to keep Omar with me, to counsel me in the perils wherein Medina may be placed during the absence of its best soldiers. Consider if thou canst leave me Omar without peril to thyself."

Ouçama cheerfully dispensed Omar from making the campaign. Aboubekre then causing the army to be ranged around him in a circle: "Warriors of Islam," said he, "attend a moment, and listen well to the precepts which I am about to promulge to you for observation in times of war. Fight with bravery and loyalty. Never use artifice or perfidy towards your enemies; do not mutilate the fallen, do not slay the aged, nor the children, nor the women; do not destroy the palm trees, do not burn the crops, do not cut the fruit trees, do not slaughter the animals, except what will be necessary for your nourishment. You will find upon your route, men living in solitude, in meditation, in the adoration of God; do them no injury, give them no offence."

He excepted from this inviolability of the weak and of the Christian hermits only those who fanaticized the people against the doctrine of the divine unity.

This order of the day by a chief, reputed barbarous, of a horde of Bedouins of the desert, contrasts as yet to the present day for its toleration and humanity with the war manifestoes of the generals of a religion more fraternal, and of a civilization more advanced.

## II.

Meanwhile, as Omar had foreseen, the report of the death of Mahomet, whom the popular superstition believed endowed with immortality on earth, excited a great outcry of incredulity among the Arabs. "If he had really been a prophet, how would he be dead?" said they. And a great number forthwith abjured his faith. Mecca rose against the governor of Mahomet, named Attab. "Mahomet is dead," said Attab to the insurgents, "but his faith subsists, and his empire is extending and will exterminate you." The tribes of the desert fluctuated in uncertainty and anarchy; false prophets arose amongst them to inherit the veneration and the authority of Mahomet. During several weeks, there



were formed as many parties as there were tribes. These tribes surrounded Medina and sent deputies into the city to declare that they would pay no more tribute. Omar and the politicians of Medina, called into council by Aboubekre, advised to temporize and to negotiate, awaiting the return of the army which would re-establish the authority of the Khalif. "No, no," exclaimed anew the inflexible Aboubekre, "the law forbids us to treat with those who abjure and doubt of the aid of God in the battles that are fought against them in his cause; were I reduced to fight alone this swarm of rebels, I will do like the prophet, who never counted his enemies."

The politicians, confounded by the fanatic, blushed for their pusillanimity and dismissed the negotiator of transactions. "Aboubekre," said Omar, "has more faith to himself alone, than all the rest of us together." The battle was fought. Aboubekre, victorious, rolled back the rebels into the desert, and had them pursued by his cavalry. The fugitives devised a ruse which preserved them from the Mussulman sabres. They inflated with wind a number of leather sacks and let them trail behind them drawn by long cords. The singular aspect and the resonant boundings of these balloons, made the horses prance and frightened the camels of the army of Aboubekre. The animals, terrified, swept back the riders towards Medina. But several other victories obtained by Aboubekre, re-established the prestige of the Khalif. The army of Ouçama, also triumphant, returning to Medina, doubled his forces. He subjected all around him in the Nedjed.

But while he was thus triumphing at the bottom of Arabia, an Arab woman of Mesopotamia, named Thejiah, declared herself seized with the prophetic spirit, and submitting the Arabs of Syria to her inspirations, was marching at the head of an army, fanaticized by her eloquence and her beauty, against Yemen.

Mosseilamah, who had also created himself into a prophet, trembling to see his province submerged by this invasion, shut himself up in the city of Hedjer. He thence sent presents to the prophetess, and asked her for a conference to treat of peace. For this interview a magnificent tent was made between the city and the camp. The rebel general and the young warrioress entertained each other without witnesses for a large portion of the day. A mar-

riage sealed the peace. Thejiah adopted the faith of her husband, and led back into Syria her troops laden with spoils. Her marriage with Mosseilamah altered neither the prestige nor the obedience with which this sibyl of the desert had the art to surround herself. She lived and died in peace among the tribes whom she had led to glory.

### III.

Aboubekre subdued the rest by his lieutenants. Khaled, one of the bravest, overrun Arabia, striking and pardoning by turns. One of the revolted chiefs, named Malik, the husband of one of the most beautiful women of the desert, whom Khaled had formerly loved, gave in his submission and demanded pardon. "Draw your swords," said Khaled to his body-guard. The wife of Malik, named Leila, threw herself at the feet of the victor, with face uncovered and hair dishevelled, to implore the life of her husband. "Ah!" exclaimed the unfortunate Malik, in beholding his wife thus uncover her charms, "there is the real cause of my death!" "The cause of thy death," replied Khaled, "is thine abjuration of the faith of the prophet; it is the hand of God that strikes thee, not mine." And the head of the husband rolled at the feet of the wife.

The following day he belied his words in espousing Leila, the wife of his victim. The army uttered a cry of indignation; several deserted and went to accuse him to Medina. "He has massacred prisoners, and murdered the husband to marry the wife," they caused to be said around the Khalif. Omar conjured him to punish the guilty. "No," said Aboubekre, "I will repair the injuries he has done, but I will not resheathe the sword which God himself has drawn against the infidels."

Soon after, Khaled returning vanquisher to Medina, came to exculpate himself before the Khalif. His tunic was blackened with the rust of his cuirass and arms, his turban bearded with arrows that had pierced it in the various battles. Some groups of Mussulmans, indignant at his cruelties, were awaiting him at the gates of the city. Omar, on perceiving him, could not retain his anger; he put his hand to the turban of Khaled, tore away contemptuously the arrows, and broke them upon his knee. "Here thou art, then, thou who hast killed a Mussulman to enjoy his

wife!" cried he to him; "get thee gone! it is not my fault that thou art not stoned for dishonoring the faith of the prophet." We thus perceive how much the pretended ferocity of Omar is an historic prejudice of the Christians of Syria, belied by his actions and his words at Medina. Khaled made no reply until he had received his condemnation or his absolution from the mouth of the Khalif. In going out from the interview, absolved by Aboubekre, he advanced with an air of defiance towards Omar. "Son of Oumm-Shumla," said he to him, "hast thou now any quarrel to arrange with me?" Omar kept silence in turn, not daring to punish what the Khalif had pardoned. But he remained always an accuser of the inhumanity of Khaled.

## IV.

Aboubekre sent him back with reinforcements to subjugate the remnant of the rebellion. In one of these battles, Leila, become, as has been seen, the wife of Khaled, saved a prisoner from the sword of her husband by giving him the hospitality of her tent. Next day the camp of Khaled was forced by a group of the enemies' cavalry. The troopers entered, with drawn swords, the tent of Khaled, and were going to strike Leila, when the prisoner whom she had protected, protected her in turn.

Khaled, victorious at the end of the day, left ten thousand of the enemy in the dust.

The negro Wahchi, converted to Islamism, pierced with his steel-barbed javelin the general of the enemy. "Behold," the Ethiopian used to say, holding up his javelin, "the weapon with which I have slain the best and the worst of men." He made allusion by these words to the murder of Hamza, the venerated uncle of Mahomet, whom he had stricken down on Mount Ohud, at the instigation of the women, at a time when he was yet a worshipper of false gods. Khaled entered in triumph Hedjer, the capital of the insurgents, pardoned the inhabitants, and married the daughter of Modja, a chief of the tribe of Hanifa. "Art thou not ashamed," Aboubekre wrote, "to seek indulgence of thy voluptuousness in a fresh marriage, while the blood of so many Mussulmans, dead for thy victory, is still smoking around thy tent?"

Among these dead there were over six hundred inhabi

tants of Medina, and among them a great number of the disciples of Mahomet, whose memory was the sole edition, with a commentary, of the Koran. Aboubekre feared lest the precepts and conversations of the prophet would perish with the remembrance of those survivors who had heard the interpretation from the mouth of the prophet. He directed the collection of all the fragments of this book, written some of them on leaves of palm tree, others on sheep or gazelle skins, with some more which had never been committed to writing. He appointed a sort of council for the digesting and co-ordination of the Koran—a council composed of the most assiduous and venerated auditors of the preaching of Mahomet. He charged them to draw up a complete and model copy of the Koran, to serve as pattern for all the other copies of the book. He confided this unique copy to the daughter of Omar, Hafsa, one of the widows of the prophet.

## V.

Master of Arabia along to Aden by his generals, Aboubekre launched his lieutenants and armies towards the Euphrates and the Tigris, in the province of Irak, dependent on the Persian monarchy. Khaled, after winding around a portion of the Persian Gulf, at the head of twenty thousand Mussulmans recruited by the faith among the tribes of the desert, marched against the great city of Hira, the capital of the Arabs who were vassals to the kings of Persia.

Harmouz, governor of Irak, awaited him to give him battle at El Hafir. The battle commenced by a chivalrous duel, in view of both camps, by the two generals. Harmouz, slain in the combat by Khaled, left his army without a general. The Persians, decided to either die or vanquish, had chained themselves to one another by the legs, so as to deprive themselves beforehand of the means of flight. They perished in a body beneath the swords and arrows of the Arabs.

The spoils of the dead were divided among the victors. Khaled had for his share the Persian tiara of Harmouz, decorated with jewels of inestimable price. The Mussulmans, who had been hitherto engaged with nomad and poor enemies, began to seek in victory another prize than heaven. This victory, which is titled the "battle of the chains," in

allusion to the iron rings with which the Persians soldiers were tied to each other, opened Babylon and Persia to the army of Khaled. He advanced, respecting every where both property and morals, and exacting but a slight tribute in token of submission.

A second Persian army encountered him towards Medhar. He defeated it, and hurled thirty thousand Persians into the river. This second day is called, from that incident, the "battle of the river." Hira submitted without resistance. The terror of the name of Khaled ran before him. The Christians were numerous at Hira. Khaled had their principal leaders brought before him, and he gave them an option between three courses; either to pay a tribute, or embrace the faith of Mahomet, or fight till the extinction of one of the two religions. The Christians preferred to pay the tribute, retaining their worship. "Fools," said Khaled to them, deploring their constancy, "you are travellers gone astray in the desert; two guides present themselves to you (Jesus and Mahomet), one is a stranger to you, the other is your countryman, and it is to the stranger that you intrust your safety."

During the conference, Khaled frequently eyed a purse of silk and gold suspended at the cincture of the son of the governor of Hira. After having accorded the conditions of the amnesty, Khaled, seizing curiously the purse, opened it and saw roll out upon his hand some pills, of which he did not know the substance. "What is that?" asked he of the young man. "It is a rapid and deadly poison," replied the latter. "What did you mean to do with it?" resumed Khaled. "To rescue myself from thee by death, if we should find thee to be pitiless." "Death," rejoined Khaled, "has its fixed moment for each of us; no one can advance or retard it." Then pronouncing with faith the name of the clement and merciful Allah, he swallowed the whole dose of poison, despite the efforts of those around him to hold his hand. "Nothing can hurt the man who invokes with absolute faith the Omnipotent," said he to them. It was expected at every moment that he would fall lifeless at the feet of the Persians; already a cold sweat and a mortal paleness, the heralds of death, were covering his face. But these symptoms disappeared in a few moments. He wiped with his hand the icy sweat from off his brow, and resumed the tint of nature and of health.

This act of rashness and of fatalism astounded the Persians. "If all the Mussulmans," said their satrap to him, "be men like thee, the world is yours."

Khaled, after having organized Hira and all the provinces adjacent, sent to the nobles of Persia a message conceived as follows :

"In the name of Allah the clement and merciful, Khaled, son of Walid, to the Persian nobles, glory to God who humbles your empire and breaks the glory of your power ! Unite yourselves to us in the new faith of Islam and acknowledge yourselves our subjects. Whether you wish it or not, you will receive our law, because it is brought you by men who love death as much as you do life."

## VI.

Persia, decomposed by the dissensions of the satraps, was in an interregn. The Persain generals asked aid from the Romans encamped at the extremities of Mesopotamia, on the frontiers of Persia. The Romans, united to the Persians, passed the Euphrates to arrest Khaled in his conquests. Khaled annihilated the two armies the same day.

While his victorious army was returning to Hira laden with spoils, Khaled by a scruple of devotion which his triumphs allowed him to satisfy, resolved to go accomplish a pilgrimage to Mecca. He withdrew secretly from his soldiers, under pretence of going before them to Hira, and traversing alone upon a dromedary the desert in a straight line, he arrived at Mecca, made his rounds, without being known, about the Kaaba, saw the Khalif Aboubekre without speaking to him, remounted his dromedary, re-traversed entire Arabia, and rejoined his army the same day on which it was entering Hira.

## VII.

While Khaled was preparing himself, at Hira, for a more general invasion of Persia, Aboubekre proclaimed, at Mecca, a holy war against the Romans, masters of Syria. His lieutenants marched in several columns upon the different provinces of Syria.

The emperor Heraclius, weary of wars and oppressed beneath the weight of an empire which must be propped at such a distance, desired to treat with the invaders. The

fervent Christians of his court called this effeminacy criminal. The efforts of the Romans merely slackened the pace of conquest. The Mussulmans advanced, in the first campaign, to the very heart of Mesopotamia, in the plain and on the banks of the fertile rivers of Damascus. This land, these waters, these orchards, those walls of Damascus, gleaming in their whiteness athwart the shadows of the willows, appeared to the Arabs of the desert an image of the earthly paradise, which their traditions placed accordingly in that oasis.

Aboubekre, before pursuing along to Lebanon and the sea, his mission and his conquest, wrote to Amrou, one of the most submissive of his disciples; he ordered him to levy a number of warriors among the tribes, and to conduct them to Damascus, to swell the torrent of Islamism. Amrou, who governed in peace his shepherd tribes, received this order with pain; but he did not hesitate to obey. "I am," said he in his answer to the Khalif, "one of the arrows of Islamism; God has placed the bow in thy hand; it is for thee to launch the arrow to what destination thou mayest choose."

All these troops, commanded by Abou-Obeidah and Yezid, having made their junction in the long and broad valley of Arabia, where the Jordan flows towards the Dead Sea, awaited there the shock of the sixty thousand Romans, commanded by the generals of Heraclius. Aboubekre, informed of their danger, wrote to Khaled, the vanquisher of Persia, to abandon for a moment his conquests, and return into Syria to reinforce the Mussulman army. Khaled obeyed. He divided his army into two bodies: one charged to retain his conquests; the other to march with haste into Syria. The desert which he had to cross with ten thousand men was immense and unexplored. The stars alone could guide him. A Bedouin offered to conduct him. They had often to march for five days and five nights without meeting with a drop of water in those valleys of sand. They lacked, too, the leathern vessels to carry drink for men and animals. The Bedouin, experienced in this description of distresses, proposed to Khaled an expedient, cruel, but necessary to the army's safety. They chose the largest and the strongest of the Persian female camels; they deprived them of water for several days, then led them to the banks of a river, whence they drank with the voracity of their long thirst. These camels, become in this way living casks of water, followed the army,

discharged of all their burdens. Every evening a certain number of them were immolated; and the water stored in their stomach quenched the thirst of the soldiers and the horses of the Mussulman army.

### VIII.

But while Khaled was crossing the desert in obedience to Aboubekre, Aboubekre died at Medina of a sudden illness, dictated his testament to his officers, and appointed Omar as his successor.

"Omar will be too severe to the Mussulmans," represented to him his friends. "No," replied Aboubekre, "he is not severe but when I am myself too lenient; but I have remarked, that when I am severe he always mediates for the guilty." Omar was introduced.

"I name thee Khalif," said Aboubekre to him.

Omar besought him to designate some other, more worthy of him, adding that he had no ambition for that supreme responsibility. "I know it, and it is for that reason that I select thee," said Aboubekre; "thou dost not want the Khalifate, but the Khalifate wants thee." Leaning on the arm of Esma, his wife, he advanced with pain towards a window looking on the public square of Medina, covered with people who were waiting his last words with anxiety. "Mussulmans," said he, with a feeble voice; "I designate Omar for my successor; do you accept him?" "We accept him," replied unanimously the people. He expired amid the murmur of the benedictions which praised his reign.

"My support and that of my family," said Aboubekre in his adieus to the people, "while I have been Khalif, has cost eight thousand dirhems [a small coin] to the Mussulmans. I bequeathe them the piece of garden that I own in the suburbs of Medina, to indemnify them for the expense which I have cost them."

Such were the scruples of a man who could dispose already of the spoils of Arabia, of Irak, of Syria, of a portion of Persia, and of the Roman empire.

### IX.

Omar is well known. Merciful in heart, absolute in faith, without ambition for himself, ambitious of conquests



for his God, he suited marvellously for the establishment of a religion which made no pretensions, as yet, for its followers, but which pretended to the universe for the one God.

As soon as Omar had accepted the government, he recollected that saying of the prophet: "Do not leave two religions subsisting in Arabia." He banished the Christians and the Jews beyond the territory. He assigned them, in compensation, lands and dwellings in that portion of Irak, of Persia, and of Mesopotamia, already conquered.

While he thus expurgated Arabia, the brave Khaled arrived, by the desert, in Syria, with his detachment of the army of Persia; gave battle to the Romans, at the head of fifty thousand Syrian Arabs, who had adopted the new faith, near Aisnadin. One hundred and twenty thousand soldiers or auxiliaries of Heraclius, according to the Arab historians—forty thousand, according to the Byzantine chronicles—fell beneath the steel of the Mussulmans. The general and the principal officers of Heraclius wrapped their heads in their mantles, like Cæsar, to die.

The hurricane of Arabia laid all prostrate upon its path. Khaled, victorious, received upon the field of battle a courier from Medina, who brought the news of the death of Aboubekre and his own removal. The resentment of Omar, his personal enemy on account of the murder of the husband of Leila, did not astonish him. Without hesitating, he delivered the command to Abou-Obeidah, designated by Omar to take his place, as happy to descend from his position of command as to have exercised it in the first rank of the chiefs of the believers.

The remnant of the Roman army, having taken refuge in the valley of the Jordan, near the Lake of Tiberius—a lake famous for the miracles of Christ—was still covering Jerusalem and the entrance to Egypt. Abou-Obeidah wished to march thither. Omar, consulted, replied, "Strike at the heart." The heart was Damascus, the vast and opulent capital of Syria and key to Mesopotamia. Constantinople and Alexandria were not its equals in population, or in industry, or in fertility of soil, or in opulence. The walls embraced three rivers, and a whole region of delightful gardens.

Heraclius despatched, through the iron gates of Mount Taurus, a fresh army to defend it. The Mussulmans arrested this army in the defiles of Hama, while the principal tribes blockaded the city. Damascus sustained the siege for

four months, with the intrepidity of despair. Four armies were encamped at the four gates without being able to force them. Khaled, become lieutenant-general, commanded one of the divisions. Irritated by this tediousness, he spied the moment for an exploit quite worthy of his name. One night as he was walking alone around the ramparts, he heard inside the walls the sound of musical instruments. It was the governor of Damascus, who had opened negotiations with Abou-Obeidah, and who was celebrating the birth of a son. The troops in guard of the ramparts were partaking in the rejoicings, and neglected their posts. Khaled chose a few of the brave companions of his victories in Persia. He had ropes with slip-knots attached to the deserted port-holes. With these swinging ladders he mounted, followed by the most intrepid, upon the rampart, cut down the sentries at the gate, threw it open to the army, then rushed upon the city and inundated it with blood and flame. The inhabitants, awakened by the terrible cry, "God is great!" prostrate themselves before the vanquishers, to implore life and to extinguish the flames. The firmness of Abou-Obeidah obtains the prevalence of clemency. All that is Roman becomes the spoil of the Mussulmans. The inhabitants of Damascus retain their liberty, their houses, their lands, on condition of a light annual tribute in barley and wheat, equal only to the seed of their cultivated ground. The Mussulmans exacted from the conquered land but the sustenance of themselves and their horses.

## X.

The Mussulman army, after the capture of Damascus, marched upon the valley of the Jordan. A second battle, given by them to the Roman army of eighty thousand men, on the banks of the Yermouk, laid open Palestine. The lake engulfed all who escaped the sword. The Mussulmans, freed of enemies, divided their army into several columns to march from Palestine to the Taurus, and from the sea to the desert, to place under subjection all the men and countries they had vanquished.

Omar amnestied all the Arabs who, after the death of Mahomet, had hesitated in their faith. This amnesty and the report of his triumphs led thousands of Mussulmans to flock beneath his banners. Amr, chief of those insurgents, a war-

rior of colossal stature and an arm of iron, brought him two thousand combatants. "What pay dost thou ask?" said Omar to him joking, "since thou must by thyself be worth several men." "A thousand dirhems for this," replied Amr with his hand upon his left side; "a thousand for this," added he, striking upon the right side; "and in fine, a thousand for this," continued he, striking upon his heart. "Very well," said Omar, smiling, "I assign thee three thousand dirhems." Then surveying him from the head to the feet and admiring his gigantic height: "Praise be to God, who has created Amr!" cried the Khalif. He sent him to join the army then forming on the banks of the Euphrates to attack Persia.

Envoys from the King of Persia came to the camp to confer with the Mussulmans. "What motives," said the Persians, "impel you to make war upon us." "God commands us," replied the Arab negotiators, "by the mouth of his prophet, to establish Islamism or the unity of God in all nations; we obey that order. Become, you, our brothers, in repudiating your material gods and adoring the Creator one and infinite, or submit to paying us a tribute to aid in propagating this truth throughout the world." "Who are you? a nation indigent and scattered like vile insects over the sand of the desert, to pretend to impose laws upon an empire like ours?" "What you say of our indigence, of our barbarism, of our anarchy, of our ignorance, was true yesterday," replied one of the Mussulman orators. "Yes, we were so miserable that individuals were seen amongst us to appease their hunger by devouring vermin and serpents, families to put to death their female children in order not to have to share with them their wretched sustenance. Merged in the darkness of superstition and idolatry, without laws and without restraint, always enemies to each other, we were occupied but in mutual pillage and massacre. Such is what we have been. We are now a new people. God has raised up amongst us a man, the most distinguished of the Arabs for the nobility of his birth, for his virtues, for his genius, and has chosen him for his envoy and his prophet. Through the order of that man God has said to us:

"I am God the only and eternal, creator of the universe. My bounty sends you a guide to direct you. The way which he will show you will save you from the pains which I reserve in another life for the impious and the criminal, and

will conduct you to my side in the abodes of felicity.' Persuasion insinuated itself gradually into our hearts; we believed in the mission of the prophet; we recognized that his words were the words of God, his orders the orders of God, the religion which he announced and which he named Islamism the true religion. He has enlightened our minds, he has extinguished our hatreds, he has united us in a society of brothers under laws dictated by divine wisdom. Then he has said to us:

"Complete my work, extend the world over the empire of Islamism. The earth belongs to God, he gives it to you. The nations who embrace your faith will be assimilated to yourselves; they will enjoy the same advantages, they will be subject to the same duties. On those who prefer to retain their creeds, impose the obligation of declaring themselves your subjects and of paying you tribute in exchange for the protection with which you will cover them. But those who shall refuse to accept either Islamism or the condition of tributaries, you will combat until they are exterminated. Some amongst you will fall in the conflict; for those who perish, paradise; for the survivors, victory.'

"Such are the destinies of power and glory towards which we march with confidence. Now you know us; it is for you to choose: either Islamism, or tribute, or war to death."

## XI.

Omar, directing from Medina the double campaign which he carried on at once against the Romans and against Persia, ordered the army of Syria to join the army of the Euphrates to give a decisive battle to the Persians near Cadesiah. The elephants, those moving citadels of the Persians, astonished at first the Arabs; but the third day the soldiers of the desert got accustomed to these mail-clad animals, struck on the belly, on the eyes, on the trunk, and made them turn back bleeding and furious against the Persians themselves. The flower of the Persian kingdom perished in that battle and depopulated the empire of warriors. The spoils were worthy of the opulence and the renown of Persia. After levying immense treasure for the part of the government at Medina, each cavalry soldier received six thousand dirhems and each foot soldier two thousand.

The lieutenant of Omar who obtained this decisive victory, was called Said. Said demanded of Omar what was to be done with what remained of the spoils after this distribution. "Give a supplementary portion of it," replied the Khalif, "to all those who will be able to recite from memory the longest passages of the Koran." Amr, although he was a poet, could recite but the first line: "In the name of the clement and merciful God." His ignorance was laughed at. Amr got angry at the raillery.

"We, children of the tents of Zobayd," said he in extemporized verse before Said, "if we are slain in battle, we are not wept over. We are admitted to an equality of partition when there are wounds and death to be received; but when the object of division is dinars of gold, the equality ceases, and we are asked if we can recite the Koran."

Omar, informed of these complaints of Amr, had justice rendered him. Amr, formerly a companion and rival of Antar, the Achilles and the honor of the Arabs, was over a century old at the epoch of the war of Persia. He fought for many years still, and laid down his arms but with his life.

The capital of Persia, Medain, "the two cities," because under this name were comprised Ctesiphon and Seleucia, was taken and destroyed; and soon after were seen to rise the new cities of Koufah and Bassora. All gave way before the ascendant of the Mussulmans after the battle of Nehavend in the "victory of victories," recognized the prophet, or submitted to the tribute.

## XII.

Khaled, who remained in Syria to keep it in submission, advanced on his part along to the Orantes; the Arabs were masters of Antioch, that rival of Constantinople. Amr marched upon Jerusalem at the head of another army. Jerusalem, although the cradle and the capital of Christianity, was forced to resign itself to take the Mussulman yoke. It demanded as sole honor, in its defeat, not to open its gates but to the Khalif himself. Amr consented to this condition of the vanquished.

Omar, proud to introduce the law of Mahomet into the city of Christ, but penetrated with veneration for this other prophet, to whom Islamism acknowledged owing the purest

of its dogmas and of its moral inspirations, did not hesitate to satisfy the wish of the inhabitants of the holy city of the Christians.

He set out for Medina, not as a conqueror but as a pilgrim; attended by a single slave, arrayed in a cloak of goat's hair, mounted on a camel that carried two sacks upon its neck, the one filled with dates, the other with oats, a skin-keg of water before him, a wooden trencher behind his saddle, he traversed the desert. When his slave got tired, Omar made him mount in his own place in the saddle, and walked himself with his bare feet on the sand. The generals, informed of his approach, advanced on horseback in their most splendid military costumes to meet him. Omar, seeing these first symptoms of luxury, vanity and corruption in his troops, was indignant.

He dismounted at the sight from his camel, and picking up small stones on the way, he threw them with maledictions at his cavalry robed in gold and silk, like the Syrians and the Persians. "Do you really dare," said he, "to present yourself to my eyes in these infidel ornaments?" "Under these tunics of gold," replied they, "we carry weapons of steel." The Khalif was silent, and proceeded in his humble apparel to enter Jerusalem.

### XIII.

The Khalif made the pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ. The patriarch Sophronius, the chief of the Christians, conducted in person Omar into the church of the Resurrection. He sat down in the middle of the temple, and meditated long in silence. Then the Mussulman hour of prayer being come, he asked with deference of the patriarch a place in the corner of the edifice where he could extend himself and pray without lacking respect to the holy place. The patriarch told him to pray in the place where he was sitting. But Omar declined from scruple. Sophronius then conducted him into the less august church of Constantine; but he refused equally to pray in this sanctuary, and going outside the door, he made his prostrations and prayers under the portico that looked to the east. The patriarch Sophronius, expressing astonishment at so much modesty and reserve in a conqueror—"Thou dost not know, doubtless," said Omar to him, "why I have abstained from praying in

a Christian church? I did it for your sakes; at my example, the Mussulmans would have seized upon your temples, and nothing could keep them from praying themselves in churches where their Khalif would have prayed." We see from this recital, transmitted by the Christians of Jerusalem themselves, how much the pretended persecution of Omar against Christianity is a pious fraud invented afterwards, at the time of the Crusades, to implant hatred against the Mussulmans.

Omar merely asked the patriarch to designate to him a place whereon he might construct a mosque for the believers. The patriarch showed him the spot where stood the stone *Essakra*, whereon tradition said that Jacob reposed his head in his prophetic sleep. This stone, neglected since the erection of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, was covered with the sweepings of Jerusalem. Omar, calling the Mussulmans to clear away the ground, took off himself, in the skirt of his cloak, a heavy load of this filthy garbage, to cast it in the precipice of the valley of Cedron. He built the mosque, which subsists still at the present day on the brink of the precipice, like the Parthenon of the Mahometans on the Acropolis of Athens, and returned to Medina with the same humility of costume which he presented in coming to Jerusalem.

#### XIV.

There was no longer any obstacle to the conquest of Egypt. The Romans vanquished, Syria subjugated, India covered with troops, gave the undertaking a security and base of operations which permitted the Mussulmans to carry their arms and their law into the capital of Africa.

In passing through Bethlehem to go to Medina by Damascus, Omar prayed, as at Jerusalem, in the church which the Christians had constructed on the birthplace of Jesus Christ. He gave to the Christian patriarch at Bethlehem an order signed by his hand which for ever forbade Mussulmans to profane this sanctuary, by making use of it for their prayers. At Damascus he distributed his generals, under the title of emirs.

Just at last to Khaled, whose exploits had redeemed his fault, Omar gave this warrior one of the sovereignties adjacent to Damascus. The immensity of the treasures and revenues—the fruit of so many conquests—obliged Omar to organize

at Medina a public administration of those riches. Regular pay and pensions were allowed by him to his soldiers, to his magistrates, to the widows and relatives of the prophet. Aïche, the favorite wife, was treated like a queen. As to himself, he was content with the small retribution in barley and dates which Aboubekre and Mahomet had borrowed for their subsistence from the public treasury.

"Adieu for ever to Syria," was the exclamation of Heraclius, in withdrawing his troops behind the Taurus, and flying towards Constantinople. The Mussulmans pursued his footsteps beyond the iron gates, into the valley of Cilicia.

One of the princes of Roman Syria, Djabalah, adopted the faith of the conquerors. He came to Medina to bear the Khalif the submission of his subjects. Omar took him along with him, at the epoch of the pilgrimage, to accomplish the rites of Islamism at Medina. The Syrian prince, arrayed in silken apparel, and wearing a crown decked with priceless pearls—which resembled the ear-drops of *Maria*, of which this princess had made a present to the temple of Mecca at the moment of her conversion—followed by magnificent horses of Nedjid, which his slaves were leading by the hand, accompanied Omar in his stations around the holy edifice. A Bedouin of the tribe of Fezara, who was walking behind him, trode on the tail of his cloak, and made it fall from off his shoulders. Djabalah turned round angry, gave this man a slap, and cut him on the face. The Fezarian claimed of Omar satisfaction for this outrage. "Thou hast stricken him?" asked the Khalif of Djabalah. "Yes," replied the latter, "and but for my veneration for the Kaaba, I would have cloven his head with my sword." "Thou avowest the act," rejoined Omar; "thou must purchase then from the offended party a desistance from the complaint." "And if I am unwilling to do it?" "Then thou wilt be subject to the penalty of retaliation. I will order that this Bedouin shall strike thee upon the face, as thou hast stricken him." "But I am a king, and he is but an obscure individual." "The king and the beggar are equal before the Mussulman law; thou hast over him but the superiority of physical force." "I had thought I would be still more honored in Islamism than in my former religion." "No more words; satisfy the complainant or submit to retaliation." "I will rather return to Christianity."



"In that case I will have thee beheaded," replied Omar; "it is the lot reserved for all abjuring believers." "Very well," said Djabalah, "give me at least until to-morrow to decide." The Khalif granted him the night for reflection. The Syrian prince, incapable of bending his pride to this equality and this humiliation, availed himself of the respite to make his escape, and take refuge with his riches at Constantinople.

Subsequently, in his exile, he wrote these verses:

"Would that my mother had not given me birth, or that I had resigned myself to the orders of Omar! Would that I were a simple camel-herd in the desert of Syria, or a slave of the children of Modhar! provided that I could live among my brothers of Arabia."

He died in negotiating his pardon with Omar, and in expressing his regrets for the loss of his country.

## XV.

The Arabian historians reckon thirty-six thousand cities, fortresses, villages, or tribes fallen already at this period under the dominion of Omar. His pride was not inflated by these vast successes of his arms. He conquered for Allah, not for his own glory. A Persian satrap being come to Medina about this time, and expecting to find around the Khalif the splendor which surrounds the kings of Persia, was confounded with astonishment when he was pointed out Omar, asleep on the pavement before the mosque, amid the poor of the city.

During this time, Amrou, his lieutenant, was conquering Egypt; Memphis and Alexandria fell into his hands. The inhabitants of the country, formed to docility of mind by servitude, and accustomed to change their gods in changing their masters, adopted in a body the dogma of the Mussulmans. Omar, consulted, it is said, by Amrou, as to what should be done with the library of Alexandria, the intellectual treasury of the world, responded to his lieutenant that he must give it to the flames. "If they contain the same matters as the Koran, the books are useless," said the Khalif; "and, if they contain things contrary to the Koran, they are pernicious."

Amrou, if we are to credit some obscure chroniclers, would have obeyed like a barbarian the order of a fanatic.

Omar, more relentless this day towards ideas than towards men, would then have meant, like all innovators armed with physical force, that the whole history of human thought should date but from the thought of Mahomet. It is this supposed crime against the human intellect that provoked future historians to forget his clement treatment of the Christians.

Omar was the victim of a judgment ingenious in form, iniquitous in substance, which he rendered himself at Medina. A Persian slave of the Arab Mogouir, named Firouz, came one day to complain to him of his master for imposing on him a tribute of two pieces of silver per day, while he was unable with the balance of the wages of his daily labor to support himself and his family. "How many trades can you work at?" asked the Khalif of the slave. "Three," replied Firouz; "that of carpenter, of architect, and of sculptor." "Well," said Omar, "the sum exacted of you does not seem to me excessive, since you are worth three men; you might be made to pay three pieces of silver per day. I myself," added he, "will employ you, if you desire, to erect a windmill for grinding the corn of the public granaries."

The slave, revolted at this injustice, said to him in retiring with murmurs that rumbled in his breast like an internal thunder; "Make thyself easy, I will construct thee a mill, which will be spoken of all over the earth, as long as the wheel of the firmament shall roll above the heads of mankind." "What does that man say?" asked Omar; "it seems to me as if the tone of his voice was a threat to my life."

The slave, in fact, returning to his house, arms himself with a chisel sharpened for his profession, and espying the Khalif at a moment when he was almost alone in the public square, plunged the edged implement in his breast; then striking with the same bloody weapon those who ran to aid the Khalif, and extending them dead at his feet, he struck at last himself, and died avenged upon the body of his oppressor.

## XVI.

Othman, elevated to the Khalifate, perished likewise a victim of civil discord; and after Othman, Ali, the cherished

disciple of Mahomet, to whom the prophet had given his daughter Fatima in marriage, a veritable Homeric hero, received the homages of the Mussulman faithful. His reign, at first troubled by the intrigues of the beautiful and eloquent Aïche, widow of Mahomet, who agitated the empire by her jealousies and ambition, was closed amid conquest. Aïche, vanquished, pardoned, and honored by her vanquisher, returned to wane in life at Medina in opulence. Ali had the bravery of Omar and the piety of Mahomet; he wrote verses and maxims that remain in Mussulman philosophy, if not quite as revelations, at least as inspirations of Islam. Many of them rival the wisdom and asceticism of the Christians. He often uttered this in his good fortune and in his reverses:

"He who would be rich without treasure, powerful without empire, a servant without a master, has only to despise the vanities of this world and make himself the servant of God: he will find those three things in him."

His reign witnessed the rise of the first schism in Islamism. Moawiah, son of Abou-Sofyan, had himself proclaimed Khalif at Damascus, while Ali was reigning at Medina, and was the chief of the dynasty of the Ommiads. Ali, assassinated in the mosque, by a fanatic of the sect of the Khoregites, left two sons. The elder, Hassan, succeeded him: but feeble and a lover of peace, he soon resigned in favor of Moawiah, his rival. The younger, Hossein, took up the banner of Ali against the Khalif Yezid, son of Moawiah. He was killed on the frontiers of Persia, in an ambuscade which the partisans of Yezid had laid for him. One of the murderers of Hossein was charged to carry his severed head to the general of Yezid at Koufah. This man, finding the gates of the city shut up, returned and entered to pass the night at his house, which was situated outside of the town. He awoke his slumbering wife and said to her: "I bring with me the most precious present that has been ever made the Khalif." "What is it then?" asked the wife. "It is the head of Hossein," replied the warrior; "here it is; I am charged to present it to the general of Yezid." The wife, indignant and affrighted at the sacrilege, in thinking that Hossein was the son of Fatima and grandson of the prophet, flung herself out of bed and cried aloud with horror, refusing to be soothed by her husband. "I will never allow the touch of a man who brings me the head of a grandson of the prophet."

The warrior called another of his wives to pass the night with him. But this woman could not sleep a single instant in the room, dazzled as she was, she said, by a luminous halo that issued from the eyes, the brow and blood of Hossein.

Zaynab, the sister of Hossein, had been the faithful companion of the perils and the exploits of her brother. She was led captive with her young nephew Ali, still an infant, before the lieutenant of Yezid. This person ordered the infant to be put to death, to cut off in his person the root of the schism. "Begin by killing me," cried Zaynab as she covered with her body the son of her brother. The vanquisher intimidated by this woman, did not dare to consummate his crime. He confined himself to sending to the Khalif of Damascus Zaynab and her nephew bound in chains, of which the iron links were mutilating their arms and legs. Yezid, on receiving these remains of the family of his rival, was indignant at his lieutenant, had the irons struck off from Zaynab and her nephew, and after having received and honored them in his own palace, had them re-conducted respectfully to Medina laden with presents.

The murder of Hossein, son of Ali, whose death was celebrated as a martyrdom and commemorated from age to age by the partisans of Ali, became the date and the consecration of the great schism which divides still the Persians and the Turks as to the legitimacy of the Khalifate. The Schutes, partisans of Ali, whom they regard as the legitimate heir of the prophet, vindicated a long time for the descendants of the prophet the right to the pontificate and to the empire. But the victory was to remain with the Sonnites or tradition party, who recognized the authority of the three first successors of Mahomet, together with that of the Omniads.

The Khalifs of this latter party, masters, sometimes contested, at other times acknowledged, of the whole empire, selected for their capital the wealthy and voluptuous city of Damascus, where the luxury and the pleasures of Syria soon corrupted the sanctity and the asceticism of the children of the desert. But the word of the prophet and their own arms continued to conquer to them the East and the West. Northern Africa, Spain and Southern Gaul were invaded, and the battle of Tours, gained by Charles-Martel alone saved, in 732 of Jesus Christ, Christianity from the yoke of Islamism.

## XVII.

In Asia, the name of the Turks makes its first serious appearance in the annals of the Mussulmans. A lieutenant of the Khalif, named Kotaibah, governor of Khorasan, a province formerly Persian, which confines on the north with Turkestan, crossed the Oxus at the head of a numerous army, near a century after the Hegira or flight of Mahomet to Medina, and advanced as far as Samarcand. The city, filled with thousands of defenders, shut its gates. "The oracles," cried the heralds of Samarcand, in raillery of the impotence of the Arabs, "have declared that Samarcand will never be taken until a camel-driver can enter it as conqueror." This defiance was reported to Kotaibah. "Very well," said he, "let us give thanks to Allah, I am the person whom he has designated to conquer this capital, for in my youth it used to be said of me that I would never be but a camel-driver. These words reanimated the soldiers, and diffusing terror among the Turks, subdued one superstition by another. Samarcand submitted and paid an annual tribute of a million pieces of gold and three thousand slaves.

Kotaibah, clement towards the people, implacable to idolatry, planted Islamism in Turkestan. The inhabitants of these countries, accustomed to see in victory the law of God, soon brought into the worship of the one God the fanaticism which they had long cherished towards their idols. Without fixed country in those steppes, where they grazed indifferently their flocks, they chose the paradise of the Mussulmans for their veritable home, and became the savage but invincible apostles of the new faith.

## XVIII.

While Kotaibah was subjugating the Transoxian regions, another lieutenant of the Ommiads made himself master of the valley of the Indus. But there the conquests of the Arabs were to stop : the Khalif Solyman, successor of Walid, jealous of the glory of the generals selected by his brother, took from them the command, and condemned their victorious troops to inaction. To the tumult of foreign war succeeded the fire of rebellion. The party of Ali took up arms anew against the Ommiads, and, in the midst of these disas-

trous contests, the descendants of Abbas, the uncle of Mahomet, usurped the sovereign authority.

The reign of Yezid II., ninth Ommiad Khalif, shows to what a degree of weakness were already descended those princes, but a little previously still so valiant.

To all his wives, Yezid preferred two young Syrian women, the one named Selamah, the other Habbha. One day of autumn, as he was relaxing himself from the weight of empire in their company, in his gardens, on the banks of the Jordan, Yezid amused himself in throwing from a distance, into the open mouths of the favorites, grains of raisin of Palestine, which are larger and more oval than those of Europe. Habbha received, laughing, the grains of raisin in her mouth, and the Khalif admired her grace and her address. Unfortunately one of the grains stuck in the throat of the fair Syrian, and so shut the passage of respiration, that she expired, suffocated in the act of laughter, in the arms of the Khalif.

Despair for the loss of his idol, pushed to frenzy the Khalif's grief. He carried himself the body of Habbha into his own apartment, laid it out upon his carpet, and refusing to let the adored relics be covered beneath the earth, he shut himself up with the corpse, until the decomposition of the elements composing the human body had torn from him, one by one, the charms of his favorite, without being able to divest him of his love. It was not till after eight days and nights of this impassioned contemplation, that his courtiers were able to force off the body from the palace, and deposit Habbha in the tomb. The Khalif could not survive her, and died of this separation, demanding to rejoin, in the same tomb, that cherished dust which, since it left him on the earth, had made the rest of earth as nothing to him.

With the fall of the Ommiads of Damascus (750 of Christ), commences the dismemberment of the empire of the Arabs. Whilst the Abassids found Bagdad, fix in this city their residence, and turning their whole attention to the cultivation of the sciences and letters, give the most vivid impulsion to the Arabian schools, which form the link between the Greek school of Alexandria and the moderns, the Khalifate of Cordova is seen to spring up in Spain, that of Cairo in Egypt, and the Mussulman unity is at an end. To the brilliant reigns of Haroun-al-Raschid and of Almamoun, the Augustus of the Arabs, succeeded the incapable princes who

formed their body-guard of Turkish slaves ; and this guard, renewing soon after the excesses of the Prætorians of Rome, disposed of the throne by means of palace revolutions. Accordingly, when in the eleventh century the Seldjukid Turks, masters of Transoxiana and of Khorassan, will seize upon Persia and Asia Minor, they will find brethren in the ranks of the enemy. After them will come the Mongols and Genghis-Khan ; then, in fine, the Ottoman Turks, of whom we are going to sketch the conquests.

We will pursue no farther the history of the Khalifs and the reigns of those warriors, lawgivers, and pontiffs who, in giving body, arms, laws, manners, policy to the idea of a poor prophet of the desert, had conquered a large portion of the three continents of the old world. We leave the narrative at this point of junction between the faith of Mahomet and the Turkish race, to concentrate the entire interest upon the new conquerors, who make, in turn, their appearance upon the stage of events.

## XIX.

The Turks were, in their origin, one of those pastoral tribes, proceeding from that immense reservoir of humanity which nature would seem to have kept upon the table-land of Upper Tartary, to pour the contents, at her chosen hour, into China, into Western Asia, into Europe, and even into Africa. This basin, which extends, uncultivated, from the frontiers of China to Thibet, and from the extremity of Thibet to the Caspian Sea, produces, since the known origin of the world, but men and flocks. It is the largest pasture field that the globe has spread beneath the foot of the human race, to multiply the milk which quenches man's thirst ; the ox that feeds him, the horse that carries him, the camel that follows him, bearing his family and his tent, the sheep that clothes him with its fleece. Not a tree is to be seen there to cast its shade upon the earth, or supply a covert for fierce or noxious animals. Grass is the sole vegetable. Nourished by a soil without stones, and of great depth, like the slimy and saline bottom of some ocean, emptied by a cataclysm ; watered by the oozings of the Alps of Thibet, the loftiest summits of Asia ; preserved during the long winters by a carpet of snow, propitious to vegetation ; warmed in spring by a sun without a cloud ; sustained by a cool temperature

that never mounts to the height of parching, grass finds there as it were its natural climate. It supplies there all other plants, all other fruits, all other crops. It attracted thither the ruminant animals—the ruminant animals attracted man. They feed, they fatten, they give their milk, they grow their hair, their fur, or their wool for their master. After death they bequeathe their skin for his domestic uses. Man, in such countries, needs no cultivation to give him food and drink, nor fixed dwellings, nor fields inclosed and divided for appropriation. The immeasurable spaces over which he is obliged to follow the peregrinations of his moving property, leads him in its train. He takes with him but his tent, which is carried from steppe to steppe, according as the grass is browsed upon a certain zone around him; or he harnesses his oxen to his leather-covered wagon, the movable mansion of his family. Like the Scythian, he shifts his climate with the seasons. The leisure of such a life, wherein the ideas are as unsolicited as the wants are limited and easily satisfied, gives to man but a small number of occupations and passions, compatible with a pastoral civilization; such as love, revery, religion, sometimes, though rarely, war, when space becomes too narrow for the swarms that seek to overflow the human hive in the excess of its repletion. Astronomy, that views the heavens in the serenity of night; epic poetry, which recounts, in mixing them with fable, the traditions of the tribes, are almost the sole arts of these peoples. Their morals are pure, because they have few laws to violate, and because they follow, without restraint almost, the simple laws of nature. The paternal authority, that monarchy of the family, is their only authority; their voluntary submission is an instinct, rather than a submission to a tyranny. This government, of which the inheritance is in the blood, not in social compacts, is transmitted from generation to generation. When the family is extended, it becomes a tribe; the chief of the tribe becomes then a political power,—a Sheik, as in Arabia; a Khan, as in Tartary. A collection of tribes forms a race, a nation. But these chiefs of tribes, of races, of nations, although invested with the absolute paternal authority, summed up in their person, never exercise it but in imitation of the manners of the family, that is to say, in council with the principal chiefs of the tents or of the tribes. They become dynasties and monarchies but after the great armed emigrations that they



succeed in leading to victory, and after establishing themselves in the countries conquered by arms. Then they alter, by little and little, their manners. The tribes disappear, the peoples commence; the monarchies are fused, the dynasties are consecrated, and become almost divinities of political power, shades of God himself. Such are those Tartars of the great Tartary, from whom issued, successively, by divers routes and different swarmings, the twenty-four Turkish tribes, Tartars by birth, nomads by manners, idolaters by religion, shepherds by occupation, warriors by circumstance and heart.

Let us leave these different groups of shepherd warriors to divide and to diffuse themselves, some into Turkestan, to which they gave their name, others along to the shores of the Caspian Sea and the valleys of Armenia. Let us confine the narrative to that portion of those Turks who, after having adopted Islamism and traversed Syria, towards the year 627 of the Hegira, or the 13th century of Jesus Christ, conquered, step by step, Asia Minor, and founded the Ottoman empire.

## XX.

Towards the year 1285 of the Christian era, the Seldjukid Sultan of Iconium ceded to Ertogrul, the chief of one of those scattered populations of Turks, a wild territory called the "region of pastures," in the Black Mountains, a ramification of the Taurus, between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, not far from the city of Angora. This concession of territory was made to Ertogrul and his fifty thousand companions in recompense of the aid which those shepherd warriors had given to the Seldjukid. princes against the Tartars or Mongols. There was added to this gift the sovereignty of the city of Seraidjuk. It comprised the whole territory of ancient Phrygia. There is to be seen there to this day, upon a slope of gardens and vineyards in the environs of Dorylea, a city celebrated in the Crusades, the tomb of Ertogrul, this shepherd of the Ottomans, who conducted them to their land of promise. Not far from this sepulchre is seen the village of Itbourouni (*dog's-muzzle*), where dwelt the beautiful Malkatoun, the lover of Othman or Osman, son of Ertogrul and father of the Osmanlis, another name of the Turks. Farther on, and by Indeni, is the

Turkish village of Akbüt, or of the *White Moustache*, from the name of the old Turkish companion of Othman.

Ertogrul, established in this oasis of shepherds in the midst of the mountains of Phrygia, had a dream like the patriarch Jacob. He dreamt that he was travelling in a foreign land, and that he received hospitality from a hermit beloved by God. A book lay upon a board nailed to the wall in the chamber where he was about to sleep. "What book is that?" demanded he of the hermit. "It is the word of God or the Koran," was the reply. When the old man had retired, Ertogrul took the book furtively and read it standing up during the whole night without closing an eye. At the dawning of day he slumbered a little, and he heard during this dozing a celestial voice saying to him: "Since thou hast read with so much reverence my eternal word, thy children and thy children's children shall be for ever honored upon this earth."

Ertogrul in Turkish means the *man of upright heart*.

A short time after was born Othman, eldest son of Ertogrul.

When he became of age to combat and to love, Othman inspired admiration by his bravery and by his goodness, the double heritage of his father. A learned Arab sheik, a native of Adana, a city of the Syrian Taurus, came to reside in the village of Itbourouni, adjacent to the residence of Ertogrul, to teach the laws of the country to the Turks. Othman, who went frequently to visit this sage, observed one day his daughter Malkatoun, a name which means *the treasure of the eyes*. The beauty of Malkatoun, celebrated afterwards throughout the whole East, dazzled Othman. He asked her in marriage of her father, the Sheik Edeballi. The Sheik, fearing for the happiness of his daughter the disdain of the family of Othman, too superior to his obscurity, refused him Malkatoun. Other neighboring princes, attracted by the girl's beauty, proposed for her, all of them in vain. Othman battled during two years in a contest for her with his rivals. His constancy in the mean time touched the heart of Edeballi. Patience, according to the Arabs, is the price that God sets on all felicity.

One day Othman, more dejected but more persevering than ordinary, had come to ask hospitality from his master Edeballi for a night, hoping always to get a glance at least at Malkatoun. He had a dream like Ertogrul. In this

dream the globe of the moon, issuing from the breast of Edeballi, came to repose upon his own bosom ; then a tree began to vegetate before him, and covered in a few moments with its branches the earth and seas, to the extremity of the horizon of the three continents, Europe, Asia and Africa. Four enormous mountains, the Caucasus, the Atlas, the Taurus, the Hemus, supported like four pillars the overladen branches of the tree. From the sides of these mountains ran respectively four rivers ; the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Nile, and the Danube. Their beds, in widening, watered countries verdant with pastures, yellow with harvests, dark with forests, and wafted vessels to the four seas. Towers, fortified cities, domes, cupolas, minarets, obelisks, pyramids crowned with the sign of the crescent of the moon, arose along the verge of valleys amid roses and cypresses. Harmonious invitations to prayer, like to the melodies of the celestial Bulbuls, were poured from the summits of those graceful monuments upon the air. All of a sudden the branches and the leaves of the trees gleamed like lance points and sabre blades, and were turned by a puff of wind towards Constantinople. Then this capital, situated between two seas, sparkled like the sapphire of a ring between two emeralds. It was the nuptial ring of the marriage of Othman with the capital of the world. He was just about to wear it on his finger when he awoke.

## XXI.

The young warrior related, on rising in the morning, his dream to the father of Malkatoun. The old man could not fail to see, in the moon that issued from his breast to go sink into the breast of Othman, the image of his daughter ; and in the tree with universal branches, a sign of the greatness of the race of Othman. He yielded Malkatoun to that supernatural intervention of God. Although Othman had not made, as yet, a complete profession of Islamism, the conversion was soon accomplished by love. The marriage of the young Turk and the beautiful Syrian was celebrated according to the Mahometan ritual, by a dervish, named Touroud, a friend of Edeballi. Othman, in recompense, promised to Touroud a mosque for Allah and a house for himself, in a valley on the bank of a river, when the destiny of the dream should be accomplished. The mosque, the house, the name

and the race of Touroud, subsist still in the environs of Earmeni.

## XXII.

A few years after the union of the two lovers, the dream began to be accomplished by the first hostilities between the Turks and the Greeks. The pastures which were conterminous, and which the shepherds used to dispute for and wrest alternately from each other, taking off the flocks by way of reprisals, were the first occasions of the contact and the conflict of the two races. The long wars of the conquerors began by quarrels among shepherds.

Before relating the exploits of Othman and the fresh conquests of Islamism from the Byzantine empire, let us cast a glance over the caducity of this empire.

Since Constantine had changed the capital, the Roman empire, too unwieldy to be managed by a single hand, commenced immediately to fall into dissolution. Divided between the sons of Theodosius into two empires, the Byzantine empire, to which its capital Byzantium gave its name, preserved for some time, against the barbarians of the East, something of that superstitious terror that Rome preserved against the barbarians of the West. Its limits, long respected, extended from the Tigris along to the Adriatic, and from the confines of Scythia, now Russia, along to Ethiopia, where lie concealed the fountains of the Nile. Amongst the numerous heterogeneous populations submitted to the laws of this empire, the Greeks predominated by number, by the nobility of their origin, by the Christian religion primitively adopted, organized, propagated, interpreted in the East—in fine, by arts, by eloquence, by wealth, by policy. In transplanting the empire of Rome to Byzantium, Constantine made a change not only of capital and religion, but also of race. All was become Greek in Greece, and Asiatic in Asia. The emperors and Romans of the East had retained of the Romans of Italy but their pride and their despotism. The same vices flowed, but in another blood. Byzantium might have been taken for a Persian colony. The surnames of Cæsar or Augustus, retained to the possessor, to the heirs or to the colleagues in the empire, affected in vain, with the Roman acceptations, a resemblance which no more existed in the manners. Theological disputes upon the mysteries of religion were become the sole texts of con-

versation and discussion; the petty factions of the circus substituted the great factions of the forum; luxury, licentiousness of morals, effeminacy, the domination of eunuchs and women in the government, had from reign to reign emasculated the national arm and character. The palaces of Constantinople surpassed in magnificence those of Nero at Rome, and those of the kings at Persepolis. The pomp of public ceremonies took the place of the pomp of triumphs. The very costume of the later emperors, described by St. John Chrysostom, reminded less of the descendants of Romulus than of the successors of Xerxes.

"The emperor," says this writer, "wears on his head either a diadem or a crown of gold enriched with jewels of inestimable price. These ornaments together with garments dyed in purple, are reserved exclusively for his sacred person. His robes of silk are ornamented with embroidery in gold, representing dragons. His throne is of massive gold. He appears in public, but surrounded by his courtiers, his guards, and attendants. Their lances, their bucklers, their cuirasses, the bridles and harness of their horses, are of gold, at least to appearance. The large plate of gold that shines in the centre of their buckler is encircled with smaller ones, which represent the form of the eye. The two mules harnessed to the chariot of the emperor are perfectly white and all covered with gold. The chariot, of pure and massive gold, excites the admiration of the spectators; they contemplate the purple curtains, the whiteness of the cushions, the value of the diamonds and plates of gold that shed their most dazzling splendor when they scintillate from agitation by the motion of the chariot. The portraits of the emperor are painted white upon a ground of azure. The monarch is represented seated upon a throne, arrayed in armor; his horses and his guards are at his side, and his enemies vanquished in chains at his feet."

The people had lost under this discipline all remembrance of their antique liberty. Servility was become the glory of the subjects, only corrected now and then by revolt and assassination. Asiatic slavery had passed into the public manners. The princes measured their elevation only by the abasement of their subjects. Such a nation enslaved to all the caprices of a master, of eunuchs, of favorites, of wives or courtesans, was equally incapable of respecting itself.

and of defending itself against the insolence of the barbarians who bordered it. Eunuchs—slaves bred in the most abject offices of the palace, received the command of armies and the titles of patrician, of consul, of father of the country. They had statues raised to them of marble and bronze in the Senate—that vain shadow of the Roman Senate preserved at Constantinople as a sort of mock palladium of liberty.

“One man,” says the historian, indignant at these turpitudes, “auctions, cuts up, retails, vends the Roman provinces from the Euphrates along to Mount Hemus; another obtains the proconsulate of Asia in exchange for a delicious country residence; a third buys off entire Syria with the diamonds of his wife; a fourth complains of having sacrificed all his patrimony to obtain the government of Bithynia. The tariff of all the provinces to be sold to the highest bidder may be seen placarded upon the walls of the palace; and as the eunuch has been sold himself, he would like to sell entire humanity. Such are,” adds the writer, “the fruits of the valor of the Romans, of the defeat of Antiochus and of the triumphs of Pompey.”

A government so venal and so corrupt, encouraged, for the period of two centuries, the barbarians. The Huns ravaged Persia, Attila subjugated Sarmatia and Germany. His hordes advanced to the walls of Constantinople. The emperors purchased their safety with gold instead of purchasing it with blood. They enrolled the Bulgarians, the Goths, the Turks, in the imperial guard, to the end of co-interesting the enemies of the empire in the defence of what remained of the empire, by participation in the dignities and treasures of the empire. The sea was not more secure to them than the land. Adventurers, Norman and Slav, sometimes rivals, sometimes allies of the savage tribes of the Lake of Ladoga, founded subsequently at Kief the Russian monarchy, descended the Borysthenes to the south, and made their entrance into the Black Sea. Novogorod and Moscow, those Samarcands of the North, sprung up from the forests of pine; the fleets of these Cossacks were formed of a cloud of canoes hollowed from the trunks of immense trees. These canoes, bordered with elevated planks, but without decks, carried from forty to sixty warriors with the necessary arms and provisions for the expedition. Two thousand of these canoes coasting along the Black Sea, used to force sometimes the entrance of the Bosphorus, and come up to the very harbor

of Constantinople to impose menaces and ransoms upon the emperors. The Greek fire—that last weapon of the Greeks, of which the secret is lost with them—used to burn in vain their fleets. They sprung up with the ensuing spring like marine vegetations. The Greeks purchased peace by tributes. “Let us be content,” the Russian old men used to say to the young people who complained of their consenting to the treaties and tributes of the Byzantines. “Is it not better to obtain, without fighting, the gold, the silver, the silk, the precious stones of these people? Are we always sure of victory? Can we sign a pact with the billows and the winds of the Euxine? We float upon the abyss of lakes, and death is often hanging in a wave above our heads.”

It is not known what prophetic presentiment announced already to the Greeks that these mysterious populations, concealed as yet behind the marshes of the Borysthenes, and that those fleets which seemed to descend from the polar circle, were the menacing usurpers of their Oriental patrimony. An obscure inscription, graven on the pedestal of an ancient equestrian statue at Byzantium, signified, it is said, that the Russians would one day reign over the Greek empire of Byzantium, of which this bronze horseman took possession so long in advance.

### XXIII.

Already in 1085, the Seldjukid Turks, masters of Persia, had reduced the Arabian Khalifs to the rank of pontiffs, whose dogmas they adored, but whose arms and provinces they usurped, strong in the title of temporal lieutenant of the vicar of the prophet. Togrul-Beg, at the head of three hundred thousand men of his race, entered Bagdad under the name of Sultan. Respectful in his omnipotence, he held on foot the bridle of the Khalif's horse, in conducting him from the prison wherein his enemies had shut him up in the palace.

The Khalif, to cement this forced alliance with the Turks, took among the number of his wives a sister of the Sultan; but he had, through pride of race, refused the latter his own daughter in marriage as long as he lived. Togrul the grandson of Seldjuk, head of the dynasty of the Seldjukida, died amid his triumphs. Alp-Arsian, or the *generous lion*, nephew of Togrul-Beg, succeeded him. Impatient

of repose, and not content with the empire of Asia submitted without remonstrance to his race, Alp-Arslan crossed the Euphrates, inundated with a deluge of Turks the whole immense country comprised between the Caspian Sea, the Taurus and the Black Sea. Armenia, Georgia, and the Caucasus were subjugated. The Greeks had evacuated these provinces and taken refuge in the provinces of Europe.

The empress Eudoxia, feeling that no safety was to be looked for from the enervated race of the Greeks, espoused a soldier of the barbarians, but brave and faithful, named Romain Diogenes, to interest him in the safety of his sovereign by a share in the throne.

Romain drove back at first with success the Tartar hordes, and wrested from them by dint of heroism, Phrygia, Cappadocia, and Armenia. But Alp-Arslan, having hastened to the aid of his defeated tribes, with the flower of his cavalry, threw down his Tartar bow and Persian arrows as a weapon unworthy of the crisis, took a mattock and a sabre, robed himself in white costume to make himself conspicuous, and perfumed himself with musk, an Oriental cordial that gives courage to the Turks; the field of battle was to be the spot of his victory or of his grave. A long-lived summer day saw flow the blood of the two races. In the evening Asia Minor was lost anew to the Greeks. Romain surrendered himself, but covered with wounds and lying by the body of the tenth horse that was killed under him. A slave and a barbarian soldier, deserters from the guards, who recognized him as having seen him on the throne of Eudoxia at Constantinople, conducted him to the Sultan. Alp-Arslan commanded him to kiss the earth in his presence and placed his blood-smeared foot on the nape of the emperor. The Greeks present burst into tears. But Alp-Arslan, after this token of subjection imposed on the vanquished, raised him up, took him by the hand, embraced and consoled him for his defeat: "I have learned," said he, "to respect the dignity of my equals in courage and also the vicissitudes of fortune. What fate dost thou expect from me?" asked he of Romain.

"If thou art cruel," replied the vanquished emperor, "thou wilt put me to death; if thou art haughty, thou wilt drag me in chains behind thy chariot; if thou art wise and clement, thou wilt make me pay a ransom, and restore me to the possession of my empire." Alp-Arslan was worthy of his name.



A million pieces of gold was the ransom of Romain Diogenes, and the Greeks engaged to pay annually a tribute of four hundred thousand pieces of gold to the Sultan.

Arrived at the gates of Constantinople, Romain learned that the empire was in insurrection against him on account of his defeat. He was able to collect but a thousand pieces of gold for his ransom: he sent them to Alp-Arslan. The Sultan, touched at this impotent fidelity, exacted but what was possible to the vanquished. He armed himself anew to come to deliver and to crown Romain. But Romain perished in his prison before the arrival of the Sultan. Anatolia, Antioch, Colchos, Armenia, the Asiatic borders of the Black Sea, sufficed for the ambition of Alp-Arslan. His tents covered thenceforth the whole of Western Asia. Twelve hundred Tartar princes, or sons of princes, surrounded his throne; two hundred thousand warriors moved at his word, from Bagdad to Trebizond. Wishing to re-cross the Oxus to exterminate, in Turkestan, his former residence, the Sultan of Kharism, a bridge was thrown, by his orders, across the river; and the multitude of his troops was such that the passage of the men from one bank to the other lasted, without interruption, for twenty days and twenty nights.

The Sultan of Kharism, vanquished, was brought before the conqueror. Alp-Arslan, forgetful of his usual generosity, ordered him to be tied by the four limbs to four posts and to be left to die torturingly in this condition. The prisoner, indignant at this barbarity, escaped from his guards, ran to the throne, and drawing a dagger from his bosom, plunged it in the breast of his executioner.

"I have deserved it," said Alp-Arslan, wounded mortally; "in my youth a sage advised me to humble myself before God, to distrust my power, and never to disdain the least of my enemies. I have neglected this advice; I am justly punished for my pride. When yesterday, from the height of my throne, I counted the numberless battalions, the discipline and the bravery of my army, the entire earth appeared to tremble beneath the tread of my horse. I said to myself: 'Thou art surely the most powerful monarch of the universe, and the most invincible of warriors;' and now these troops are mine no more. I die!" . . .

He was buried in the sepulchre of the Seldjukid sultans, and on his tomb was inscribed this epitaph of all the grandseurs and the prides of earth: "*You who have seen the glory*

*of Alp-Arslan soar to the stars, come hither and you will see his dust."*

The Seldjukid Turks, after the death of Alp-Arslan, continued to diffuse themselves over Western Asia, under the glorious reign of Malik-Schah and his successors, to compress gradually the Greek empire within the walls of the capital. The sons of Eudoxia used to give banquets to the emirs in the suburbs of Scutari, in front of their palace of Europe. The barbarian and the Greek frontiers were in contact at Nicomedia. The Christian emperors leagued secretly with the Mussulman sultan against the Crusaders come to avenge Christianity. The Crusaders, impelled—against nature, manners, climate, but by a pious folly—towards Palestine, bestrewed with their bones the lands and the seas of the East. They conquered but the sepulchre of Christ. The tide of Islamism, a moment rolled back, returned overwhelmingly upon them. The Greek race, too old and too exhausted to bear a new and a severe religion like Christianity, dissolved it into theological quibbling which was obliged to borrow substance from idolatry. Christianity, vitiated by the Greeks, flourished, on the contrary, in the West, and was doomed to vivify the empire of the successors of Charlemagne.

The faith of the East had found its prophet in Arabia. The Roman race was exhausted at Constantinople; the race of the conquerors was young. It needed but a hero to conduct it from one bank of the Bosphorus to the other in Europe. Othman was about to appear. Let us resume the history of the patriarch of the Ottomans or Osmanlis.

## BOOK THIRD.

## I.

THE Alpine country, inhabited by the tribe of Ertogrul and of Othman, his son, was situated at the mouth of the deep and rugged valleys that open their defiles and pour their torrents into the vast basin of Nicomedia, Nice, Broussa, Gallipoli and Constantinople. The inland Sea of Marmora, like an island-dotted lake, extends into this basin between Europe and Asia, narrowed on one side by the Bosphorus, on the other by the Dardanelles.

Through the Bosphorus, which winds beneath the hills of Constantinople, the Sea of Marmora communicates with the Black Sea; through the Straits of the Dardanelles it spills its waters in the Mediterranean. Its level and fertile shores were bordered, like a vast quay, with roads, with harbors, with villages, with cities. Innumerable sails bore unceasingly between its opposite coasts, the merchandise and the passengers that the interior and foreign commerce of the Greeks exchanged from Europe to Asia, and from Asia to Africa. These provinces were the heart of the Greek empire. In proportion as it receded, by the loss of Egypt, of Mesopotamia, of Syria, and of Anatolia, it was restricted within this garden and around the Byzantine Lake. From the terraces of his palace, the Greek emperor, Andronicus, who then reigned, could take in with the eye the whole space subject to his dominion. A sea, a hundred islands, and two capitals, left him still, however, the illusions of past greatness.

The first of these capitals, more like an empire than a city, was Constantinople, extending on the one hand over hills and valleys in Europe, and on the other overflowing into Scutari in Asia. The second capital—of which were

describable the white and manteletted walls, and dark forests at the foot of Mount Olympus of Bithynia, dazzling with eternal snows—was Broussa, the ancient royal city of that province. Broussa, of which tradition ascribed the origin to Hannibal in his refuge to King Prusias to fly the ingratitude of his fellow-citizens, arose at some distance from the Straits of the Dardanelles, upon one of the headlands of Mount Olympus, like an advanced citadel of Asia, commanding at once the sea and the land. Its culminant situation, its temperate climate, the forests that lent it shelter from behind, the foaming rivulets wherewith the snows dissolved upon its mountains used to water during summer its declivities, the thermal springs, which attracted strangers from all the countries of the East and Europe, the shade of its plane-trees, the leaf of its mulberries, the purple of its vines, the fecundity of its fields in corn and in pasturage, had attracted immemorially within its walls and surrounding country a vast and an active population. It surpassed Constantinople in site, it almost equalled it in the number and the opulence of the inhabitants. The Greek emperors had a summer palace there, which rivalled in sumptuousness those of Adrianople and of Constantinople. Broussa was, besides, to them the key and bulwark of their possessions in Asia. The defiles which are cut among the roots of Mount Olympus on the east and the north side—defiles that after winding round the plains of Nice and Nicomedia, penetrate the mountainous provinces of Lydia, of Phrygia, of Carmania, and of Mount Taurus—had been providently shut in, by Belisarius, with fortified cities, with castles deemed inexpugnable, to bar the flood of barbarians which was expected through these valleys.

These citadels, these castles, these defiles—advanced posts of the empire behind Bithynian Olympus, were possessed hereditarily in fief by Greek vassals, who answered for security on that side. But after the overflow of the Seldjukid tribes, with whom Alp-Arslan inundated Anatolia, the Turkish villages were mixed confusedly in these valleys with the Greek. The two contiguous races, although jealous of one another, lived sometimes on good terms, and now at enmity and local war, according as the genius of their chiefs inclined to conquest or to pastoral life. Each district, each village, each stronghold, was abandoned to its own means of defence. The Greek emperors, menaced on all sides by the

Bulgarians, by the Servians, by the Russians in Europe, and by the Turks and the Mongols in Asia, menaced moreover by the factions that agitated their capital, had not troops enough to succor their abandoned vassals. The sole obstacle to a more rapid universal invasion of the Turks, was their small number. The differences of race and the horror of the new religion fought alone on the side of the Greek populations, against the race and the religion of the shepherds of Tartary.

## II.

One of the fortresses that covered the defiles of Mount Olympus was named Angelocomo. It observed the route from Broussa to Kutaiah. Every year at the season when the flocks of Ertogrul mounted in quest of fresh pastures to the higher regions of the mountains, and in the season when these herds came down from the mountains into the plain, the inhabitants of the fortress were wont to insult the shepherds, and to disperse the sheep of the Turks. Ertogrul, grown old and inclined to peace, made complaint to the master of the fortress. The latter recriminated against the Turkish shepherds, who provoked, he said, the Greek shepherds and used to strike them with their bows. Ertogrul, for the sake of harmony, proposed to the Byzantine baron to disarm his shepherds during the pasture season on the mountains. He offered, moreover, to make these Turks deposit in the fortress of Angelocomo whatever they possessed of value, as a guarantee of good conduct; these deposits to be given back only on their return from the high places.

The Greeks accepted these conditions, made in good faith by Ertogrul, the *man of the sincere heart*. He only, by excess of prudence, exacted that the pledges should be brought to the fortress, not by armed men, from whom he dreaded some surprise, but by the women of the tribe, whose weakness gave assurance against all violence.

Ertogrul accepted still this humiliating condition. The pledges were deposited and restored on both sides during several seasons with a fidelity that did much honor to the two races. Othman, the son of Ertogrul, and the husband of the beautiful Malkatoun, recognizing the fidelity of the Byzantine lord, used to bring him every year, on the return

of the flocks, a present of a richly colored carpet, such as the wives of the Turcomans weave still at this day, from goat's hair; also black lambskins, horse harnesses in dressed leather, cheese and honey, the produce of his flocks and of his hives. But the insolence with which the feudal magnate received these voluntary presents, as if a tribute of vassality, at last revolted the pride of Othman. He opened his purpose to some of his companions of war, and to some old counsellors of Ertogrul his father, the three Alps or heroes of the tribe.

Under pretext of carrying as usual, by the hands of women, to the Greek fortress of Angelocomo the accustomed presents, sixty warriors covered with long cloaks and veils of women, and having arms instead of carpets, of honey and of fruits, in the sacks suspended at the sides of their camels, introduced themselves into the fortress. They were, at a given signal, to pull off their veils, draw their sabres and take possession of the place.

During this surprise, Othman, concealed in a pine grove hard by at the head of one hundred chosen horsemen, was to attack the escort of the keeper of Angelocomo, which was returning the same night from an expedition against other Turks. The subterfuge deceived the garrison; the combat between Othman and the escort took place in the defile of Hermeni. Othman was victorious at once in the fortress and in the field. But several of his warriors lost their lives in the bloody contest. One of his nephews, named Baiködschah, remained among the dead. He was honored with a tumular cupola on the banks of a rivulet.

### III.

This conquest encouraged Othman to higher ambition and higher audacity. He marched with all his warriors against the Greek masters of the castle of Kara-Hissar (the black fortress), built at the issue of their defiles upon the last elevations that bound the plain of Bithynia, at the foot Mount Olympus. Victorious in the battle of Agridja, he established his capital at Kara-Hissar. The victory, this time too, had cost Othman the life of the youngest of his brothers, named Savedji. He was buried at the foot of a pine-tree, under which he had been slain.

The female mourners and the relatives of the young hero

suspended during many years lighted lamps to the boughs of the tree, so that the light, reflected from the leaves, used to give at a distance its branches the appearance of a luminous tree. Tradition still preserves to this spot the name of *Kandilli Tscham*, or the flaming pine. This phenomenon of mourning for the Turkish youth, passed afterwards for a phenomenon even of nature.

This same year, 687 of Mahomet, 1288 of Christ, Ertogrul expired of old age amid the presages of the glory of his son. As if to console Othman for the loss of his father, Malkatoun gave, at the same time, birth to the first-born of Othman, who was named Orkhan. The Sultan of the Seldjukid Turks, the third Alaeddin, who was still nominal suzerain of all the Turks, diffused throughout Syria and Anatolia, gave to Othman the city of Kara-Hissar, his conquest, with the title of emir or prince, which placed him on a footing with all the princes of his race. Othman received respectfully, in sign of investiture, a banner, a tymbal and a horse's tail. The gorges of Bithynia heard for the first time the musical instruments of the Tartars resound during the five prayers which the Koran imposes upon Mussulmans. The church of Kara-Hissar was converted into a mosque. Othman, counselled by the sage Edeballi, his father-in-law, administered justice himself every Friday, in the public market-place, and showed himself, not merely impartial, but from policy favorable, in his decisions, to the Christians. This justice and this favor which the Christians found from Othman attracted Greek population and commerce to Kara-Hissar. The Turkish emirs of the other provinces of Anatolia bore envy to his prosperity and glory. These rivalries did not impede him for a long time. He advanced slowly but continually, step after step, from Kara-Hissar upon Yenidje-Tarakdji, from this to Modreni, a city built between two mountains without shade, in which are manufactured the needles for women work. In winding thus around the foot of Mount Olympus, he planted from city to city the terror and the esteem of his name along to Broussa. He returned laden with spoils and with renown to Kara-Hissar. Treachery called him off a moment from that city to the ancient residence of his father Ertogrul, which Othman had intrusted to a Turkish commandant of Biledjik. This faithless and jealous vassal conspired against him. He invited Othman to his wedding with the daughter of a Greek nobleman (

named the beautiful Nilufer, in the intent of availing himself of the disorder of the festival to assassinate him. But Othman, apprised by his friend Mikhal, who had feigned to enter into the conspiracy, forestalled the traitor, seized by stratagem on Biledjik and slew the future spouse of Nilufer while he was leading his bride into the fortress. Othman gave the young woman to his young son Orkhan, aged twelve years, in recompense for the precocious bravery which he showed in the combat.

He marched in the next place against the fortress of Jar-Hissar, which belonged to the father of the beautiful Nilufer—the cause and the spoil of this war—and joined several mountainous provinces of Phrygia to his conquests. The death of Alaeddin III., the last of the Seldjukid Turks, in rendering the anarchy general, left Othman without a master in Syria, without an equal among the Turkish emirs, and by and by without an enemy before him along to Nice. He affected to date from this day his titles and rights to independent sovereignty, and coined money with his effigy at Kara-Hissar. Public prayer at the mosque, offered hitherto for Alaeddin, was made in the name of Othman. He distributed the cities and territories that he left behind among his brothers and generals. He gave to Orkhan, his son, the government of Kara-Hissar, under the tutelage of Malkatoun, his mother. As to himself, accompanied by his bravest warriors, he pushed constantly onward towards Mount Olympus, and towards the plain which is bathed at its foot by the Sea of Marmora.

#### IV.

The Greeks, of all those names of Turkish emirs who surrounded them, were acquainted with that of Othman alone. "Names," says the Koran, "come from heaven, and are the prophets of destiny." Othman signified *breaker of bones*. Resentment for a humiliation of his youth impelled him towards the city of Koepri-Hissar, or the *fortress of the bridges*. The governor of this fortress had formerly offered him a banquet under the fig-trees on the bank of the river; but in the midst of the festival he extended his hand to kiss to the child, as yet obscure, of Ertogrul. Othman kissed the hand, but kept remembrance of the insult. He wished at any cost to avenge it. The passion so deranged his



reason, that, having experienced in the council where he proposed this expedition, a rebuke from his uncle, Dundar, brother of Ertogrul, aged nearly a century, and venerated by the Ottomans, Othman could not contain his rage, and struck the old man with his bow. Dundar died of the blow thus dealt him by his nephew.

Othman wept over these consequences of his anger, but pursued his design. Koepri-Hissar fell before his arms. He reigned where he had been despised. All the cities and all the fortresses of the banks of the Sangaris acknowledged his laws. Supported thenceforth by these fortresses, he constructed one himself at the gates of Nice, to blockade that important city, and gave battle under its walls to a *heterarch* who commanded the guards of the Emperor of Byzantium. The plain, heaped with dead, remained open before him. He caused a tomb to be raised to one of his nephews, fallen in his victory. The Mussulmans, by some unknown traditional superstition, carry still to this day their wounded coursers to be cured there, in memory of the blood shed by the coursers of their fathers.

Nice, surrounded with thick and high walls, remained like an island in the middle of an inundation. A second battle against the army of the governor of Broussa delivered to Othman the whole plain bounded by the river Rhyndacus, which is fed by the waters of Olympus. Othman swore that his warriors and flocks would never cross the bed of the torrent; but by a quibble of interpretation, his warriors and shepherds, advancing into the sea at the mouth of the river, passed to the interdicted bank without having literally crossed the bed of the Rhyndacus.

## V.

The interpretation of treaties belongs to the vanquishers. The Greeks yielded step by step their patrimony to the Turks, as they had also yielded it to the Latins. Othman advanced his capital according as they receded towards Byzantium. At that time he was established at Jenischyr, when he contemplated, on the declivity of Mount Olympus, the imperial city of Broussa, the last dream of his ambition. Kara-Ali, or Ali the Black, son of his friend, Aighoudalp, conquered the following year to Othman the beautiful Greek island of Kalolimno, a mountain whose sloping sides are

ever verdant with fruitful pasturage, and whose narrow but fertile borders tempt, by their vines and their olives, the plough of the husbandman. This island, in front of the Gulf of Moudania and of Gallipoli, seemed to throw a half bridge across the Sea of Marmora, to pass from Asia into Europe. In recompense of this exploit, Othman gave in marriage to his lieutenant the most beautiful Greek girl of the island, the renown of whose charms had inflamed the ardor of the Turks more than all the other spoils of the island.

This conquest, and that of the Greek boats which filled the creeks of Kalolimno, served the pirates of Othman to gain the beautiful island of Chios, that flower of the Archipelago, situated in the open sea, in front of the plains of Troy, and under the shade of Mount Olympus. Chios, of which the declivities were exposed to the circling sun and to the tepid breezes of the Archipelago, was then become, what it is still, the trellis of Greece, the garden of the sultanas, a forest of orange, pomegranate, and all fruit-trees, and was covered with three cities and three hundred villages. In some parts wild, in others cultivated, the dark shadows of the fir-groves and the vast meadows encased in valleys that descend with their murmuring rivulets to the sea, stand out in contrast with the pale or yellow leaf of the olive and the lemon trees, and with the whiteness of the marble that forms the edifices and the terraces. From distance to distance, the island, rising by a gentle but continuous slope above the waves, seems to open deep breaches in its natural walls to allow ingress and egress to the barks of the continent, laden, like floating flower-baskets, with the spoils of Flora and of Pomona. The beauty of the women of Chios, whose forms realized the pagan Venus, and whose labors, like a perpetual holiday, consisted, as they do to-day, but in gathering the odorous gum of the mastic-tree to perfume the breath of the women of Constantinople and of Smyrna, added further prestige to the possession of this garden of the East.

## VI.

This pillage of the disseminated islands of the Archipelago, from the Gulf of Satalia to the bottom of the Gulf of Mount Athos, and the nocturnal ravishment of women and children from those defenceless populations, covered the

sea with Turkish flotillas, proceeding from Caramania, possessed already by other Tartar princes, rivals of Othman. The most notable among these independent emirs were the princes of Castemouni, of Kermian, of Mentesche, of Caraman, the latter being the most formidable of all. Those flotillas ravaged by turns Samos, Rhodes, Lemnos, Carpathos, Mitylene, the rival of Chios, for its climate, its extent, its opulence, its luxury; in fine, Malta, Candia, and the other Cyclades.

On the continent, these Turkish tribes, led by their independent emirs, issued equally from all the gorges of Mount Taurus, subdued Lydia, sacked the still opulent city of Sardes, burned Larissa, ravaged Ephesus, already buried by the Christians beneath the ruins of its temple. The emperors could no longer defend themselves but by the hand of their enemies. Andronicus, who reigned at that time, offered the hand of the princess Mary, his own sister, to a Turkish emir, named Khodabendé, who promised the emperor to curb his countrymen and Othman himself.

Mary, proud of the protection of her future husband, advanced with her nuptial suite as far as Nice, and thence summoned Othman to respect in her the wife of a Turk superior to him in numbers and in power. Othman replied to this citation only by marching himself from Jenischyr upon the Mongols, his rivals, along to the shores of the Black Sea. Aided by his son Orkhan, and by the comrades of his father, he drove back the Mongols with one hand while crushing with the other the last convulsions of the Greeks. With the exception of Nice, of Nicomedia, and of Broussa, he established every where his dominion in Asia Minor in front of Constantinople. His fortresses, constructed at the foot of Mount Olympus, intercepted all communication of the capital with the interior.

## VII.

Grown old before his time through the harassment of war and sickness, but seeing himself revive in his son Orkhan, Othman, after so many exploits, retired to die in peace at Jenischyr. The tortures of the gout forbade him for a long time previously to mount on horseback, that throne of the Tartars. His genius still unbroken and still for conquest, launched Orkhan armed upon the object of his own life,

**Broussa.** Orkhan, climbing step by step the sides of Olympus, re-descended like an avalanche upon this capital, and camped his army in a prominent spot named the "Head of Springs." It is there that the numerous rivulets descending from Olympus form a confluence to supply water to the city.

The city, although defended by an intrepid commander and a strong Greek garrison, felt that resistance would but aggravate its ruin in retarding it. The weak Andronicus, incapable of meeting the Turks in open battle, authorized, in order to save the second capital of his empire, his general to capitulate with Orkhan at the price of an annual ransom of thirty thousand golden ducats. These the Christians were to pay the successors of Othman to buy a truce, and they did pay them during three hundred years. The population and the army of Broussa were allowed to retire with their treasures to Kemlic. Orkhan, victorious, entered without a blow into the new capital of the Ottomans. He respected the life, the property, the religion of all the inhabitants of that immense city who had preferred the Turkish yoke to an eternal exile from their homes.

But at the moment when he was despatching to Jenischyr a messenger to bear the news of this triumph, a courier from Jenischyr brought him the news of the approaching death of Othman. Orkhan, more afflicted at the loss of his venerated father than rejoiced at his conquest, left his army under the orders of Mikhal, his lieutenant, and ran to Jenischyr to receive the benediction and last breath of Othman.

Othman had no longer any thing to regret or to desire in life. His beautiful wife, Malkatoun, had preceded him to the tomb, where he rejoiced at the prospect of rejoining her.

His father-in-law, the sage Edebalı, the light of his councils, always listened to as an oracle of Islamism and of policy, had just died at the age of one hundred and ten years. In fine, his son Orkhan, as obedient as he was brave, had just accomplished the leading object of all his wars, by giving Broussa as a centre and a capital to the power thenceforth invincible of the Ottomans. He died as die those men who have finished their task with their days, without complaint of either life or death. He assembled round the mattress which served him for a bed his children, his lieutenants, his counsellors, and addressing himself with a voice still firm to Orkhan, his successor, he pronounced

these beautiful words, retained from age to age by the Ottomans.

The historian Saachi has transmitted to posterity, with Oriental solemnity, this last interview between the dying father and the conquering son.

At the moment when these two princes were in presence of each other, with tearful eyes and hearts penetrated with the liveliest affection, Orkhan, drawing a deep sigh, pronounced these words : " Ah ! Othman, is it then thou, the source of the emperors and princes of the earth, thou who hast conquered and subdued so many nations ! "

That excellent Khan, turning towards his son his dying eyes and scarce sustaining a voice almost extinguished, said to him :

" Do not lament, thou who art the delight of my soul. Thou seest me in the struggles of death in subjection to the common lot that masters us, young and old, from the moment we breathe the same air of this world full of woes. For my part I pass into the true life ; may thine be fraught with glory, prosperity, and happiness. Ready to separate from thee, I die without regret, since I leave thee my successor. Listen, however, to my final instructions.

" Banish away from thee the cares of this life. Crowned with the felicity that surrounds thee, seek not, I conjure thee, thy support in tyranny and avert thine eyes from cruelty. Cultivate, on the contrary, justice, and make it the ornament of the earth. Afford to my disembodied soul the pleasure of a succession of victories obtained by thine arms. And when thou shalt have conquered the world, employ the same arms for the extension of religion.

" Maintain a just friendship with the Christian kingdoms. Shed thy highest honors upon all the learned ; it is the means of consolidating the divine laws ; and wheresoever thou mayest learn of a man endowed with knowledge, load him with wealth, with distinction and with thy favors.

" Let not thy armies render thee presumptuous, and be not inflated by thy riches.

" Keep about thy person those who are enlightened in the law, and regarding justice as the firmest support of kingdoms, discard all that may tend to its infraction. The divine law should be our sole object, for it is our sole end ; and all our footsteps should tend towards the Lord.

" Do not venture into vain enterprises or fruitless

quarrels, for it would be false ambition to aspire but to enjoy the empire of the world. For my part, my aspiration was the propagation of the faith. It is for thee to give their consummation to my desires.

"The rank which thou art going to hold obliges thee to great gentleness towards all; there are duties which thou owest to the public, and it is to falsify the name of king not to labor to distinguish one's self from his people by goodness and clemency.

"Thou shouldst make it thy constant study to give protection to thy subjects; and it is in acting thus that thou wilt bring upon thyself the blessings of Heaven."

Such, says the historian, were the instructions of Othman, that refuge of the faithful; after having delivered them to his son, his soul passed away into the regions of eternity.

## VIII.

Othman, on the eve of emitting his last breath, asked the favor of his son to be buried at Broussa, to the end of possessing, at least in death, what he had coveted during his life. He also recommended his warriors to make thenceforth of Broussa the capital of the Ottomans. Orkhan and his soldiers fulfilled this wish of the dying conqueror. The body of Othman, escorted by his imans and his companions in glory, was taken to Broussa and deposited in a chapel of the city fortress, named the *Silver Vault*.

In the hall, hard by the tomb, was suspended the wooden bead with enormous grains which the converted Tartar used to pass between his fingers in enumerating the perfections of God. The tambourine which he received from Alaeddin when this sultan gave him the sovereignty of Khara-Hissar, was also placed upon his sepulchre. A recent conflagration of the fortress and Broussa has consumed these two rude monuments of the piety and the sovereignty of the Ottomans. But his sabre and his banner are preserved intact in the treasury of the empire. M. de Hammer, the most studious investigator of the early annals of the Ottomans, represents this sabre as a large sword with two points so as to pierce with whichever side the blow is given. The Khalif Omar, he says, invented this double-headed and double-edged sword. The posterity of Othman embroidered it on their

standard as a symbol, the one point meant to menace Asia, the other to menace Europe.

The inheritance of Othman consisted but in the arms of a knight and the utensils of a shepherd. No treasure whatsoever was found in his house at Jenischyr. All the tributes that he had levied were distributed among his companions. A wooden spoon, a saltcellar, a vest embroidered in colored thread, a linen turban, a few yoke of oxen for the plough, some flocks of sheep, and a few Arabian coursers, were his entire wealth. His horses passed to his son, his flocks of sheep in Mesopotamia were transported to Broussa, where the breed has been perpetuated in the property of the sultans, and where they feed still upon the grassy sides of Mount Olympus.

### IX.

His costume was simple like his manners. He wore a large overcoat made of coarse wool, and lined with the same stuff. The empty sleeves of this ample garment usually hung behind his shoulders. A loose pantaloon with plaits, to leave space for the attitude of folding the legs—the attitude of repose with the Turks—was knotted with a cord above the ankles of his naked feet.

His oval and regular face, embrowned by the warmth of a generous blood and by the sun of Anatolia, procured him the name of Kard Othman or the Black Othman, an appellative of manly beauty among the Orientals. His eyes had retained the azure tint of the children of the cold steppes of Tartary; but his eyebrows, his beard, and his hair, were dark as the wing of the raven of Mount Taurus. His legs were short, like those of the races accustomed to crouching, and whose saddles with short stirrups keep the rider rather seated than on horseback upon their coursers. His bust, on the contrary, was long; his disproportionate arms extended below the knees, and thus conveyed his sabre blows beyond the range of ordinary men.

His mind was simple, but sound and just, such as would suffice for the chief of a horde of shepherds. All his genius lay in his faith, which ordered him to sweep away before the unity of the God of Mahomet, the idolatries or superstitions that obscured or stained the idea of Allah. At the same time, towards the end of his life, his relations with the Greeks of Byzantium had sharpened the patriarchal sim-

plicity of his intellect, and taught him the policy of conquerors who would appropriate what they have subjugated, to wit, a gradual march in conquest and a halt after each victory. He advanced slowly, but he never receded; it is the secret of all great founders.

His heart, kind, frank, sincere, faithful to the love of Malkatoun, affectionate to his sons, gentle to his companions, never cruel to the vanquished, left to be deplored in his life but a single crime, the blow which he gave his uncle for opposing one of his expeditions. But this blow, resembling the wrath of a savage Achilles, was a convulsion of the hand rather than a ferocity of the heart. He deplored it along to his death; he ordered his secretaries to record it to his shame in his biography, to the end of warning his descendants against the first impulses of anger which may become involuntary parricides, and which must be expiated before men in order to be pardoned by God. He left, despite this violence of blood, such a reputation for goodness towards his people, and for generosity towards his enemies, among the Ottomans, that the surname of Othman the Kind-hearted has remained to him among his tribes, and that on the coronation of each new sultan, the people, among the wishes which they address for him aloud to heaven, implore the gentleness of Othman.



## BOOK FOURTH.

## I.

OTHMAN left two sons, who seemed to divide between them the character of the father. The elder, Orkhan, possessed valor; the younger, Alaeddin, possessed piety. Both were children of the beautiful Malkatoun, and formed to science and religion by their maternal grandsire, the sage Edebali, the Arab father of Malkatoun.

While Orkhan, principal lieutenant of Othman, was fighting at the head of the Turkish warriors, to conquer new pasture lands and new capitals to his father, Edebali was educating Alaeddin, at Jenischyr, to virtue, to science, and to legislation. This young prince attained early the maturity of a politician and a sage. The two brothers, on whom their mother impressed an indissoluble affection for one another, bore each other no jealousy. Orkhan was full of respect for the acquirements of his brother. Alaeddin rejoiced at the exploits of Orkhan.

Before accepting the supreme authority which Othman bequeathed to his eldest son, Orkhan supplicated Alaeddin to take a share with him in the empire. But Alaeddin, recognizing in Orkhan at once the right of birth and of express designation, refused obstinately this division of the government, which in breaking the unity of the sovereignty over the companions of Othman, would give the Ottomans the example and the dangers of anarchy in the empire. He was unwilling even to accept one half the private inheritance in the flocks of his father, which devolved to him by usage. He consented to accept, as his entire private property, but the small village of Fatour, in the retired valley of Kété, at the foot of Olympus—a wooded country, which the Turks continue to this day to call the "*Sea of Leaves*," and which

is seen darkening the horizon, from the deck of the vessels that sail upon the Straits of the Dardanelles. "Since thou refusest absolutely," said Orkhan to his brother, "to take the sheep, the oxen, and the horses which belong to thee, be then the shepherd of my peoples, that is to say, my *visir*."

This word denotes in Turkish a carrier of burdens, or *he who bears the weight of the empire*.

Alaeddin yielded to so much tenderness, and made it a point of honor to be the first slave of his brother in the organization of the government. We shall see presently with what wisdom of views and what simplicity of wheelwork he organized the empire. Orkhan had seen deposited his father's body in the Silver Vault, then he directed his attention to the extension of his domination.

His lieutenants, proceeding at his voice from Jenischyr, from Broussa, and the dark defiles of the Sea of Leaves, wound their way around the Gulf of Nicomedia, and penetrated the peninsula, peopled with cities, villages, and Greek villas, which extends from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea, behind the Mountain of the Giants, the horizon of Constantinople.

One of the lieutenants was Konour the Valiant; another Aghdi the Old Man—both disciplined to warfare in the campaigns of Othman. They took together by surprise the fortress of Semendria, lying at two hours' march from Scutari, the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople. Availing themselves of the moment when the governor of Semendria caused the gates to be opened to let out the convoy of his son who had just died, the Turks sprang to the assault of the fortress, hindered the gates from being reshut in time, and conquered the town. The conquered country took and kept the name of Aghdi-Kodja, *Kodja-Ily*, or the Land of the Old Man.

Aidos, a neighboring fortress, was betrayed by love to Abderrahman, a young companion of Orkhan. The daughter of the Greek governor of Aidos, smitten with the beauty of Abderrahman, whom she had seen fight on horseback under the walls of the city, was nightly visited by his comely form, in a dream. This passion overcame in her soul all sense of duty. She threw to the young Ottoman a note attached to a stone, which fell at his feet. Abderrahman, instructed by this treacherous love-letter of the young Greek, who informed him of a secret issue by which to enter the place, awaited the night, stepped with some companions by the

postern door upon the ramparts, made a signal to his army, and became master of the slumbering garrison. He conducted the young traitress to Orkhan; Orkhan gave her to him in marriage. A son, celebrated for his beauty, was born of their loves. He was named Kara-Abderrahman, and his name, illustrated by a thousand exploits, became the terror of the mothers and children of the Greeks.

## II.

The Turks of Orkhan were soon masters of all the towns and all the strongholds which formed the cincture of Constantinople, from the Gulf of Nicomedia to the Black Sea. They elevated on their battle-fields high pyramids of skulls, such as may be still at present seen between Nissa and Sophia—a sort of sacrilegious monuments, which prolonged vengeance beyond death itself, and resembled more the leavings of cannibals than the trophies of battles. We have ourselves passed underneath such triumphal arches, which the earth supports, with horror, and we have heard the wind of the desert resound in the hollows of these skulls, and whistle through the hair of these heads.

Nicomedia, the seat of the empire at the moment when Diocletian abandoned in disgust his omnipotence, soon fell into the power of Orkhan: it was a maritime capital that furnished him with a gulf and with vessels to transport him to the other bank.

## III.

The modest Alaeddin, during the conquests of his brother, was constituting the nascent empire in Bithynia. His laws, relative at first to the sovereignty, regulated the army, the currency, the costume of the sovereign. The sovereign bore but the Arabian title of Emir; that of Sultan appeared as yet too august for shepherd princes so recently vassals. The currency received the effigy of Orkhan. His name was pronounced in the public prayer; his apparel remained that of shepherds and Tartar cavalry; the head-dress alone took the form of the crown or tiara, the sign of sovereignty with the Persians. The Turks wore at that epoch but caps of red felt which covered the top of the head, such as the reforming Mahmoud has restored them in our days in his

armies. The warriors added to them shawls of white and light muslin fabricated in India, and twisted cordlike upon the brow around the cap. This head-dress became necessary in war, served to deaden the sabre-cuts upon the head, and preserved also from the burning sun of Anatolia. The emir, and subsequently the sultan, wore the turban embroidered with gold, and gave it, according to their caprices, folds that more or less resembled the mitre of the Magi, or the cord of camel's hair that twines the forehead of the Arab shepherd.

Up to this period every Ottoman was a soldier; the army was but the tribe on a campaign. A standing army of soldiers became the sinew of the empire. The cavalry was always composed of the Turks who were the richest in horses and arms; the infantry, of men selected among the families of humbler circumstances. Each foot soldier was paid a quarter dirhem of silver per day. They were formed into groups of ten, of a hundred, and of a thousand combatants, commanded by experienced officers, whose title corresponded to the number of soldiers under their command. These corps, who recollected their recent independence and who felt humbled by discipline, lost by this organization part of that impetuous courage and that individual heroism of which enthusiasm was the only law. Alaeddin and Orkhan had for a moment some apprehension of having enfeebled the military spirit of their race in wishing to regularize it. A brother-in-law of the sage Edeballi, named Tschendereli, called into council and consulted upon the means of reviving and perpetuating the heroism of the Ottomans, called to mind the institutions of the Persians and the Egyptians, wherein classes exclusively military, composed of strangers, had the monopoly of arms and kept in check at once the enemy abroad and sedition at home. He proposed to create among the Ottomans a similar caste. The elements of this caste were under the hands of the conquerors. In those frequent incursions which they made upon the European continent and the islands, the multitudes of children and youths torn from the Greek families, were brought as spoils into the camp of the Turks. The daughters became slaves or wives; the boys, shepherds or pages to the victors. Preaching, favor, and force made them easily, at an age so tender, abjure Christianity to profess the religion of the Ottomans. Once converted to Islamism, this youth, whom the Christians reproached with apostasy,

adopted with a pertinacious fanaticism the God of their masters. The worshippers of Christ had no more inexorable enemies. Without country, without family, without altars, in the cities from which they had been extirpated, they knew no country, no family, no religion but Mahomet.

This idea, borrowed by the old Tschendereli from the court of the Khalifs of Bagdad, who had thus formed around them a guard of Turkish slaves brought up in Islamism, seduced Alaeddin and Orkhan. "The Koran has said it," they exclaimed; "all children bring from heaven at their birth a secret disposition to the pure doctrine of Islamism. Not only those foreigners adopted by the nation on condition of defending it, will give it their blood in exchange for their liberty; but moreover, the example of this liberty, of those arms, of those promotions, of those honors accorded by the sovereign to those adopted children of the prophet, will induce thousands of other Christian children to abjure a religion which no longer protects them, to embrace a faith which enfranchises, recompenses, and honors them."

The immediate institution of this body was proclaimed under the name of *Jeni-tscheri* or *Janissaries*—that is to say, new soldiers.

#### IV.

Scarcely had Orkhan assembled round him a handful of these young recruits to Islamism, than he wished to consecrate this military institution by religion, that vital spirit of all warfare with the Ottomans. A holy dervish, named *Hadji-Begtasch*, lived in great repute for piety in a Turkish village of *Tulidje*, not far from *Amassa*. Orkhan brought himself his neophyte warriors to the hermit's dwelling to beseech him to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the new creation, and to give a name and a standard to these children. The dervish, approving enthusiastically an institution which was to rescue these infidels themselves from their errors and to conquer by their means a million others to the God of Mahomet, arose, called up to him one of the young soldiers of the new militia, and extended, to the end of blessing in him the whole band, his hand above the head of the recruit. In this attitude the sleeve of the dervish's *caftan*, getting loose at the shoulder, fell over the neck of the soldier. "The face of the soldiery which thou art now founding," says the inspired hermit to Orkhan, "will be white and dazzling

as the day, its arm will be weighty, its sabre trenchant, its arrow penetrating. It will find victory on setting out, triumph on return. Go!"

Orkhan and his soldiers accepted the augury by a superstition natural to primitive peoples. The Janissaries beheld in the bizarre configuration of the sleeve of the dervish falling on the shoulders of their companion, a supernatural indication of the head-gear they should wear in war. In consequence, they added to their cap of white felt a piece of stuff cut in the form of a sleeve on the back of the head, and they placed between the cap and the turban a wooden spoon instead of a buckle—thus glorifying themselves, in presence of the volunteer and unpaid troops, at their distinction of being paid and fed too by the *Emir*. They gave to all the grades of their privileged corps titles relative to the subsistence of the troops in the campaign. The colonel received the name of grand distributor of soup; the superior and subaltern officers were called, the one head cook, the other first water-carrier. Next to the standard of this band, which bore embroidered in wool the crescent and the double-pointed sabre, the cooking pot became the sacred symbol of confraternity with the Janissaries, their sign for rallying, for council, and more often for sedition. The Ottoman nation remained still the same some five centuries after, in the utensils of the tent which served the first migrations of these Tartar shepherds. The number of the Janissaries was under Orkhan but one thousand men. We shall see them gradually augment in number, in heroism, and at last in faction under the successors of the *Emir*.

## V.

Alaeddin assigned as pay for the other bodies of the army the lands which they should conquer from the enemy. These fiefs distributed to the chiefs owed certain duties to the country. The principal was to open and repair the public roads. This was the origin of a body of pioneers, which arose in a little time to over twenty thousand men. After these pioneers Alaeddin instituted the *azabs*, a sort of light-armed irregular infantry. The cavalry, both regular and irregular, were honored with the charge of fencing round the sacred standard and taking care of the *Emir*. Each fief of the crown was obliged moreover, in case of war, to supply a

quota of men mounted, equipped and armed, called *mosselliman*, that is to say exempted from taxation. In fine, the army had for its innumerable compliment the *akindji*, or volunteer cavalry, quitting their tents at the call of the sovereigns, and coming, without other organization than fanaticism, and without other pay than the spoils of the campaign, to swell out the wings of the army. The command of these undisciplined, but formidable, squadrons was long hereditary in the family of Mikhal-Oghli, the friend and companion of arms of Othman. Alaeddin added to all these corps a body of army guides called *tschouschs*, charged at the same time with the messages of the Emir.

Such were the military institutions of Alaeddin and of Orkhan, for a people who assumed the mission of subduing all space before it, and who meant to give no truce to the surrounding nations, but when Islamism should have no more enemies on the earth.

## VI.

Scarce had the army received its organization and its banners, than Orkhan, impatient to descend from Mount Olympus into the plain, conducted it to the foot of the ramparts of Nice. The young Andronicus, indignant at this audacity, tried at last to rouse the courage of the Greeks. He collected the detachments and the garrisons dispersed throughout the plain of Thrace, between Constantinople and Adrianople, and traversing at their head the Bosphorus, which washed the walls of his palace, he passed into Scutari, a suburb of his capital. Thence he advanced in order of battle upon Nice, to force down into the plain the Ottomans, inferior to him in number. But Orkhan, more expert in strategy and war manœuvres than the Greek generals, wheeled back in time the ten thousand men that he commanded into the defiles of the chain of mountains which disappear into the plain. These defiles and elevations, which covered the small body of the Turks, allowed them to avoid or to receive at their pleasure the multitudinous and loose cohorts of Andronicus. The Emperor launched vainly his columns three times against the Ottomans thus intrenched. The situation of the latter and their courage, rendered them impregnable. Presently after, the Turks, debouching from their defiles, and descending from their hillocks on the most

advanced of the Greek squadrons, dispersed with their arrows the wings of the army of Andronicus, and wheeling round with the rapidity of their wild horses, enveloped the centre. The Emperor himself fought with a courage worthy of another people and other times; his historian and his general, Cantacuzena, in covering him with his body, was unhorsed and slain under him.

Andronicus himself, wounded with an arrow in the thigh, was going to fall with the feeble band of his defenders into Orkhan's hands. Sebastopolos of Misia, one of the foreign soldiers of his guard, brought up, at a gallop, three hundred horsemen to the aid of the Emperor, and succeeded in relieving Andronicus. The Turks, thrown back a moment by the shock of the cavalry of Sebastopolos, were obliged to let that prize escape them.

The army of Andronicus, believing him dead, had disbanded at the rumor, and fled, without being pursued, towards the sea. The Emperor, wounded and carried off upon a litter, followed after it, sending message upon message to Constantinople to ask for boats at Scutari to save the remnant of his forces. There was scarce time enough to put him on board wrapped in a carpet and steeped in his blood. The Turks of Orkhan arrived almost at the same time with him on the shore. This shame gave, however, some remorse to the Greeks. They passed anew the Bosphorus in the footsteps of their Emperor, and gave a second battle in the plain to Orkhan.

This battle field on the borders of the Sea of Marmora, under the walls of Philocrene, did but attest once more the cowardice of the Byzantine cohorts, who had nothing of the soldiers but the arms. A charge of three hundred Turkish cavalry led by Ali the Old, commander of the guard of Orkhan, forced the camp of the Greeks, dispersed them like a flock of sheep, penetrated to the tents of the Emperor, whose war horses, bridled with gold and caparisoned with scarlet housings, became the spoils of the Ottomans. The fugitive army, which pressed confusedly beneath the walls of Philocrene, of which the officials did not open soon enough the gates to let it in, left a large number of the courtiers and principal officers of the Emperor to fall a prey to the pursuing sabre of the Turks. The rest surrendered themselves prisoners to the lieutenants of Orkhan, or thronged pell-mell into the boats which gave them the asylum of the



waves. The Emperor returned humiliated and discouraged to his palace.

## VII.

He saw soon after, from the height of his towers, the last assaults of the Ottomans against the ramparts of Nice. The Turkish pioneers of Alaeddin sunk a trench of circumvallation around this capital abandoned by its defenders. A three years' siege exhausted the courage and the hope of its inhabitants. Orkhan, flooding the plain with an inundation of his cavalry, presented himself at the head of a whole people to overwhelm a single city. Nice, thus invested, surrendered without a battle, to save, at least, the population from carnage and servitude. More confident of the pardon of the victorious Khan than of the succor of the vanquished Emperor, the Niceans, in the garb of suppliants, presented themselves before Orkhan, who entered triumphantly into his conquest by the route of Jenischyr, in memory of his father. The troops of the Emperor, who formed the garrison of the city, were authorized to retire with their arms to Constantinople. The greater number preferred the sojourn of Nice and the yoke of the victors to the service of an empire that knew not either how to live or die.

## VIII.

Thus Orkhan, the chief of a petty tribe of Turkish shepherds, came to conquer without artillery, that capital of Nice, which five hundred thousand Latin Crusaders, commanded by the first princes and the first captains of Christendom, had not been able to conquer, after seven weeks' storming, with all the appliances of Europe. It is that Nice, at that epoch, was defended against the Crusades less by the Greeks than by the Turks in their pay. It was a Turk of the stature and strength of a giant who used to hurl from the ramparts immense blocks of stone upon the soldiers of Godfrey de Bouillon. The Crusaders in this first siege sought little else than glory; the Turks sought paradise in death and a country in victory. The East, which had resisted the one, yielded therefore to the others. The faith of the former had grown old; that of the latter was lately born. Victory is to the young ideas and the young

ances. Orkhan did not abuse his; he remembered the dying words of his father.

He merely obliged the Christians to recognize the sovereignty of the soldiers of Mahomet, and to pay the usual tribute. He left them the free exercise of their natal religion. He claimed, however, that his own religion should boast the finest edifices of worship. He erected a mosque on the spot where three hundred and eighteen bishops of the East and the West, assembled under the sceptre of Constantine, had defined the dogmas of Christianity; where the philosopher Arius, whose doctrine approached that of Mahomet, was condemned; where the worship of images had been declared the sacred complement of the worship of the spirit. He was the first to attach Medresses or theological and scientific seminaries to the mosques. A Kurd, Tadjedin, and a Turk, Daoud, were the first professors there of Ottoman law. He founded also there the first hospitals charged to feed the poor by obligatory donations from the faithful. These hospitals, suggested by a prescription of Mahomet, which claimed a portion of the revenues of the rich for the indigent, were called imarets. Orkhan himself, after the example of the prophet and the Khalifs, used to distribute soup there to the poor of Nice.

## IX.

By and by, however, the fanaticism of the imans and the exactions of his companions of war, perverted these first designs, and urged him to persecutions and to depredations towards the Christians who resisted his zeal. He enrolled by force the children of the Niceans, converted to Islamism by the sabre, to recruit his Janissaries. He caused the images to be burned as signs consecrated to idolatry, which scandalized the believers in the immateriality of the divine essence. He pulled down the altar of the Synod of Nice, that foundation of so many dogmas and so many heresies among the Greeks. He effaced with the point of his sabre upon the walls of this synod hall, the Nicene creed, and had engraven in its stead, in letters of gold, the creed of the Ottomans: "*There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.*" In fine, he partitioned as a vile herd among his warriors, the Greek widows and young woman, deprived by the pestilence, or by the war, of

their husbands or of their fathers. He gave some of them as slaves, others as wives, to the Ottomans. He distributed among the highest in rank of his companions the magnificent palaces of the city. His eldest son, Solyman, born of the captive Greek, Nilufer, whom his father had given to him, at the age of twelve years, received the command of Nice. His second son, Amurath, still in infancy, was appointed governor of Sultan-Oeni, his first mountainous station, in the stead of Konour, who had lately died of old age.

Nice, called thenceforward Isnick by its new owners, retained still for some years the importance and the splendor which that capital of Greek theology had owed to its councils, to its creeds, and to its memorable schisms. Then it kept of its antique renown but the manufactures of Persian pottery, where the East used to repair for its provisions in ceramic luxury. "To-day," says M. de Hammer, "the traveller who wanders within the precincts of its fortifications, whose high and thick walls have been alone respected by time and man, fancies himself wandering upon a solitary steppe, sown from distance to distance with indigent cabins. The caravans of the pilgrims no longer distinguish but the tombs of Gunduzalp, brother of Othman, and of the Turkish poet Khiali. The antiquary may read still, by parting the foliage of the plants which covers over the walls and towers, the grandiloquent inscriptions of the Greek emperors who abandoned it to the Ottomans."

Alaeddin, the vizier of Orkhan, and the legislator of his race, died in the village of Olympus, whither he had retired to meditate his laws in solitude, a short time after the conquest of Nice. Orkhan wept his cherished and devoted brother, who sustained half the burden of the empire. He appointed his son Solyman vizier in place of the deceased Alaeddin. Solyman, more a warrior than a legislator, occupied himself with extending the empire rather than with organizing it.

Orkhan was desirous of possessing a post upon the Sea of Marmora, on the Asiatic shore, to rival that of Gallipoli, situated on the coast of Europe. The Greeks had constructed from remote antiquity, not far from the foot of Mount Olympus, at the bottom of the Gulf of Moudania, a maritime town, named *Broussa of the Sea*, then *Kibotos*. It was from this fortified town that the army of the Latin

Crusaders marched to lay siege to Nice, thus dismantling themselves in the East the most menaced ramparts of the Christian empire. Solyman saw, at the approach of his army, the entire population of Broussa of the Sea throw down their arms, and embark with their women, their children, and their treasures, for the opposite shore. The fall of Nice had shaken all that side of Asia. The cities and fortresses fell thenceforth of themselves. During these conquests over the Greeks, Orkhan himself, approaching the locality of his son and vizier, issuing at the head of all the warriors of his race from Broussa, and descending by the opposite declivities into the valleys of Anatolia, reduced to submission and to dependence all the Turkish chiefs and tribes who ravaged the provinces of the empire from Mount Taurus to the foot of Olympus.

This reflux upon themselves of the Turks nationalized under Othman, and disciplined under Orkhan, rallied under the same name, and under a single chief, the nine emirs and the nine petty populations detached hitherto from the throne of the Seldjukid Sultans. It is in fighting and uniting them by turns to the Ottoman centre that Orkhan enlarged his empire with Nicomedia, Misia, that kingdom bequeathed to the Romans by Attalus, and with its capital, the ancient Pergamus, celebrated in the arts for the invention of parchment, to which the world is indebted for its annals.

The library of Pergamus, which contained two hundred thousand manuscripts, perished in this civil strife between the Turks. Its temples and its palaces strewed with their ruins the earth which the Christians had already agitated to inter the gods of another heaven, and which the Turks upstrove in turn to inter the images of the Christians. It is now but a little village which has lost its very name, where a few Greeks and a few Turks are seen to feed their scanty flocks on the foundations of the temple of Esculapius.

## X.

Orkhan, after this campaign against his own race, and after having appointed governors of his blood in all the provinces situated between the two seas, felt the need of peace to let the institutions of Alaeddin take root. The Greek empire could not escape him; but it was requisite to prepare in the Ottomans a people capable of being transplanted into

Europe without abandoning any of the space which they were occupying in the affairs of Asia. The two-horned crescent of his banner, and the double point of his symbolic sword, signified the double empire that was promised his descendants.

Twenty years of peace were devoted by him to peopling, to cultivating, to civilizing, and to fortifying the empire. Broussa, his temporary capital, enriched by the spoils of the kingdoms prostrated at his feet, and filled with Greek slaves and artists employed to illustrate the city of the vanquishers, elevated its ramparts, its mosques, its minarets, its tombs, its edifices, to the level of those of Constantinople, which could be seen in the distance. The two capitals seemed to defy each other in awaiting the hour of conflict.

Immense caravanseras elevated their domes, excavated their vaults, shot forth their jets of water for the caravans which, from all points of Asia, exchanged commodities at Broussa. Convents of dervishes, those Mahometan monks, covered the flanks of Mount Olympus with pious solitaries, among whom the Ottomans cite Geiklibaba, or the *Father of the Deer*, in allusion to his taste for the shades of the forest, and were endowed by Orkhan with hermitages which stand celebrated to this day. The humblest pastoral and agricultural industries received encouragement, and even glory, from the munificence of Alaeddin and Orkhan. They honored with a monumental tomb, still erect, an old shepherd who had invented a mode of hardening cheese in vases of clay. It was called the tomb of Doghlibaba, or the *Father of Potters*. A spring, named the Fountain of Heaven, murmured at the base of the monument, underneath the plane-trees. The credulous people attached marvellous traditions to these sages, to these eremites and artisans of the early times of the conquest. According to the popular chroniclers of the Turks, the old dervish, the *Father of the Deer*, lived in the topmost forests of Olympus, and never descended but to dictate oracles from heaven to Orkhan.

One day as he had thus come down to Broussa, seated on the back of a tamed doe, and holding in his hand a branch of plane-tree, the favorite tree of Olympus, the old man planted his sprig of plane-tree in the court of the palace of Orkhan, announcing that the empire would strike root and extend its branches in the manner of that longeval tree.

The tree and the palace perished in one of the conflagrations of Broussa.

Abd-el-Mourad, another dervish, a favorite warrior of Orkhan, made a vow never to employ in battle but a sabre made of the wood of the plane-tree. The vigor of his arm gave, it is said, to this weapon the weight and the edge of one of iron. Orkhan, at the death of Abd-el-Mourad, caused the weapon to be treasured in the archives of the empire.

## XI.

The relatives, the ministers, the companions of Orkhan, enriched by their governments and by their spoils, built, after his example, palaces, mosques, monasteries, caravanseras, in the capital. The environs were covered with fountains, with aqueducts, with delicious gardens. The monks of Byzantium, who had affected in all times the wild and shady valleys of Mount Olympus, surrendered these retreats to the Mussulman hermits. The poets and the sages selected them for their residences, in preference to all the countries of Arabia, Syria, and the Taurus. Scheiki, the first of Turkish poets, composed there his love poem on the adventures of *Kosrew and Schirin*—that canticle of canticles in narrative of the Orientals. Other poets had made themselves illustrious in the same abode, by odes alternately religious as psalms, and voluptuous as sighs. There, too, theologians and jurisconsults wrote their commentaries and their codes.

Colonies from Bagdad and Damascus seemed to people with piety, science, literature, the new Bagdad of Islamism. Five hundred tombs, elevated to the memory of those theologians, poets, legislators, viziers, heroes, attest the munificence of the Sultans, and the proclivity of the character of those shepherd warriors towards the meditations of piety, and the intellectual raptures of poetry. Issuing from the desert, guided by faith, illustrated by arms, there was felt to be in this people, more still than at the present day, the triple genius of contemplation, adoration, and heroism.

The peace or the truce of twenty years concluded between Orkhan and the empire of Constantinople, was of advantage but to the Ottomans. The empire of Byzantium bore within it an intestine war, and the factions who decompose old States had taken place there of patriotism. Let us retrace the course of those years of peace, to contemplate the de-

plorable empire of which Orkhan was awaiting, with the utmost certitude, the final hour.

## XII.

After the usurper, Michael Paleologus VIII., had burned out the eyes of the young emperor Lascaris, and obtained from the enslaved or the abetting clergy the absolution of his crime, and the acknowledgment of his usurpation, the two Andronici Paleologus, by turns, divided and disputed the throne. Andronicus II. had a son, to whom he also gave the name of Michael, to perpetuate in him the memory of Michael Paleologus, his grandsire and founder of the dynasty. This second Michael, a veritable Britannicus of the tottering empire, had been associated, by Andronicus, his father, in the empire. Far from abusing this anticipated elevation, Michael fought with disinterestedness and fidelity during twenty years, for the defence and the glory of Andronicus, his father and colleague. He died before the hour of his reign. He left a son, the hope and idol of his grandfather. This child received the name of Andronicus the Young, to distinguish him from the old Andronicus, who brought him up for the throne. This boy, unworthy of the blood of his virtuous father, was corrupted before maturity, by the complaisances and adulations of the court of Constantinople.

His companions in debauch, impatient to devour his reign, and finding that the old Andronicus lived too long for their ambition, persuaded him to ask the emperor for a province to govern in anticipation, to exercise himself for empire in a complete license of authority and morals. The old Andronicus took offence at an ambition so urgent to seize the sceptre, and repressed, with a just severity, the disorders with which his grandson was scandalizing the capital. A fratricide announced soon after, at Constantinople, the reign of a Nero of the East. Suspecting that a Greek courtesan, of whom he had received the first complaisances in love, was receiving nocturnal visits from another lover, he posted below the windows of this woman some armed youth, the instruments of his debauch, with orders to kill the first who passed, whom they suspected to be his rival. Whether by accident or rivalry, the young Manuel Paleologus, his brother, passed at this hour in the street, and fell beneath the dag-

gers of the friends of Andronicus. This misfortune or this crime, which deprived Andronicus II. of one of his grandsons, through the conspiracy or the disorder of the other, filled with sorrow and with anger the heart of the unhappy prince.

In his indignation, the Emperor designated for his heir the third son of Michael. Andronicus, the natural and ousted heir, demanded judges. His condemnation and his deposition from the rank of Augustus would have been certain if those judges had been free. But the faction of the young complainant intimidated, by their number, their clamor, and their arms, the tribunal, and the Emperor himself. The courts of the palace were filled with an excited multitude of courtiers, who felt themselves affected in the chastisement of their chief. Popularity, as at the period of the decay of morals, was accorded, not to virtue, but to audacity. All the vices of Constantinople felt themselves crowned in Andronicus. The Emperor, disarmed, negotiated with his grandson, and granted him pardon, in awaiting his surrender to him of the throne. Andronicus hastened, by a conspiracy, this hour.

### XIII.

The soul of this palace conspiracy was the grand chamberlain, or grand domestic of the empire, John Cantacuzene, a courtier politician, a writer, a man such as old civilizations raise up between the people and the throne, who combine in themselves elegance of manners, the art of oratory, the suppleness of flattery, the venality of ambition, and the genius of conspiracy. John Cantacuzene, adroit at preparing for himself one reign, by sapping another, induced the young Andronicus to escape by night from the palace, and fled in his company to Adrianople.

An army of fifty thousand Greeks, always readier to disturb than to defend the empire, assembled from the neighboring cities around the faction of Andronicus the Young and of Cantacuzene. The empire divided, had thus, during seven years, two capitals, two armies, two masters. This parricidal war between the grandfather and the grandson, kept in suspense so long by the negotiations of Cantacuzene, was put an end to without a conflict, by a partition of the provinces, the honors and the treasures of the throne. But this partition, which legitimated the revolt of the young pretender, was not sufficient for him long. The successive de-



feats of the old Andronicus by the Ottomans served as the pretext of grievances for his young colleague.

"How different is my situation," he used to say to his people, "from that of the son of Philip of Macedon! Alexander used to complain that his father was leaving him nothing to conquer, and I that my grandfather is leaving me nothing to lose!"

#### XIV.

Such speeches, in promising an avenger to Constantinople, detached from the old Emperor the fidelity of his soldiers and the love of his people. The palace, surprised and forced by the young Andronicus, delivered up the Emperor to the mercy of his grandson.

Abandoned by his courtiers, having about him but a troop of priests and pages, the dethroned sovereign, suspecting no danger, during the night was awakened by the clatter of arms in his apartments, and the acclamations of the troops who proclaimed his downfall. Prostrated at the foot of a statue of the Virgin, he waited death or indulgence from his rival. Life was left him through contempt rather than from generosity. Cantacuzene did not want blood, which might have cried for vengeance, and he wanted to retain the hopes and the expectations of the two great factions, balanced one against the other, in his own hands.

The Emperor, dethroned and blind, was accorded a residence in the remote apartments of the palace, some vain titular honors, and a pension of ten thousand pieces of gold for his household. He had no other distraction from his regrets and his blindness, relates a historian, than to wander from chamber to chamber in the solitude of his apartments, and to hear the chuckling in the sun of the hens in the courtyard, the only sound of life which reached the desert of his palace.

In fine, the partisans of the grandson, still apprehensive of a public return of justice and of pity towards the old man, constrained him to attest his renunciation of the throne, in taking the monachal habit, and pronouncing the vows of monastic abnegation. The old Emperor, under the name of the monk Antonios, was reduced to supplicate his step-son, to obtain of his munificence a fur-lined robe, against the rigors of winter. His physician interdicted him water, his confessor forbade him wine. Obligated to quench his thirst with Egyptian sorbet (lemonade), he sunk away neglected, in the

palace where he had been so long monarch, presenting to his people and leaving to history the most memorable example of human ingratitude. He died at last in the monkish habit for which he had exchanged the purple.

## XV.

The ungrateful Andronicus III., his grandson, enjoyed the power so basely coveted without redeeming the empire. His debaucheries carried him early to the grave. He left as heir a son whom he had by a princess of Savoy. This son was named John Paleologus. Cantacuzene, the grand chamberlain, reigned during the minority of this child. The power of this high officer of the palace, whose intrigues we have seen counterbalancing the power of his first master, equalled that of the emperors. The register of his private wealth reminds us of the opulence of Lucullus and of Crassus at Rome. The confiscation of his treasures in silver, after his first exile, sufficed to equip a fleet of sixty vessels. His granaries contained the provisions of a capital, in barley and wheat. Two thousand yoke of oxen tilled his lands in Thrace; two thousand five hundred mares supplied with horses his stables; three hundred camels, five hundred mules, five hundred asses, fifty thousand hogs, seventy thousand sheep, filled his farm-yards or covered his pastures.

Wherever a subject possesses such riches, the State must be declining into poverty. Such a fortune would suffice to hire one or several factions. Andronicus the Young desired several times to associate Cantacuzene in the empire. The latter had been content hitherto with having the power without taking the title. His regency during a long minority gave less of envy and more security.

But Anne of Savoy, the still young mother of the minor Emperor, advised by a rival of Cantacuzene, had the temerity to claim the tutelage of her son. The clergy and people of Constantinople declared for the mother against the grand chamberlain. His goods were confiscated; his mother thrown into prison.

At news of this, Cantacuzene, judging that the only refuge which now remained to him was on the throne, seduced the army, and had himself crowned Emperor at Demotica, a city of Thrace. His Greek officers, and the Crusaders who peopled his army, booted him with purple buskins, the symbol of imperial power.

## XVI.

Constantinople and the European provinces did not this time follow the revolt of the army,—the clergy, the nobility, the people, hoping better from the reign of a feeble woman and a child than from the imperious reign of a great politician. The treasures of the palaces and of the churches purchased in Bulgaria enemies to Cantacuzene. His army, long inactive behind its intrenchments, languished of its immobility. At last, abandoned by his troops, the usurper fled for refuge, vanquished without a battle, into Thessalonica. He thence passed into Servia to implore the aid of the Despot of the Servians, a barbarous people who were beginning to intermix in the affairs of the East, whither they carried the weight of their arms. The Servians, after having received him, dismissed him without insult, but without aid. Cantacuzene returned towards the sea, and implored the alliance of the Ottomans, the conquerors of his country.

One of his daughters, given in marriage to an emir, was the pledge of this alliance, which sent a shudder at Constantinople through the enemies of Cantacuzene. Two of his relatives, prisoners in the palace, having observed one day the first minister of the Empress examining carelessly some works ordered by him in the courts of the prison, armed themselves with the tools of the workmen, rushed upon the minister, and extended him dead at their feet. The other prisoners of the Cantacuzene party, breaking their irons at this signal, and suspending at the battlements of their tower the head of the assassinated minister, called the people to liberty. But the people, moved by the tears of the Empress and of the widow of the murdered minister, responded to this exhortation but by forcing open the prison doors, and immolating, innocent or guilty, all the prisoners suspected of attachment to the party of the usurper. The latter was approaching, with a Turkish body, to Constantinople.

Anne of Savoy, menaced with a rival to her power in another Empress who should sit upon a level with her on the same throne, vowed to bury herself beneath the ruins of her palace. These oaths could not avert the victory. Cantacuzene, invincible by means of his new auxiliaries, entered Byzantium, treated respectfully the Empress, gave another of his daughters in marriage to the young Emperor, and contented himself with the regency during ten years.

The children that were to be born of the young Emperor and his daughter were to confound the blood of the two races pretending to the empire, the Paleologuses and the Cantacuzenes. The empire, impoverished by the long civil war, was so ruined that the bridal feast of the imperial marriage was served on pewter and earthen vessels.

## XVII.

This reconciliation was stormy and short-lived. The young Emperor, escaping in turn from the regent his colleague, repaired to Thessalonica, called the Servians to his party, and again vanquished, took refuge in a skiff upon the rock of Tenedos, in front of the Dardanelles.

Cantacuzene, indignant, responded to this aggression in causing his own son to be crowned emperor at Constantinople. The Genoese merchants who had built a city, by the authority of the empire, over against Byzantium, on the opposite side of the "Golden Horn," conspired with the secret partisans of the Paleologuses against the usurper. Penetrating by night with two Genoese galleys, laden with soldiers and arms, into the port, they forced open the gates of the palace. At the cries of "*Victory and fidelity to the Emperor Paleologus!*" they drew away the very guard of Cantacuzene in the sedition. Cantacuzene, awakened by the avenging cry and shut up in the interior of his palace, "abdicated, to spare," said he, "the blood of his country." He retired into a monastery under the name of Father Josaphat, and no more able to disturb the empire, he turned to agitating heaven.

A mystic doctrine, emanating from the fakirs of India, brought into Asia Minor by the Mussulman dervishes, and adopted with a superstitious stupidity by some Christian monks, impassioned at that time the quintessential minds of the Greeks, more than all their civil discords and the catastrophes of the empire. A holy abbé, superior of the thousands of monks who peopled the valleys and the cliffs of Mount Athos, that cenobitic hive, had explained in this wise to his monks the doctrine which then was agitating the theological world:

"When you are alone in your cell, shut the door and sit in a corner. Elevate your imagination above all transitory and vain things; rest your beard and your chin upon your breast; turn your eyes and thoughts towards the middle of

your belly where the navel is placed, and search for the seat of the soul. All will at first appear to you disorder, obscurity, confusion. But if you persevere night and day, you will experience a delicious pleasure. From the moment the soul discovers the place of the heart, it enjoys a mystic and ethereal illumination."

This dream of modern quietists, renewed from the Oriental quietists, was made to fascinate the subtilizing genius of the Greeks, which theology had besides sharpened with seven centuries of sacerdotal controversies. Inexplicable distinctions that pretended to explain every thing, were superadded to darken farther these obscurities. Passion seized these phantoms of the brain to divide the affections. There were theological factions more acrimonious and sanguinary than the factions of the palace.

The fury of the monks of Mount Athos threatened the life of another monk named Barlaam, who denied the divinity of that luminous emanation from the human navel. Another, named Palemos, pretended that this light was the divine medium which had dazzled the disciples of Christ during his transfiguration upon Mount Thabor. The entire empire was divided upon this hallucination of Mount Thabor.

Cantacuzene presided as Emperor over the synod that declared belief in the divinity of this light an article of faith. Burial was denied the incredulous in this chimera of visionaries. The same Emperor continued to defend in his convent, by his writings, what he had defended by his power upon the throne. He died in the employment of his last years in these polemical puerilities.

## XVIII.

The empire owed him the first example of the marriage of a Christian princess of the imperial family with an Ottoman emir. The ambassadors of Orkhan came to receive at Selymbria, on the European side, the beautiful Theodora, daughter of Cantacuzene and the Empress Irene, his wife. An immense silken pavilion was spread upon the sea-shore to serve as a gynecium to the Empress Irene and her daughters. They passed the night in it. At the dawn of day, the Emperor Cantacuzene appeared on horseback at the head of his army behind the tent. The curtains were drawn; the young and beautiful Theodora, a victim sacrificed to concord

between the two races, presented herself to the Greeks and the Turks, seated upon a lofty throne, of which the *dais* in silk and gold astonished the simplicity of the Turks. The eunuchs of the palace of Constantinople—half men, of whom the Turks soon borrowed from the Christian emperors the infamous uses for corruption—were prostrated with the face in the dust, at the foot of the throne. The trumpets filled the air with warlike sounds.

At this signal, Theodora, weeping for her mother, her God, her country, was delivered to the ambassadors of Orkhan. A Turkish flotilla conveyed her to the other side where her husband awaited her. The two religions had made each other reciprocal concessions to avoid the double sacrilege in the eyes of the two races. Theodora was allowed to retain the religion of her infancy in the harem of Broussa. Although the wife of a man who kept other wives in his palace, she lived a pious and irreproachable life in the midst of Mussulman manners. She won the love of her husband and the respect of the Turks.

Not many months after this adultery between the two empires, Cantacuzene, having recovered possession of Constantinople, by the aid of his son-in-law, made a visit to his daughter in the palace of Broussa. Orkhan, accompanied by his four sons, whom he had already by his other wives, came to meet the Emperor, his father-in-law, along to Scutari. Feasting and the chase on Mount Olympus signalized this hospitality of Orkhan at Broussa. Theodora obtained permission of him to return from time to time, to visit her mother and sisters, into the city and the temples of her childhood. She always went back faithfully to Broussa, even when the ambition of Orkhan had caused this prince to forget the oaths of eternal friendship which he made the father of his wife.

But the Greek Emperor had been obliged to accept from his vanquishers, become his protectors, a law more odious and more antipathic to honor and to the faith of the Christians. The Turks had stipulated for themselves the right of carrying their captive slaves, even Christians by race, to be sold in the markets of Constantinople, to the end of obtaining for them higher prices or richer ransoms.

There is to be seen, say the Byzantine historians,—there is to be seen, to the shame of men and of angels, a crowd of Christians, of both sexes and all ages, penned up, like

impounded sheep, upon the public places of Constantinople, and sold to the highest bidder, Christian or barbarian, without reference to worship. The Turks overwhelmed them with irons and abuse before the eyes of the Greeks, their fellow-countrymen, to the end of exciting, by pity, the wealthy Christians to redeem their brethren. But despite this public emotion, a great number of children and young women remained without being ransomed, and were carried back to the Turkish provinces of Asia, to abjure their faith, or to become the slaves of their Mahometan masters.

## XIX.

Orkhan, to whom his father had given as wife, at the age of twelve, the beautiful and famous Nilufer, was over sixty years of age when he married Theodora. His eldest son, Solyman, was exercised, under his guidance, in arms and politics. Orkhan had given him the absolute government of the ancient Mysia, where the very barbarians admire the ruins of the opulent city of Cyzicus, subverted and plundered by Lucullus. The ruins of Cyzicus are situated on a peninsula of the sea of the Dardanelles, in front of the European coast. One night that Solyman, seated on the brink of the sea, was contemplating, in a solemn mood, these ruins of temples and of palaces, illuminated like fantastic monuments by the glimmering light of a moon in its first quarter, a transparent mist, rolled along by the north wind, came to diffuse itself upon these ruins, and to impress upon them, by its undulations, the appearance of life and movement. He fancied that the phantom city was shaking off its shroud, and lifting itself out of its sepulchre. The murmuring of the waves at his feet, augmenting the illusion, seemed like the hum of a great city when awaking in the morning. He called to mind that prophetic moon which, issuing formerly in a dream from the side of Edebali, and representing the beautiful and prolific Malkatoun, had appeared to his grandsire Othman, in the gorges of Phrygia. This second apparition of the moon, illuminating at the same time Asia and Europe in a scene of such solemnity, appeared to him a confirmation of the promise made his forefather, and a reproach of the temporization of his father Orkhan. Thus, the credulous simplicity of the shepherd is always blended in the Turk with the heroism of a warrior. The

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## XXI.

Ten thousand cavalry of Orkhan, protected henceforth, in their excursions, by the possession of Tzypé, poured upon Thrace. Heaven seemed to conspire with the Ottomans against that unfortunate province, the granary of the empire. Its cities and its villages were shaken down by earthquakes. The fugitive inhabitants fell, in flying death, into the slavery of the Turks, who were secure beneath their tents. A shock of special violence opened two large breaches in the strong walls of Gallipoli. Solyman precipitated himself, with his companions, by these breaches. Gallipoli, the key of the Dardanelles and of the Sea of Marmora, the citadel and arsenal of the empire, one of the first conquests of Alexander, fell into the power of two chiefs of Tartar hordes, Adjibeg and Ghazi-fazil. They gave their name to the rich plain of Thrace which surrounds the city; and their two tombs, says the learned Hammer, are still visited by the Turks, as the two first landmarks that the Ottoman empire planted in Europe.

## XXII.

Solyman, returned into Mysia, inundated wave after wave the conquered province with hordes of Turks, Arabs, Mongols, who supplanted every where on the banks of the Hellespont the Greek populations, and participated with the vanquished in the cities and the soil. At the close of the year 1357, the banks of the Hebrus were covered with their horses and their tents along to the gorges of Chariapolis. An unceasing current seemed to pour during several years the Asiatic populations upon the coast of Europe. *Letters of victory*—a sort of manifestoes of conquest signified to the world, according to the Oriental usage, were addressed repeatedly by Orkhan, from his capital of Broussa, to all the khans, emirs, or sultans of Asia Minor.

These letters of victory, in diffusing his renown and that of his son Solyman, subjected gradually to his house the emirs of Ionia, of Caramania, of Colchica, and of the Taurus, who hesitated still to recognize his supremacy. Orkhan orized Solyman to transport his residence into the midst of his conquests in Europe, and to take Gallipoli for capital.

The traveller, passing by the green hills bathed by the

sea which laves the foot of this city, sees still, in the breaches of the thick walls, in the cupolas and minarets mingling their domes with the towers of the Byzantine churches, the traces of the two peoples and of the two religions, which have combated, then commingled with each other on this shore. The adjacent valleys were given by Orkhan in perpetual fee to the companions of his son.

## XXIII.

The lucky Solyman did not enjoy long his fortune and his glory. He brought to Europe the tastes, the luxury, and the warlike exercises of the desert. One day as he was hunting the wild geese of Thrace in the marshes of the Hebrus, near a plane-tree of celebrity, like that of Godfrey de Bouillon by Constantinople, called the *tree of Seid* or *Cid*, his horse which rivalled in ardor with the flight of his falcon, threw him with such a shock against the trunk of the plane-tree, that he expired without uttering a cry.

His father Orkhan, desperate at losing in this hero the first-born of Nilufer and the glory of his rising race, had him constructed a magnificent tomb upon the elevated and always murmuring banks of the Hellespont, his conquest. This tomb, frequented by pilgrims along to our days, is still honored by the visits, the eulogies, and the regrets of the Ottomans, who celebrate in Solyman the first invader of Europe. The cypresses that droop around it reflect their shadows in the same moon whose prophetic crescent suggested to Solyman his navigation in the same sea which conveyed him on his raft to the adventure of Tzypmé.

In their public perils, the Turks make invocation to the name of Solyman. He appears sometimes in battle athwart the smoke of the cannon, mounted on a white steed and surrounded by divinified heroes, even as the corse of the monuments of Cyzicus appeared to himself moving and resuscitated, through the night-mist that covered his passage into Europe.

## XXIV.

Orkhan, in the midst of his conquests, pursued his organization, military, civil, and religious, of Islamism in his immense possessions of Asia. Like Constantine and Charlemagne, he yielded much to the superstitious fanaticism

to which he owed all. The dervishes—a word which means *thresholds of the door*, because they live confined within the walls of the house, occupied solely with the affairs of a future life—and the fakirs—a word that denotes *voluntary poor*, because they live only by gleanings upon the riches of others—were loaded by him with deference and credulity. The Mahometan clergy, multiplied and sometimes swayed by such auxiliaries of whom there was no limit to the number, began to often counterbalance the political authorities, and to corrupt the simplicity of the religion of the prophet, by popular traditions and by Indian practices.

Mahomet, a witness during his journeys in Syria, of the exorbitant multiplication of the Christian monasteries, of the fabulous miracles, and the gross credulity with which these ignorant solitaries infected the dogmas of the Gospel, had foreseen this danger to his own worship. He had said, "No monks in Islamism;" and this precept was in the beginning obeyed. But under the Khalifs, his successors, less vigilant than the prophet to prevent whatever might remind the Arabs of their former idolatry, the fakirs were like a leprosy, superimposed upon Mahometanism.

Another saying of the Koran, "Poverty is my glory," was interpreted by the doctors of Medina, of Bagdad, and of Damascus, as an exhortation to an ascetic life and to pious mendicity. Hence, according to the learned investigations of M. de Hammer,—hence, in Turkey, in Arabia, and in Persia, thirty-six religious orders came into being in a little time. With some, the ardor of mystical perfection which was propagated from the Indias along the shores of the Persian Gulf; with others, the pride of despising what the generality of men desire; with a third section, the respect of the multitude, always ready to bend the knee to whatever astonishes it; with a fourth, the sweets of sedentary and vagabond idleness which reaps where it has not sown,—such were the motives of this multiplication of Mahometan monks. The example of the eremites and cenobites of the Christian monasteries, with which the countries conquered from the Greeks were there covered, made them believe that there could be no religion without these abuses and excesses of piety. They soon rivalled then in number and madness the Thebais of Egypt, the grottoes of Lebanon, the caverns of Mount Athos, where entire mountains were pierced like honeycombs by these bees or drones of Chris-

tian monachism. The renown for sanctity which attached to these solitaries, attached likewise with the Mahometans to the costume and austerities of the dervishes.

The first monastery of this order had been founded in Arabia by a fanatic Ouweis, who got extracted all his teeth in commemoration of two teeth which the prophet had lost beneath the javelin of one of his enemies, in his second battle against the idolaters. This mutilation, imitated first by some of the companions of Ouweis, filled Bagdad with other practices no less cruel. The dervishes honored by the Khalifs had attained there to such power, that Bagdad got the title of the city of saints.

The twirling dervishes, who give themselves the vertigo of their visions by furious revolutions of their bodies, as the Greek monks of Constantinople gave themselves the vertigo of their vision of the uncreated light of Mount Thabor by the fixed contemplation of their navel; the howling dervishes, who by howlings excite themselves to frenzy, and sink annihilated, like the antique pythonesses, from the lassitude of their sacred rage; the dervishes, disciples of Inder-Baba-Roden, who intoxicate themselves with *haschisch*, the extract of venomous plants gathered in the gorges of Thibet and of Taurus; the dervishes, followers of Aboul-Hassan, who first discovered the stimulant virtues of the berries of the coffee plant, a shrub of the rocks of Moka; the poet dervishes, apostles of Alaeddin, that David of the Mussulmans, who sung in verse the grandeurs and the mercies of God, and who sanctified poetry by piety; all these orders, some fanatical, others ridiculous, a few useful to the *renaissance* of Arab literature among the conquering Turks, soon pullulated in Mount Olympus and in Broussa.

The reign of Orkhan saw arise still others. Some of them are but jugglers making leaves and blossoms to spring forth from withered branches inserted in the earth, playing with fire or taming serpents like the psylli of Egypt; some others remind one of the mysterious initiations of Hermes, Pythagoras and the Free Masons.

Each of the founders of these orders bequeathed his spirit to four disciples, in imitation of the four evangelists of Christianity. Sacred literature, favored during the reign of Orkhan, at Broussa, by the liberalities and foundations with which he honored the saints, the *savants*, and the

poets, almost rivalled the Arab literature and the Persian poetry. A few of these theologians, of these juriconsults, of these poets, received the title of *Pasha*, a title derived from two Persian words, *pai* and *schah*, which signify *foot of the Shah*. This Asiatic denomination goes back to Cyrus. He gave, by extension of his authority to his principal officers, the name of one of the members of his person. The administrators were his *eyes*; the tax collectors his *hands*; the police his *ears*; the judges his *tongue*; the governors, the viziers, the visitors of the provinces, his *feet* or his *pashahs*.

## XXV.

The grief of Orkhan for the loss of Solyman, his son, accelerated his death. He expired at the age of seventy-five years, of that dejection which follows satiety of happiness and glory, when men see disappear before them from the earth, those who were to have continued and perpetuated their name. After having, during half his lifetime, fought like a hero, he reigned during the other half like a lawgiver. The genius of Alaeddin, his brother, and the long days of peace passed at Broussa in the midst of saints, sages, historians, poets, flocking from Persia and Arabia to his splendor, had more civilized the Ottomans than the three centuries of their march and of their fighting from the Oxus to the shores of the Sea of Marmora. The horde of shepherds was become a people; the tents were transformed into palaces; the riches conquered from the Greeks at Nice, at Nicomedia, at Broussa, at Gallipoli, at Constantinople itself, served to construct in marble and cut stone, the mosques, the tombs, the hospitals, the caravanseras, the schools, the seminaries, the barracks, the palaces, the baths, the fountains of a new Bagdad on the plains of Bithynia. These treasures were expended liberally, especially for the encouragement of the faith, the cultivation of letters, the education of the people.

The rapid progress made by the Ottomans in this long reign of forty years, in jurisprudence, in theology, in eloquence, in history, in poetry, occasioned Orkhan to be compared to a barbarian St. Louis of the Turks. Entire Broussa is, still at the present day, but a splendid tomb constructed to his ashes and his memory.

Nature, which designed to quicken the development of

this people, to occupy the void which the exhaustion of the Byzantine empire had left in Asia, in Africa, and in Europe, seemed to have given by turns and alternately to the Ottomans, a warlike chief like Othman, and a legislative prince like Orkhan, so as to conquer during one reign and to civilize during the following reign the conquerors themselves.

The portraits which the Turkish and the Christian historians draw of Orkhan responds to the character of the intelligence, the amenity, the patriarchal majesty, which his reign ascribes to him in the family of the Sultans.

Although he had, like his father Othman, the hooked nose of the eagle of the Taurus, the eyebrows black and thick, the yellow hair of his race, the blue eyes of the sons of the steppes, the forehead broad, the lips full, the shoulders square, the arms long, the bust solid over short legs, yet the Tartar coarseness had disappeared in him beneath the graces of the countenance. The beauty of his mother, Malkatoun, beamed in the whiteness and the delicacy of his skin. His gestures were noble, his voice caressing; the king was felt beneath the emir. A dark mole covered with yellow hairs between the cheek and the ears, which he derived from Malkatoun, and which the Orientals regard as a sign of felicity written on the skin, is compared by contemporary historians to a grain of poppy seed floating on a cup of milk. They attribute the fortune of his enterprises, the conquests of his reign, the splendor of his later years to this sign, which the Arabs still consider as a presage. History ascribes them to his genius, admirably formed by the sage Edeballi, his grandfather, to the circumstances; a genius which was turned, like the double point of his sword, upon the two horizons of Broussa, his capital—on the savage side, to Asia and his intrepid companions, on the cultivated side, to Europe and its refined civilizations, which he was going at once to conquer by the force of his arms, and to rival by the emulation of his intellect.

He died like Moses, his feet still upon Asia, but his eyes already upon Europe, leaving his sons the double example of his ardor to subjugate whatsoever resisted, and of his patience to await the decomposition of what was yielding of itself; at once urgent and slow to substitute in Europe that shade of empire which was still an obstruction, but the obstruction of carcass.

## BOOK FIFTH.

## I.

AMURATH or MOURAD I., second son of Orkhan, by his first wife, Nilufer, was proclaimed Emir of the Ottomans by right of birth. Orkhan, who intended this inheritance for Solyman, had not given Amurath occasions of glory and of government in proportion. Up to the death of Solyman, he dreaded between the brothers such rivalries and competitions of power as might divide the Ottomans. Some of his counsellors had even suggested to him the death of Amurath as a cruel sacrifice, but perhaps necessary to the peace of his race after his decease. Orkhan had happily rejected these odious councils, become afterwards the barbarous policy of the house of Othman, down to our own days, when nature appeared with reason to the Sultan Abdul-Medjid to be the surest and the most holy of policies.

Amurath, although confined by this paternal prudence to the leisures of the studies of peace, had the courage of his father and the graces of his mother. His aspect, thoughtful, proud, and sweet, stood in need of no other diadem than its natural majesty. He found his people ready fashioned to obedience, the laws accepted, the governors faithful, the armies disciplined, an immense renown and a universal terror spread through Europe and through Asia before the steps of the Ottomans.

The inherited ambition of Amurath was to extend the conquests of his brother Solyman in Thrace and in Macedonia, in order to fall from thence upon ancient Greece, and to plant the dogma of the one God in that cradle of all the fables of paganism.

Nevertheless, all the historians of the times are agreed in thinking that the young Amurath, refined by the Persian

priests and philosophers at his father's court, and instructed in the Christian dogmas by his mother, Nilufer, had not at bottom the zeal for Islamism affected in his words. He was said to be less intolerant than politic. Religion was the pretext rather than the motive of his wars; his wish, above all, was to enlarge the dominions of his race, to aggrandize his name, and that of his house, by a splendid reign. To a conquering people, to reign was to conquer. Nations, when young and on the march towards their destiny, can recognize their sovereign but in victory.

An obstacle remained behind him and near him, in the gorges of the Taurus and on the coasts of Caramania. It was the Emir of Caramania, a chief, like himself, of one of those tribes of the Turcomans to whom the fall of the Seldjukids had left their independence, and who had, like Othman, founded conquering colonies in the different kingdoms of Asia Minor.

## II.

Amurath, informed of the dangers which the armed rivalry of the prince of Caramania were beginning to raise up against him at Angora, the capital of the ancient Galatia, assembled all the troops of his father at the foot of Mount Olympus, and, calling back his generals, indignant at being delayed in their onset upon Europe by the jealousy of a Turkish prince, marched upon Angora.

This oasis of the mountains of Asia Minor was celebrated among the Turkish shepherds for the wool of its flocks of sheep, whose massive tails extend to the earth, and for the rich colors with which the women of Angora dye their fleeces. The husbandmen no less esteemed this country for its orchards, watered by the foaming current of the Ayasch, and of which the pear, the apple, and the peach trees have procured to Mount Adorcus, that overlooks the city, the name of Elmataghi, the *apple mountain*.

Celebrated baths, of which the water springs forth boiling, attract the wounded and the infirm from entire Greece; the shades, the grottoes, the picturesque rocks of the neighboring valley of Antenosi call up Tempe to the minds of painters and of lovers. Ruins of pagan temples mingled with the steeples and the naves of the Christians, with the minarets and the cupolas of the prophet, and robed in the



splendor of a luminous sky; in fine, ramparts, trenches cut in the rock, gates of chiselled bronze, the relics of ancient opulence, made Angora almost equal to Broussa.

The prince of Caramania, vanquished before his walls, abandoned this spoil to Amurath, and dispersed his army in the gorges of the Taurus. Amurath made Angora the key and citadel of the north part of his possessions. The Turks of the prince of Caramania became fused with his army; the Christians submitted to his government and to his tribute. This short expedition restored the authority of his name over the feeblest tribes of Turcomans encamped between the two seas. He gave Angora in fee and in keeping to one of his generals, and took in triumph the return road for Broussa.

### III.

After the example of his uncle, the virtuous Alaeddin, he took care to organize before conquering. The most decisive, as the most rash of his institutions, after his return to Broussa, was that of the *Beglerbeg*, a word signifying the prince of princes, the emir of emirs, the vizier of viziers; a sort of universal viceroyalty comprising justice, administration, the army, which placed in the hands of one man the entire empire. But this man, who was himself but the visible and responsible hand of the sovereign, enjoyed this delegated omnipotence only at the price of answering at each instant with his head. He was more than a prime minister, he was an absolute master; but this master was at the same time a slave.

This title of *Beglerbeg* implied at the same time, during war, that of grand vizier. Amurath called to this post an old man, a former companion of arms of his father and of his brother Solymán, named Lalaschahin, and unconnected with his family. He interdicted to his nearer relatives and to his sons the high functions of the state which might tempt their ambition and threaten the supreme power.

After having constituted the vigor of the government in a unity of action, and after having relegated into impotence all the princes of his family, he crossed himself the Hellespont, upon the track of his brother Solymán, and subjugated, city after city, fortress after fortress, entire maritime Thrace.

While he was advancing himself towards the north,

where flows the Hebrus at the foot of the mountains, his generals, Evrenos, and Ilbeki, took possession of Demotica, an imperial city, famous for its monuments and manufactories of earthenware. The Greek commander of Demotica delivered them the city to redeem the life of his only son, made prisoner in a sortie and menaced with death before his father's eyes.

Amurath, during the siege, was approaching the second capital of the Greek empire in Europe, Adrianople. Re-joined, in the rich valley of the Hebrus or the Maritza, which serves at once as avenue, as defence, and as site to this capital, by Evrenos and by Ilbeki, Amurath, after having conferred with them and counted his troops, resolves to wrest from the Greeks this bulwark of the empire on the north. It was to take all from the empire of Byzantium, even a retreat towards, from which this Eastern empire drew its origin.

#### IV.

Adrianople, founded by the Roman Emperor Adrian upon the vestiges of a primitive barbarian village, brings to mind, at the foot of the mountains of Macedon in Europe, the site of Damascus at the foot of the mountains of Anti-Lebanon in Asia. Like Damascus, its close horizon is circumscribed by grassy sides of peaks whose dentilated summits disappear into the clouds; like Damascus, it is bathed by the limpid waters of three rivers; like Damascus, it is seated at the issue of a valley, at the opening of a vast plain, in the midst of orchards and gardens of roses, of quince, of vine, of walnut trees, which veil it almost from the eyes. The historians and the poets have chanted it in all times as the grace of the earth and the force of the empire.

A population less numerous, but more laborious and more martial than that of Constantinople, defended Adrianople. Its inhabitants already enervated by idleness and by commerce, might have recruited themselves against the Turks from the semi-barbarous populations of Bulgaria, of Servia, and of Albania, contemporaneous with their city. Their ramparts were broad enough to contain several armies. But terror, discouragement, treachery, those symptoms of the decay of empires, had debased the public spirit. Adrianople, without hope of success on the part of Constantinople, without other result than a brief truce even were it victorious,

resigned itself to its fate. Its commander alone, named Adrian, after having heroically challenged Amurath in open plain with a handful of foreign soldiers, thus preserving, at least, honor—embarked upon rafts with his warriors, and giving himself to the current of the overflowing Maritza, arrived at its mouth in the sea, and thence took refuge at Constantinople.

## V.

If Amurath had not had Constantinople in prospect, he would have established the seat of his new empire at Adrianople. All things invited him to it—the site, the river, the pastures, the fertility of the plain, the rich and active population, the monuments, in fine the vicinage of the Bulgarians, of the Servians, of the Albanians, much easier to be quelled or controlled from this spot than from any other city in Europe. But he dreaded that the possession and the delights of this capital might deaden among his soldiers and among his successors, the ardor which should ceaselessly lead their thoughts towards Byzantium. He abandoned Broussa like a station which is left behind in raising a camp; he wished for himself and his descendants but a precarious and provisional capital, a camp rather than a fixed residence, seated on the European coast of the sea. He chose Demotica, a site intermediate between Adrianople, Broussa and Constantinople.

He left the government of Adrianople to Lalaschahin, his grand vizier and his Beglerbeg, to consummate the subjection of Thrace, of Bulgaria, of Servia, along to the Danube. Lalaschahin conducted the victorious army of the Sultan, under the walls of Philippopolis, the granary of these provinces. This opulent and fortified city, built on one of the spurs of Mount Hemus, upon the steep declivity of a hill, commanded by a citadel whose site and ruins attest a resemblance with that of Athens, defended at its foot by the course of the broad and foaming Hebrus, fell more slowly than Adrianople beneath the assaults of the old Lalaschahin.

Philippopolis opened to the treasury of the Sultan an abundant source of revenue. Independently of the tribute imposed by the Koran upon Christian populations, the tithe levied by the regular government upon the commerce of grain and fruits in this city amounted, under the Greek emperors, to four millions of *aspres* annually. Lalaschahin,

wishing to open to the armies of the Ottomans a military road across the Balkans, the valleys and the plains that extend upon the two reverses of these Greek Apennines, employed the numerous unransomed slaves made at Adrianople and at Philippopolis, to trace this route and to construct mosques and hospitals in all the cities of his conquest. The Hebrus, beneath the walls of Philippopolis, foams still under a stone bridge of the length of two bowshots, built by this vizier.

It was on the occasion of these numerous slaves of Lala-schabin, that the usage of exacting from the Turkish soldiers a fifth part of the ransom of their prisoners, for the public treasury, was established into a law in the new empire.

A precarious peace, or rather a truce, was concluded after the capture of Philippopolis between the Greek emperor and the Sultan. Amurath, come back for some months to Broussa, expedited couriers to all the Turkish emirs, and as far as the Arabian Irak, to announce his victories. They were celebrated by the Arabian poets in the court of the Sultan of Aderbidjan, Ouweis, son of the celebrated princess Dischad, (or *delight of the heart*), of whom their verses have immortalized the memory, like that of Nilufer and of Mal-katoun among the Ottomans.

## VI.

Meanwhile the fall of Philippopolis, on the one hand, which opened to the Turks the Balkan and the valleys of the Danube; on the other, the victories of Evrenos, general of the Sultan, over the Epirotes and the Albanians, which delivered the whole basin of the Adriatic to the children of the prophet, had resounded through Western Christendom. These same Latins, whose crusades had sapped the Byzantine empire more than the Turks themselves, were called forth by bulls of Pope Urban V. to the aid of the people of Wallachia, of Servia, of Bosnia, and of Hungary, menaced in their turn with submersion by this unknown people, whom they had themselves brought against the Greeks. A league of these semi-barbarous, although Christian, populations, was concluded at the instance of the Pope.

Twenty thousand Servians, Hungarians, Wallachians, Bulgarians, advanced full of desperate valor, through the gorges of Servia and of Bulgaria, to dispute the Balkans

and the Hebrus with the grand vizier Lalaschahin. The latter had but ten thousand men in the field ; but his soldiers, disciplined from their infancy, and accustomed to despise the number of their enemies, did not wait, to give battle, for the reinforcements which Lalaschahin demanded from Broussa. Ilbeki, a contemporary and veteran like him of the old campaigns of Othman and of Orkhan, advanced during the night at the head of a small but select detachment, across the marshes which border the Maritza or Hebrus. The camp of the Christian confederates, thinking itself sufficiently covered by the overflowings of the river, abandoned itself without distrust to the disorders, the drunkenness, the sleep, of a night of full security. Ilbeki fell upon this brave but undisciplined soldiery, as upon a flock without a guardian. His cavalry, whose cries and coursing multiplied their number to the ears of the Christians, scattered death, flame, terror, and flight among this helpless multitude. No one had the time to arm himself and to rally to another. All precipitated themselves, to escape the sabres of the Ottomans, into the rapid and profound waters of the Maritza, which engulfed them in crowds, and rolled thousands of dead bodies under the arches of the bridge of Philippopolis, and along to the sea. They were the messengers of the victory of Ilbeki and Lalaschahin, to the Sultan. The little plain where this victory without a battle struck down the hope of the Crusaders, is still called *Sirf-Sindughi*—the panic and disappearance of the Servians. We have visited, ourselves, this field of nocturnal terror, where the King of Hungary, Louis, escaped almost alone from the sabre and the waves, by the vigor and fleetness of his horse.

## VII.

The generous Ilbeki, on his triumphal return to Adrianople, appeared too happy or too popular to Lalaschahin, who had designed to reserve to himself the honor and the prize of the battle. The grand vizier sent him a cup of poison, with orders to die in expiation of a victory too prompt and too complete. Life and death belonged to the grand vizier as to the Sultan. Ilbeki obeyed, and died recognizing the envy, but without accusing the injustice.

Amurath, who was already marching in person to the aid of his vizier, halted at the news of the annihilation of the

Crusaders of the Danube. He returned to Broussa, and employed the spoils of Thrace and of Macedon in the erection of religious edifices in his two capitals of Broussa and Demotica. The Greek architects among the prisoners lent their genius to the mosques and minarets. They brought the light in floods into the temples. The low ceilings of the Byzantine naves arose in cupolas into the air; and aerial galleries, whence the disciples could hear the imans in the pulpit, circulated between the cupolas and the floor. Immense porticoes, sustained by fluted columns, and cooled by the shade of cypresses and the murmur of sparkling fountains, opened upon the cells serving for the habitations of the masters and the students.

Islamism sprang up from the soil, like all religions newly accepted, with its peculiar architecture; the modes of architecture are the daughters of religions. It would seem that every other idea but that of God is insufficient to move those masses of stone whereby men indite the name of their God upon the soil. The Indians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Goths, the Byzantines, created all of them architectures according with the genius of their sacred creeds. Some of them, pantheism which adores the whole and prays in open air; others, the secret doctrines which bury truths beneath the pyramids to hide them from the people; others still, the fanciful theogonies that multiply gods by all the extravagances of the imagination, and create Olympuses peopled with statues in their Parthenons; a fourth creed selects caverns of rocks and subterraneous vaults in cities, to adore the arisen from the tomb; a fifth, the cupola's simple form, flooded with daylight, to turn the idols pale and comment the word of the inspired of Allah. The traces of these different divine ideas, effaced by each other, often superimposed upon one another, is nowhere on earth to be better read than in the provinces of the Ottoman empire. From the pyramid of Egypt to the ruins of Ephesus or of Athens; from the ruins of the Parthenon along to the catacombs of Jerusalem; from the massive domes of Saint Sophia of Constantinople to the mosques of Broussa and of Adrianople,—we read in their edifices the genius of the different religions that have disputed with each other the dominion of the earth. And almost every where, as at Broussa, the architects of a vanquished creed have lent their art to the creed of the vanquisher. Hence the transitions, almost every where visible,

between the temples of a vanquished religion and those of a nascent religion; merely the new people eject the old divinity, and modify the temple according to the altar.

## VIII. .

Amurath, although he showed, after the example of his father, a prodigal zeal in the construction of mosques, and in the religious and literary instruction of his people, was himself ignorant of every thing except politics and war. A disinterested propagator of the knowledge imported from Arabia and Persia, tradition affirms that he was unable to write. This tradition is contradicted by all the probabilities of his birth, of his education, of his infancy, passed under the tutelage of a mother celebrated for her intellect, of a grandfather illustrious for his wisdom.

How should the son of Nilufer, the grandson of Edebalı, the successor of Orkhan to the empire, the nephew and pupil of the learned Alaeddin—how should he have been the illiterate man whom we are told of by the Byzantine chronicles? How should Orkhan, who lived surrounded by the poets and sages of Persia, and who devoted so much care to the education of the humblest children of his people—how should he have left his own son to wallow in an ignorance which offended the Koran and dishonored his race? The historians have evidently here adopted mere popular credulities, which the least examination refutes. Amurath, the protector of the imans and the men of letters of the empire, could not be ignorant of the art of writing. The historians, and M. de Hammer himself, the most erudite of them all, go upon a pretended signature of Amurath, set to a treaty which the Sultan had concluded with the republic of Ragusa.

They relate that Amurath, at the moment of ratifying this convention which engaged the republic to pay a tribute of five hundred ducats in gold to the Sultan, in exchange for the liberty of navigation and commerce in the Turkish seas, dipped the interior of his hand in the ink, and applying it to the parchment, left thereon the trace of his five fingers, as the lion imprints his five claws on the sand. By an accident, say they, of the disposition of the Sultan's hand in this gesture, the three middle fingers were joined and extended, the thumb and the little finger were separated fanwise. This signature, say they farther, was imitated by the successors of

the Sultan as a sign of power, of disdain and of possession of the earth. The secretaries of the empire, expert in tradition and calligraphy, completed afterwards this mark of the Ottoman emperors by large letters artistically interlaced, and by designs with the pen wherein the five fingers transpierced still athwart these august and mysterious arabesques. The cipher and the name of the emperor reigning is read in the middle of this signature, called *toughra*. There is added to the number of the Sultan the name of *ever victorious*, as the Romans and the Greeks added the sovereign name of Cæsar.

Despite these traditions and these usages, commemorative of the pretended ignorance of the third of the Sultans, this supposition of the Ottoman historians cannot be reasonably admitted. They all forget that subjects, as well as sovereigns, used, from the remotest antiquity in the East, the impress of their seal or of their ring for their signature. If Amurath took the whim for once to deviate from this usage and to use his own hand as a living seal of the empire, this gesture was plainly in him but that of a strong and more resolute will, marked by the sovereign hand itself upon a paper thrown to the infidels—an affirmation, a precipitation, perhaps a contempt, but not a testimony of inferiority of mind. The Koran commands all believers to read and to copy unceasingly the word of the prophet. Such an ignorance as this in the chief of the believers would be an example of negligence and almost of impiety.

## IX.

The mathematicians, the philosophers, and the poets that issued, under the reign of this prince alleged to be illiterate, from the schools of Broussa, carried back, on the contrary, as far as Persia and Tartary the Arabian sciences and letters, which flourished still in the recent capital of the Ottomans.

The son of a judge of Broussa, Cadizadeh, went to profess transcendental mathematics to Samarcand, where the attraction of his lectures was such, that the day on which he spoke, all the other chairs of that capital of Transoxiana were empty and the professors themselves became his disciples. Another *savant* of Broussa, Djemal-eddin, knew by rote the Arabic dictionary from cover to cover, and re-



formed the language in the colleges of Amurath. The philosopher, Boran-eddin, illustrious at the same period, filled the Turkish pulpits of Asia Minor with his commentaries on the Koran, and his metaphysical contemplations on the perfections of God and the destinies of the soul. The Arabian wisdom and the Greek theogony met in conflict in that Ionia where Mahomet succeeded to Plato.

## X.

During the leisure time of Amurath at Broussa or at Demotica, his generals, Evrenos, Timourtasch and Lalaschahin, pursued his plan of rapid conquest of all that part of Europe comprised between the Danube, the Black Sea, and the Adriatic. These mountainous provinces, which nature seemed to have made the rampart of the Greek empire, resisted better than the plains of Thrace to his soldiers; they advanced but step by step in the defiles of Bulgaria and in the gorges of Epirus. Timourtasch, reprimanded for his sloth by the reproaches of Amurath, launched at length upon all the cities along the foot of Mount Hemus; Lalaschahin, upon the valley of the Balkans, where he conquered to his master the celebrated forges, that inexhaustible arsenal of the Greeks, destined thenceforth to arm the Ottomans. In fine, impatient of repose, Amurath himself, setting out from Demotica at the head of a select army, traversed the whole peninsula which separates the Gulf of Salonica from the Black Sea, and winding round Constantinople, conquered Aidos, Apollonia, Heraclea, and all the cities bordering on the Euxine between the mouths of the Danube and the Greek entrance of the Bosphorus. As adventurous as, and more fortunate than Darius, who had his name inscribed upon the rocks of Tearos, at the thirty springs, in pursuing thitherto the Scythians, Amurath, in a campaign of five years, added all that continent and all that coast to his empire.

These advanced territories in Europe made forcibly of Adrianople the central city and the capital of the Ottomans. Amurath, on his return, had himself built there a palace or seraglio, worthy to be the residence of the rival of the Emperors of Byzantium. He transported thither his military government, merely leaving at Broussa his new grand vizier Kaireddin, a pasha charged with the executive and judicial business of the provinces of Asia. This old man,

whose memory is dear to the Ottomans, governed them as a father unto the age when the intellect sinks beneath the burden of affairs, and died in going to seek repose at Jenischyr, where he was born under the first Othman. The old beglerbeg Lalaschahin received, in recompense of his administration and his campaigns, the hereditary possession of Philippopolis, almost equal to Adrianople.

Philippopolis was to Lalaschahin but an outpost of the empire whence he rushed with an indefatigable ardor upon the groups of mountains and valleys that lie between the two seas. Albania, Bulgaria, Servia, regions wooded, warlike, pastoral, inserted between Rhodope, Hemus, the Hills of Epirus and the Balkans, were invaded successively by Lalaschahin. He established his lieutenants in the conquered towns, and drove back into the mountains the untamable populations.

Amurath followed him with his eyes, and aided him at moments with his arm. Having learned that the Greek cities subdued by him on the Euxine, had availed themselves of his engagement with the barbarians, to resume their independence, he traversed a second time the peninsula of Thrace with a light column, reconquered them, chastised them for their revolt, and returned, with the same rapidity, to lay siege to Apollonia.

Weary of a useless siege about its thick walls, he was preparing himself to draw off his troops, and was reflecting gloomily on his reverse, with the back resting against the trunk of a plane-tree, when the earth trembled beneath his feet, and a cloud of dust effaced the besieged city. It was a portion of the rampart that had crumbled of itself, and opened him a passage for his troops. He precipitated them into the breach, and entered the city without resistance. The plane-tree against which Amurath was leaning at the moment of luck, presented the name of the *fortunate plane-tree*, and the town changed its Greek for a Turkish name, that signifies the *city upset by God*.

## XI.

The spoils were immense. The Pagan temples of Apollonia had enriched the Christian temples with their treasures and their marvels. Cups of gold and silver bedazzled the eye upon the altars. The soldiers of Amurath sported

with masterpieces of the precious metals, and of Grecian chiselling. One of the soldiers who, to conceal a golden cup, had placed it capwise upon his head, and badly covered it with the turban, caught the eye of the Sultan. Amurath had him called up, and reproached him with not having paid the tithe of his rich prize. Taken, nevertheless, with the effect which this border of gold produced upon the forehead of this soldier, in protruding below his cap, he pardoned the culprit, and ordered that a golden border should thenceforth edge the military caps of all his officers. He himself adopted, as headgear, the gold-rimmed cap, instead of the woollen, surrounded with a muslin cord, which he had worn to that day. A vest and a caftan of scarlet wool, of Kermian fabric, completed his costume, imitated by the principal officers of his house and of his armies.

## XII.

Free in his movements by the surrender of Apollonia, he marched with the army to reinforce his principal lieutenant, Evrenos, who was slowly making the conquest of Thessaly. He re-descended thence the northern flank of Mount Hemus, on the rumor of the armaments of the King or Kral of the Servians, Lazarus, leagued with Sisman, prince of the Bulgarians. These two enemies of Amurath had concentrated their united troops in the broad basin of Nissa, the antique Naissus, the cradle of the great Constantine. It was the capital of Mysia. Its fortifications, restored by Justinian; its situation at the mouth of a valley, which shuts it, as a key of Europe; a rapid river, that covers it upon two of its four sides, made it the rampart of the Servians and the Bulgarians. But at the sight of the armies of Amurath descending the steep cliffs of Mount Hemus into the plain, Nissa thought no more but of capitulating, and the two confederate princes but of flying. Amurath accorded them a precarious peace, subdued Nissa, and returned in triumph to Adrianople.

The charms of situation of this new capital, its temperate climate, its murmuring waters, its fertile pastures, its savory fruits, its hunting attractions in the forests of Mount Hemus,—in fine, the luxury of its palaces, and the care of the government of Europe more contiguous to this centre of affairs, retained him here some years at peace with Europe and with Asia.

He there completed the organization, the discipline, the uniform, the insignia, the banners of his armies. To distinguish the colors of the standard of the Ottomans from that of the Arabs of Mahomet, which the prophet had prescribed yellow, the color of the sun; the Fatimites green, the color of the earth, or the color of the garments of the son of Abdallah; the Omniads white, the color of day; the Abassids dark, the color of night; the Byzantines azure, the color of the firmament; Amurath adopted red, the color of fire and of blood, a symbol of his conquering mission.

The old Lalaschahin invested, till his death, with the title of generalissimo, or beglerbeg, having paid the debt of nature, Timourtasch inherited his authority and his title.

### XIII.

Three sons grew up in the palace and in the camp of Amurath. The eldest, named Bajazet, or Bayazed, surnamed after *Ilderim* (the thunderbolt), was destined to succeed him. Amurath, after the example of his predecessors, wished that the dower of his daughter-in-law should be an addition to the empire. He sent to ask the only daughter of the Turkish Emir of Kermian, adjacent to his possessions of Mount Olympus. The prince of Kermian, flattered by so august an alliance, delivered his daughter to the ambassadors of Amurath. His first groom was charged to lead by the bridle, along to the palace of Amurath, the horse of the betrothed. Amurath and his son came from Europe into Asia, to receive the young woman. Envoys of all the princes, Arab, Persian, Egyptian, Syrian, Turkish, even Greek, presented to the Sultan and to his heir the most sumptuous presents of which Oriental history has retained record; the marvels of Bagdad, the steeds of Arabia, the carpets of Persia, the silks of Egypt, the slaves, male and female, white and black, of Ethiopia or the Archipelago.

The general of Amurath, Evrenos, who had abjured the God of the Greeks for the Allah of Mahomet, and who was conquering antique Greece to the Ottomans, signalized himself by presents that were the spoils of the islands and the continent of the Adriatic. Two hundred young Greek slaves, of his own race, chosen among the flower of the youth and beauty of Thessaly, opened the market of his cortege of tributaries. Ten of these slaves carried upon their heads golden

plates, filled with Venetian ducats; ten others, silver plates filled with sequins; eighteen more had golden and silver goblets, to lave the fingers; the rest, cups, crystals, Venetian glasses, in which precious stones were incrustated in transparency. All these marvels, which the Ottomans call *satschou* (or things to be thrown under the feet), were, in fact, strewn beneath the feet of Bajazet and his affianced. The bride, in turn, placed at the feet of Amurath and of her husband the golden keys of four capital cities of the countries governed by the prince of Kermian, her father, among which were the keys of Kutaiah, one of the bulwarks of Asiatic Caramania, the city of the seven mosques and the seven baths, of orchards prodigal of fruits, of tufted trees, of tombs of the holy and of the brave, gleaming upon hills through groves of cypress.

## XIV.

Kutaiah became thus a profound root stricken by the empire of Othman into the rocks of Mount Taurus. The secondary Emirs of Kermian and of Caramania, and the most powerful amongst them, the Emir of Hamid, preferring the security of the title of vassals of Amurath to impotent rivalries, ceded to him the sovereignty of all their fortified cities, and all the valleys of the environs of Kutaiah, retaining, under his sovereignty, their rank and their riches.

Begschyr, or the *City of the Prince*, constructed by the Khalif Alaeddin, on the banks of Lake Frogitis; Sidischyr, another city of these alps, on the bank of another of those lakes, the White City or Akschyr, Isparta, Ighirdir, Kara-Adghadj—cities springing up on the shores of lakes or upon their islands, rich in forests and streams, in herbage, in population, in flocks, in factories of tissues and wool dyes—received their laws and government from Amurath.

Of all the emirs who had divided amongst them Asia Minor, and who expected to establish there their independence, there now remained but three unsubmitted; one in the Diarbeekér, the chief of the Turcomans of the *black sheep*; another at Marasch; the third at Adana, provinces intermediate between Arabia and Anatolia. These three tribes, who formed thus the rear-guard of the Turks, in their march towards Europe, gave Amurath no concern. His thoughts were all in the other direction. He knew that force

lay there with victory and wealth. Certain that these independencies would fall in of themselves, in their time, behind him, when he should be the greatest of the Ottomans in renown, he did not retard his invasions in Thrace and in Greece, to rally to him a few tribes additional on the Black Sea, or in Syria.

## XV.

His vizier, Timourtasch, had anew crossed the ramparts of Mounts Rhodope and Hemus, ravaged Macedon, subjugated Monastir, while the right wing of his army, remaining in the interior valley between Hemus and Rhodope, blockaded the fortified and opulent city of Sophia. Sophia, situated on the same line with Adrianople, Philippopolis, Nissa, in the long basin which circulates between Constantinople and the bed of the Danube, was the ancient Sardicus. The mountains of Albania on the left and the Balkans on the right, open of a sudden like the wooded banks of a great lake to extend around Sophia a vast and level plain through which meanders the river Oxus. Its waters fertilize throughout the foot of the mountain and the bed of the plain. The city is, like Damascus, half enveloped with the vapors of the water, the shadow of the mountains, the foliage of the pear and apricot trees; its gardens, which now occupy the place of its ramparts, wind and bloom up through the fragments of its demolished bastions. Agriculture, the commerce of fruits and flocks, the markets of the neighboring Servians and Bulgarians, animate it with a continual affluence. On the side that looks towards Servia, two jutting promontories of rocks draped with vine-trees, between which rolls the river, form it a sort of natural gate which a small number of soldiers can defend. This city, conquered by the Ottomans, gave them, independently of a delicious residence, a capital in the centre of the barbarians.

But its ramparts, its towers, its river, its citadels advanced to the head of its promontories on the plain, served to defend it during several years against the siege and the assaults of General Timourtasch. An artifice habitual with the Turks and a domestic treachery frequent with the Greeks, delivered it at last to Timourtasch. A young Ottoman of the army, feigning to have been menaced with death by this general, took refuge in the besieged city, and threw himself at the feet of the governor, imploring life and pro-

tection. The beauty of this youth, named Soundouk, his supplications, his oaths, his tears, wrought conviction in the governor of Sophia. He received the handsome page into the citadel, and attached him the more to his service that he believed him irreconcilable with his Ottoman compatriots.

During the leisure times of a siege that lasted so many months, and which left free the region of forest that descends from Servia to Sophia, the governor went sometimes hunting with falcons in these solitudes. Soundouk, in one of those chases, feigned, one day, to pursue, at a gallop, a game which was flying before his horse, drew off his master out of view of his other attendants; then of a sudden turning round, tumbling him off his horse, and gagging him with cords suspended from the saddle, he replaced him on horseback, and conducting by devious windings to the camp of the Turks, he delivered him prisoner to Timourtasch. The governor, exposed in his irons, under the walls of Sophia, to the eyes of the city, took away the hope and the courage of the inhabitants. Sophia opened its gates to the Ottomans, and became the arsenal of Amurath in his wars against the Albanians, the Servians, the Bulgarians, and the Hungarians.

## XVI.

These conquests successive and so feebly disputed, formed a circumvallation gradually narrower around Constantinople. The Emperor, John Paleologus, menaced by new pretensions on the part of Amurath, had no longer any hope in the Greeks, and no more the requisite treasures to hire the barbarians against the barbarians.

Theological quarrels separated, by a schism the more envenomed for being utterly unintelligible, the Greek and the Latin churches. To obtain the aid of the Roman pontiff, whose bulls alone could call forth at that time the religious zeal of the princes and of the populations of the West in favor of their Christian brethren in the East, it was necessary first to abjure the schism. It was only at the price of this formal abjuration that Rome could intercede for the Emperors of Byzantium.

John Paleologus resolved to try by himself this grand religious and political negotiation with the Roman pontiff. Since a nameless and vagabond monk, Peter the Hermit,

had succeeded in precipitating Europe upon the East in innumerable armies to rescue the sepulchre of Jesus Christ from the Khalifs, he thought that the spectacle of a Christian Emperor of the East, invested with the purple of Constantine, and coming to beg at the court of the Latin princes and of the successor of the apostles, a little of the gold, the iron, and the blood of Europe, to save the first capital and the first people of Christendom from the yoke of Mahomet, would wrest some tears, some tributes, some vessels and some warriors from the West.

The recital of the extremities to which this emperor was constrained to accomplish his desperate enterprise of moving Europe to sympathy, affect to tears the Greek historians who accompanied him on his pilgrimage.

## XVII.

John Paleologus, son of the unfortunate Manuel, and associate with him in the empire, had received from the old man, his father and colleague, the traditions of his palace politics. "There remains to us," said this old man to his son, "as the sole resource against the Turks, but the dread which those barbarians have of our junction with the Latins. As soon as you shall be menaced to the last extremity by those infidels, show then the armies of the Christians of the West ready to run at your voice to your aid. In order that this assistance should appear to them possible and real, remove the final obstacle that bars the alliance of the Greeks and Latins, the schism which separates us.

"Demand of the Latins the convocation of a council where the dogmas of the two churches shall be debated. The union will never be accomplished, on account of the eternal discord of the spirit of cavilling and of contention that animates the two clergies. But the Turks will see it always on the eve of being accomplished, and will manage you for fear it should be consummated in fact."

These counsels were so wise, that the Turks, already more initiated in the secrets of diplomacy than would be fancied in those shepherds scarcely issued from their pastures, proposed subsidies to the Emperor of Germany, Sigismund, to induce him to prevent this union of the two churches by opposing the convention of the council.

John Paleologus had listened with disdain to this excel-



lent advice of his father. A witness of their interview relates that the aged Manuel said to him after the son had withdrawn from the apartment: "Alas! my son believes himself a hero and a great monarch; but we are no longer in an age of heroism and greatness here. The courage of my son might save our country in other times; it will be only fatal to him now: we need less a hero than a temporizer upon the throne."

A few weeks after, the old man died at the age of eighty years, after having distributed among his children the wrecks of the principalities which still adhered to the throne of Byzantium. Andronicus, his second son, had Thessalonica, the four youngest sons, Theodore, Constantine, Thomas, Demetrius, divided between them Greece. Andronicus, scarce in possession of Thessalonica, sold it for cash to the Venetians, and died of the leprosy in obscurity. The others, soon expelled from their principalities of Greece, by the lieutenants of Amurath, returned to vegetate in the palace of Constantinople, under the protection of John Paleologus, their brother and their emperor.

Scarce upon the throne, this prince, infatuated with love for the Princess of Trebizond, repudiated his wife to marry this marvel of beauty, famous among the Greeks of the Black Sea. He hastened to provoke a general council, to unite by a political transaction the Greek and Latin churches. The moment was favorable: discord reigned in the Latin church between the Popes and the Councils. The Council of Basle, which had just deposed and thrown into a monastery Pope Eugenius, desired to signalize its government by some grand service rendered Christianity. The Emperor Sigismund of Germany, despite the golden vases which the envoys of Amurath had brought to turn him from listening to the propositions of John Paleologus, yielded to the desire for a council.

The bishops who composed it pressed John Paleologus to come with his patriarchs to discuss and seal the union of the Christian East and West. John objected the penury of his treasury; the Council agreed to allow him for his voyage the sum of ten thousand ducats, to defray all his expenses during his residence in Europe, and to entertain at the expense of the Latin Church a retinue of eight hundred persons of the household or of the clergy of the Emperor of the East. He was sent, beside a rich subsidy, Latin

vessels and soldiers, to protect during his absence, Constantinople against the Turks.

In fine, the new Pope, Eugenius, to take away from John all pretext for deferring the conferences, convoked the general council at Ferrara, in Italy, a locality more contiguous to the coast of the Adriatic.

Amurath, informed of these negotiations, and dreading the political consequences of a union of the two churches, which would convert the Christians into a single powerful people, offered to John Paleologus guarantees of security and even money if he consented to reject the interested invitations of their Pope. Among the nobles and the clergy of Constantinople, some urged on, the others held back the vacillating Emperor. At last, the despair of his deplorable situation at Constantinople, and the desire to quit, at least for a time, a palace that reminded him at once of the grandeur of his ancestors and of the misery of his own reign, prevailed in his decision. He embarked in the galleys of the Pope, taking with him the Patriarch of Constantinople, Josephus, an old man drooped with the weight of years, and dreading the perils of the voyage. A retinue, of which the pompous titles contrasted with the present misery and the petty dimensions of the empire, embarked with the Emperor.

They were the grand officers of the palace and the grand dignitaries of the church; the grand Ecclesiarch, the Bishops of Heraclea, of Cyzicus, of Nice, of Nicomedia, the prelate Bessarion, the monks who were heads of monasteries, the Patriarchs of Alexandria, of Antioch, of Jerusalem, of Russia, arrayed in their robes of gold, and carrying with them the precious vases of their churches, to dazzle still the Latins by the pomp of their ceremonies: to these were added the learned, the poets, the musicians of the palace, consecrated to the service of the imperial chapel. It might be taken for the migration of an entire religion, transporting its altars into another continent.

The fleet, thus laden with the court and with the church of Byzantium, sailed slowly across the Archipelago and the Adriatic towards Venice. During eighty days of an adverse navigation, John Paleologus, coasting along the Sea of Marmora, along Ionia, Thrace, Greece, Epirus, Albania, had time to measure with the eye the vastness of his ancient possessions, the grandeur of the empire which he had lost.

The Venetians, interested in flattering this shadow of an

emperor, to obtain of him the ports and islands where their fleets conveyed their commerce, treated him with a hospitality befitting Charlemagne or Constantine. The doge and the senators of this republic, mounted on the *Bucentaur*—a floating palace for naval ceremonies—sailed to meet him on the lagoons. The Emperor, seated on a throne elevated at the poop of his vessel, received the prostrations and adorations of the senators. The army and the entire people of Venice followed, in a fleet of gondolas decorated with the colors of Rome, of Byzantium, and of Venice united, the triumphal navigation of John upon their canal.

The Orientals, astonished at sailing between the magnificent monuments of a capital at anchor upon the sea, wept on recognizing upon the public squares of that capital the arches and statues which these islanders had brought away from Greece and the islands of the empire.

After some days of repose at Venice, the Emperor and his court were accompanied by land and by water with the same ostentation of respect to the gates of Ferrara. There a white horse, the sign of sovereignty, and a black horse, the sign of mourning, awaited the Emperor. He mounted the black horse; pages led before him a horse caparisoned with scarlet velvet, bespangled with golden eagles. The magnuses of Italy carried a dais upon the head.

The Pope awaited his guest on the steps of the palace of Ferrara. The church of the East and the church of the West gave to each other, by their lips, the kiss of peace. The patriarch Josephus claimed equality in the ceremonies with the Pope. The bishops refused to kiss the foot of the Roman pontiff. These disputes about precedents were a prelude to the disputes of faith. The first were eluded, the second were eternized. The Italian clergy, devoted to the Pope, alone attended at this council repudiated by that of Basle. It was adjourned to another session without any thing being concluded.

During the six summer months employed by the Pope in recruiting the prelates and the synod, John Paleologus retired into a pleasure residence in the plain of Ferrara, surrounded with a handful of courtiers and of Greek guards who used to be called, after the Turks, his Janissaries, gave himself to the pleasures of falconry. His misery annihilated the respect of the Latins around him. The Byzantine bishops desired to withdraw, through fear of the popular

vengeance which would await them at Constantinople if they sold their faith to the Latins by complaisance to the Emperor. The Pope retained them by force, and transferred, at the close of the year 1438, the council to Florence.

The Emperor, his officers, his patriarchs, received monthly a wretched stipend calculated for each according to the importance of his title. The sum total amounted but to six hundred florins per month. Prestige gave way to pity around this phantom of the East. The plague hunted him from Ferrara; the Milanese shut against him the route of Florence by the Apennines. The Pope and the Emperor were forced to make their way by the most secret and difficult by-paths of those mountains.

During this journey, the Council of Basle named seditiously a second pope in Felix V.; but the Catholic world, indignant, deposed this pope, and rallied around Eugenius. After nine months of disputes, of concessions, of contrarieties, and of reserves, the Council of Florence sealed at last the reconciliation of the Greek and the Latin churches. The death of the patriarch Josephus; the Roman purple given to Bessarion; the supplications of the Emperor, in haste to reap the fruits of the union; the menaces of the Pope to the prelates of the East; the metaphysical distinctions on the procession of the Holy Ghost from one or from the two persons of the Trinity; the interpretations favorable to both sides at last permitted in the conscience of the faithful; the gold and the favors largely distributed by the Pope to the doctors of Constantinople,—all these things combined to pacify this long warfare. Pope Eugenius triumphed, and Felix withdrew from the world into the picturesque retreat of Ripaille, on the banks of Lake Leman, beneath the shade of the chestnut-trees of Savoy.

### XVIII.

But the peace concluded between the two churches by the policy of the Emperor and the Pope was not ratified by the two peoples. The Emperor and his bishops, embarked upon the galleys of Venice to return to Constantinople, were there received as apostates from the national faith. During their absence some fanatical monks, stirring up the prejudices of race against race and of religion against religion, had excited the popular conscience and patriotism against

the Pope, against the Emperor, against the bishops who had, they said, trafficked away the faith of Christ.

The bishops, intimidated by the reproaches and the menaces of the people of Constantinople, confessed humbly their error in the hope of obtaining pardon. "Alas," said they, "in the public places and in the pulpit, we have abjured our faith, we are impious, we are *azymites* who have renounced the communion under the two species of bread and wine! We have yielded to misery, we have been seduced by fraud, by terror, by the mundane considerations of a fugitive life; we deserve to be deprived of those hands that have sealed our crime, to lose those tongues that have uttered the blasphemy!"

### XIX.

These words, reported by the contemporary historians of Byzantium, caused the union of the two churches to fall into contempt before it was accomplished in the East. The Oriental councils fulminated against the Romish councils. In vain did the Pope send even into Russia ambassadors to retain the Russian clergy in the Romish faith; the Russians, evangelized by the Greek monks of Mount Athos, followed the Greeks in the schism as they had followed them in Christianity.

Cardinal Isadore, a Romish prelate, of elegant and worldly manners, scandalized the Muscovite clergy by living with licentious noblemen, and celebrating mass with gloves on his hands. The Russians threatened his life; and he escaped death but by taking shelter in a monastery converted for him into a prison.

John Paleologus, trembling at length for himself and for his throne, abjured the union which he had sealed, and ceded to his people his faith for fear of having to cede them his life. Thus failed the last effort to rescue, by the arms of the Latins, the empire of Constantinople.

### XX.

Amurath triumphed at Broussa over the deception of the Emperor. John Paleologus, to purchase his pardon, delivered to him his third son, the young Theodosius, to form him, said he, to valor and military exercises in the ranks of the Ottoman Janissaries. Theodosius, after a

sojourn of some months at the court of the Sultan, passed into the Morea to receive there the investiture of the territory of Sparta, the inheritance of a descendant of the Cantacuzenes. The Emperor, weary of a government so agitated, confided the authority to his eldest son Manuel.

His other son, Andronicus, jealous of the elevation of his brother, conspired secretly with Saoudji, son of Amurath, who commanded, as formerly Solyman, the Turkish armies of his father in Europe. These two young aspirants, impatient for a throne, had the notion of elevating themselves, by a simultaneous revolt, the one to the empire in Constantinople, the other to the place of his father, at Broussa. Amurath discovered first the plot of this parricidal conspiracy. He flies into Europe, presents himself to the army, is saluted by it as father and Sultan, approaches Constantinople, confers with the Emperor, advises him to join him in marching together against their two rebellious sons, and to pluck out their eyes so as to render them for ever unfit for a throne.

Andronicus and Saoudji had united their partisans into an army, encamped upon the steep banks of a small river of Thrace, the Apricidion. They thought themselves sure, through the very complicity, of the fidelity of their accomplices. The intrepid Amurath, more sure of his ascendant over his old companions of arms, mounts on horseback of a dark night, crosses alone the Apricidion, and rising in his stirrups, lifts of a sudden his well-known and formidable voice convoking his soldiers to their Sultan.

At this cry, the Turkish sentinels, seized with terror and a supernatural remorse, throw down their arms, awake the camp and run, soon followed by their comrades, around the nocturnal horseman. Amurath harangues them and pardons them. They swear that they had been deceived by Saoudji, believing that the son was acting by the orders of the father. The son, abandoned to his crime, flies with the Greek prince and his accomplices into the little fortress of Dydimotica, on the banks of the Hebrus or the Maritza.

Amurath follows them, lays siege to them, forces them to capitulate, makes light afterwards of the capitulation, has first the eyes plucked out and then the head cut off his son; and avenging likewise the rights of paternity and of the throne in the young Greek nobles, accomplices of Andronicus, he has them brought upon the ramparts and hurled into the

current of the Maritza. He himself, placed with his principal officers upon an advanced promontory of the river, attended, with a smile upon his lips, at this expiation of a double parricide, following by turns with an impassible eye now the hares that were started by his dogs in the copse-wood, anon the coupled bodies that the Maritza rolled along in the midst of its bloody foam, at his feet.

In order that none in his court or in his army could reproach him with his severity towards Saoudji, he ordered all the fathers who had children implicated in the plot to cut off with their own hands the heads of their sons. The paternal authority, that law of laws with the Tartars, did not seem to him sufficiently secured but by these reprisals which made nature shudder, but which also avenged it. Justice and anger prompted him, for the first time on this occasion, a taste for those cruelties which rendered his name terrible to the Ottomans.

Andronicus, the first instigator of the crime and the corrupter of Saoudji, was delivered by Amurath to his father, that he might himself accomplish the vengeance which the two sovereigns had sworn against their sons. The Emperor to please the Sultan, had boiling oil poured on the eye balls of his son. At the same time the paternal indulgence did not push the torture to complete blindness. A remnant of the visual faculty was left to the eyes of Andronicus. But he was deprived of his rights to the throne which he sought to anticipate by crime.

## XXI.

The crime of Saoudji appeared so much the more unpardonable to Amurath, as it had been for a long time and odiously premeditated. Some sinister suspicions brooded for many years back in the soul of the Sultan against this young man. The collection of Feridoun contains an authentic correspondence between Amurath and the son of his predilection, who was afterward the Sultan Bajazet—a correspondence wherein is seen transpiring in advance the inquietudes of a father and of a sovereign who fears his heir. “I have to tell thee,” says in his letter, Amurath to Bajazet, left by him in observation at Broussa,—“I have to tell thee that in spring we shall have a great war with Hungary, a war of which the commencement will, it is to be hoped, be

favorable to the faithful, and of which the end will depend on the decrees of God. At the receipt of this letter, thou wilt assemble and arm all the troops. But at the same time, keep thy eyes open upon the doings of thy brother Yacoub, who resides at Karasi, as well as upon the conduct of my son Saoudji, commander of Broussa, whose life may God protect! In all things execute faithfully my orders, and inform me exactly of all that may happen."

We see that Bajazet alone of all the children of the Sultan possessed his entire confidence. Whether it was that Bajazet had already some indications of the rebellion of Saoudji, or that a suppressed rivalry existed already between the two brothers: "My brother Yacoub," replied he to his father, "does his duty and renders good service in his government. As to Saoudji-Beg, thou wilt find in the same purse that contains this letter an original letter of a grand judge of Broussa concerning him. It is for the justice to send me henceforth fresh orders. I am thy slave, the poor Bajazet."

Manuel, whom John Paleologus had, we have seen, associated with him in the empire, shuddered at the ascendant which Amurath was exercising over even the family of the Emperor at Constantinople. He ventured to attack the Sultan in the city of Seres, one of his conquests. Kaireddin-Pasha, grand vizier of Amurath, since the death of Lalaschahin, marched against Manuel, crushed him and pursued him into Salonica, took possession of the city and thus defeated all his plans.

Manuel, not daring to return to Constantinople, for fear of being delivered by the old emperor, his father, to Amurath, fled upon a bark to Lesbos, a city of the island of Mitylene, then possessed by the Genoese. The Genoese, too politic and too commercial to be generous, shut against him this last asylum. Manuel, to whom the land and the sea were thus debarred, dared to try the generosity of Amurath. He made sail towards the foot of Mount Olympus, and appeared a supplicant upon the soil of the Sultan.

Amurath did not abuse the misfortune of his enemy. He mounted on horseback and advanced, in all the pomp of sovereignty, to meet another sovereign. Manuel, at the approach of the Sultan, descended from his horse, prostrated himself in the dust, implored pardon for what he called himself his crime of treason. Amurath received him with



magnanimity, and sent him back with an imperial escort to Constantinople, begging, in an autograph letter, the old Emperor to excuse the fault of a rash indeed, but not a rebellious, son.

Thus the chief of a tribe of the Oxus reigned already by his arms, in Asia, over innumerable subjects and vassals; in Europe, by his sway, over the very family of the emperors.

## XXII.

Death soon took off his second vizier, Kaireddin-Pasha, the vanquisher of Salonica. Amurath loved to converse with this consummate counsellor upon matters of war and of politics. We find in Chalcondyle, the Byzantine historian of that period, a conversation between the Sultan and his vizier, which proves the familiarity of the one, the blunt liberty of the other.

"The Sultan Mourad, asked one day, on setting out for the campaign of Salonica, Kaireddin of his master, 'how must the war be conducted so as to always secure you the victory and empire?' 'You must,' replied the latter, 'always profit by opportunities, those offers of God, and assure yourself of the fidelity of the soldiers who combat for the faith.' 'Quite well,' rejoined the vizier; 'but how profit by the opportunities?' 'By taking,' replied the Sultan, 'a rapid survey in one's mind of both the dangers and the advantages that they present to us.' 'Ah! Sultan Mourad,' replied the grand vizier, smiling, 'I see in truth that nature has endowed thee with rare wisdom; but thou forgettest that occasions fly, and cannot be made wait to strike this balance in one's mind between the danger and the fortune they may offer. Add, therefore, to thy councils promptitude. A great general ought to deliberate with great prudence before action, but to act with the rapidity of the lightning in the action; and to secure the affection and the confidence of his troops, he ought to fight himself conspicuously at the head of the army."

## XXIII.

Amurath, in gratitude for the services of Kaireddin, gave, at his death, the title of grand vizier to his son. He conceived that the instructions and the example of such a father

must supply maturity of age in the genius of the young vizier.

The old age of the Sultan, the youth of the vizier, the bloody dissensions in the family of Amurath, attested by the punishment of Saoudji, his natural heir,—in fine, the attempts of the Greek Emperor Manuel to reconquer Thrace, appeared to the Emir of Caramania, who was jealous of Amurath, an occasion favorable for affranchizing himself from his vassalage to the Ottomans. These Emirs of the house of Caramans, illustrious among the Turkish princes who had inundated Cilicia and given their name to that province, had taken the title of Bedreddin or the *full moon of the faith*. The reigning prince, at that time, of these hordes of Turcomans was Alaeddin. Amurath, to secure his fidelity, gave him in marriage one of his daughters. Ambition rent this bond of the heart. Alaeddin, after having confederated against the Sultan all the Turcoman populations diffused through Cilicia and Cappadocia, now named Caramania, made them advance in countless masses towards Iconium, that first capital of the Seldjukid Turks.

Amurath and Ali, his young vizier, descended forthwith from Mount Olympus, at the head of the first troops that they had at hand. They sent to Timourtasch, generalissimo of the army of Europe, an order to cross over with all the army into Asia, and to follow them by forced marches towards Iconium. Timourtasch arrives about as soon as Amurath in the plains of Iconium. The Emir of Caramania covered over half of it with his clouds of cavalry. Amurath felt young again in presence of those enemies worthy of his sword. He passes in review his vanquishers of Europe; their confidence and their experience reassure him against number. He supplies the youth of his vizier by laying out himself the order of battle. He gives to his son Yacoub the command of the right wing, to Bajazet, his second son, the command of the left. He ranges behind them the firm and irresistible reserve of the army of Europe, under the old chief Timourtasch. He himself, placed in front and at the centre with a numerous cavalry and his invincible Janissaries, reserves to himself the first and the final blows. Alaeddin, on horseback in front of him, at the head also of his most intrepid cavalry, challenged him by his arrows and by the evolutions of his horse between the two camps.

At the sound of the tymbals and the ox-horns, the Cara-

manians of the right wing of Alaeddin launched the first against the left wing of Amurath, commanded by Bajazet. Bajazet, before encountering him, runs to his father, dismounts, prostrates himself at the feet of the Sultan's horse, and asks respectfully his authority to die or vanquish for his house and race. The Sultan raises his son and orders the charge. Bajazet, followed by Timourtasch, cuts in two the army of the Turcomans, and scatters it in fragments over the plains. The rest of the army of Amurath has but to hem in and collect the squadrons vanquished by Bajazet and Timourtasch. The plain, open or piled up with the dead in an instant, discovers the city of Iconium without other defence than its ramparts. Amurath, who destined for his son but a throne, proclaims Timourtasch, on the field of battle, a pasha with three tails—a triple decoration of dignity as yet decreed to no other Ottoman.

Iconium, besieged for twelve days, was about to yield to the assaults of the Ottomans; the door opens, a cortege comes forth—it is the daughter of Amurath, the wife of Alaeddin, followed by her children, who comes to implore her father for the pardon of her husband. Amurath, affected at the sight and tears of his daughter, demands no other reparation from Alaeddin than to come and kiss his hand, in token of vassalage, before the gate of Koniah.

Alaeddin submitted to this humiliation to save his family and his dominions from the sword and the flame of the Ottomans. The experienced policy of Amurath showed him less danger to his successors in pardon than in vengeance. He neglected to subjugate in detail the petty emirs whom Alaeddin had drawn into his revolt. "A lion," said he, "does not attack hares." Sure that obedience would be soon restored by the renown of his victory, he returned slowly to Broussa with two armies laden with glory and with spoils.

#### XXIV.

But the absence of Timourtasch, and of the army of Europe, had given heart to the populations of Servia, of Bosnia, of Bulgaria, scarce as yet subjected to the yoke of the Ottomans since the battle of Sophia. Lazarus, Kral of Servia, and Sisman, Kral of the Bulgarians, had leagued anew against the conquerors of their country. They massacred in the mountains twenty thousand Turks left in

garrison by Timourtasch to keep the mountaineers in order.

At this report, Amurath hastened to call under arms all the Ottomans of Europe and Asia. His victory over the Caramanians brings additionally to his standard all the emirs of Cilicia and of Cappadocia, happy to repay the pardon by their zeal. Two numerous armies are formed at Broussa, one for Europe, the other for Asia. He prepares to lead himself that of Europe against the coalition of the Danube. But, first, he wishes to cement a durable peace with the Greek empire, henceforth his ally, in espousing a princess of the imperial house, and in causing his two sons, Bajazet and Yacoub, to marry two other princesses of the same house. These triple nuptials are celebrated at Jenischyr, the earliest capital of his house, as if to astonish the rustic residence of his fathers by the triumph and the splendor of their descendant. The festivals partook of the simplicity of the Ottomans and of the opulence of the Greeks. Nothing used by this time to astonish the Christians, whose manners were fast changing at the contact of those of their conquerors.

The fetes celebrated, Amurath, his sons and his grand vizier, Ali-Pasha, recrossed with forty thousand warriors into Europe. Timourtasch, tired of war, of glory, and of years, remained at Broussa to guard the throne, and to keep an eye on Asia. Ali-Pasha advanced foremost with the vanguard towards Bulgaria.

Nature would seem to have fortified herself this Alpine province, which was formerly the ancient Mysia, by the broad current of the Danube on one side, and the continuous rampart of the Balkans or Mount Rhodope on the other. She has left merely eight narrow gates, or eight breaches in this wall of the Balkans, to penetrate from Thrace into Bulgaria. At the issue of these defiles, in the valley of the Danube on the north, the Romans, the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Ottomans in fine, have erected seven fortified cities which guard these gorges on the side looking towards Germany as on that which is turned upon Constantinople, namely, Widdin, Silistria, Rutschuk, Nicopolis, Sistow, Nissa, Sophia, the Iron Gate. From distance to distance, the mountains part asunder, giving place to basins or to plains. The ancients already chanted rather than described these oases of shepherds and of husbandmen.

"The plains which are spread out between these mountains," says the most accurate of those Byzantine geographers, "are covered with a verdant carpet on which the eye reposes with delight; the dense foliage of the forests protects like a tent the traveller who climbs up the hills; but, at mid-day, when the burning rays of the sun make the earth glow, a stifling sultriness suffocates the respiration. Those declivities abound in springs of limpid and wholesome water. Birds, perched on the most flexible branches of the trees, are heard to cheer with their melodious songs the traveller weary of the route. The woodbine, the myrtle, the weeping willows themselves intoxicate the senses with their sweetly grateful odors. They seem to wish to fortify, by their invigorating exhalations, the fatigued members of the passing guest who crosses the gorges of the mountain."

What Theophylactus described thus in his time is still what we ourselves have admired and described in traversing those steepes and those basins of Bulgaria. Servia, which is conterminous on the north side with this province, presents a character somewhat analogous, but more severe and sombre still than this province. The Bulgarians were at once shepherds, agriculturists and warriors; the Servians were then but shepherds and wood-cutters. Although the soil, in advancing from the foot of the Balkans to lay out the bend of the Drave and of the Danube, be less hilly than in Servia and in Bulgaria, the Servians have left it more covered with wood than the Bulgarians. Whether it was a natural instinct, that led them to respect the woods so propitious to springs, or prudence which counselled them to preserve their oaks for asylums and fortresses, the axe but rarely cleared the surface of the earth. During long days' journeys, the traveller walks but under immense coverts of oak-trees, of which the wild beasts alone know the recesses. With the difference of a sultrier and a more azure sky, one might imagine himself traversing the forests of the new world. The trees, enwreathed with ivy and wild vines, never fall there but with the weight of centuries; the withered branches, preferred by the birds of prey and the crows, are mingled, towards the top of the oaks, with the green branches of the new generations. On descending into the gorges where trickle dark water rivulets, one is plunged in a humid darkness that blots the heavens from his view. On re-ascending to one of the hill-tops and surveying the scene around, you

fancy seeing that which the Ottomans of Mount Olympus called the Sea of Leaves, that is to say a boundless ocean of verdant waves that roll and rustle like the sea beneath the slightest breezes of the winds.

## XXV.

. Rare and narrow pathways open here and there into these gloomy depths. One is astonished to see emerge from them herds of oxen and of heifers, under guard of herdsmen clad in skins of black sheep; or bands of wood-cutters, the axe on their shoulders; or joyous groups of young peasants who bring in singing to the stalls the hay mown in the wood openings. The hues of health tint their cheeks; confidence and frankness are upon their lips. One would think himself in a southern Helvetia, where simplicity of manners, candor of soul, and liberty, that daughter and guardian of the mountains, preserve a pure and abundant source of the human species, as the forests preserve the abundance and the purity of the waters at the fountain heads of rivers.

From space to space, the forest clears and leaves exposed a small valley wherein smoke the straw-thatched roofs of a village. Some small orchards of plum-trees, of cherry-trees, of apple-trees, blossom or fructify around this group of cabins. The cultured soil beyond exhibits corn crops or meadows; it is variously intersected with passages cut by wagon wheels, from one to another of these distant hamlets across the eternal forest.

Towns, still more rare and more like temporary cattle markets than established habitations, open their caravanseras to merchants and to the travellers. Such are the sites and such the inhabitants of Bulgaria—races not numerous enough to conquer, but too indomitable and too patriotic to remain long in a state of servitude. These populations, half savage although mild, seem to have been formed by nature, in docile confederations, but independent like those of Helvetia, in order to follow the vicissitudes of the great empires that envelope them, at one time Roman, at another Germanic, then Greek, then Mahometan; but they are always themselves, and find themselves, still young and sound when those great empires have perished of corruption or old age.

## XXVI.

Ali-Pasha, the young vizier, son and successor of Kaireddin, advanced, without awaiting the army of the Sultan, to open the principal breach of the Balkan, upon Bulgaria, by the defile of Nadir-Derbend. The Kral of the Bulgarians, Sisman, receded before him and shut himself up in Nicopolis, his strongest fortress towards the Danube. The plains without other horizon than themselves, which extend from the Danube towards Hungary, appeared for the first time to the Ottomans, whom they were to conduct one day to the capital of Austria. Sisman, who was not expecting this prompt and crushing return of Amurath from the recesses of Asia, prevented the storming of Nicopolis by a capitulation. He abandoned the league formed between him, the Servians, the Wallachians and the Hungarians, and resigned himself to the tribute, the seal of conquest with the Ottomans. On this condition, Ali left him the crown of the Bulgarians. This submission of the Bulgarians was worth the Sultan more than the victory.

Ali, easy on this side, marched on the left towards the knot of mountains where the Bosnians and the Servians touch upon Albania. His troops brought off from thence a multitude of prisoners become slaves and sold back by him to Sisman. But the vizier had scarce returned with his army towards the Balkans, than Sisman resumed arms and conquered back his independence on the traces of the Turks. Ali promptly retraced his steps, besieged Sisman a second time, made him prisoner with all his family, and sent him loaded with chains to Amurath, that the Sultan might assign his fate.

Amurath, then encamped in the environs of Philippopolis, left existence to the Kral of the Bulgarians, and assigned him a revenue befitting his former rank; but he resolved to govern Bulgaria himself. All the fortified places which opened or shut the valley of the Danube and the high defiles of the Balkans, received garrisons and governors.

## XXVII.

The Kral of the Servians, the heroic Lazarus, strong in the league sworn between his people, the Bosnians, the Hungarians, and the Albanians, retired, as if to take a more

impetuous launch, upon the steepes of the mountains of Albania. He soon descended with a coalition army that outnumbered the Turks. Eighty thousand men of all these warlike races of the mountains and the two valleys of the upper Danube, displayed themselves in the basin of Servia. Amurath, thus defied by a host of patriots who had nothing similar to the degenerate Greeks except the religion and the language, sent by messengers to the army, for all his veterans of Asia. Yacoub and Bajazet, his two sons, hastened with numerous reinforcements. The old Evrenos himself, the Byzantine renegade, who was returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, desired to die a martyr of his new faith, which he had served so valiantly. The renown and the counsels of this companion of Othman were worth an army to the Sultan. He disdained to await the confederates in the plain of Sophia, which was of quite easy access to him. He marched with all his reinforcements to the assault of the defile of Soulu-Derbend, behind which the enemy defied him. Having reached the basin of Ghioustendil, where "the milk and honey seemed to flow from the mountains of Hemus for his army," the Sultan halted to consult with his generals. Evrenos counselled audacity and gave the example. Followed by only fifty intrepid horsemen, he set out at night from Ghioustendil to go reconnoitre the enemy. He found but the solitude. The Servians, the Hungarians, and their confederates, had fallen back behind Moravia, on the confines of Servia and of Bosnia—a situation that offered them at once a spacious plain to combat, the shelter of a river, and the retreat of the mountains. Evrenos conjured the Sultan to face these three superiorities of site with the assurance of victory.

Amurath confided to him the vanguard of the Ottomans. The grand vizier Ali commanded the first division of the army; Bajazet, already consummate in arms, the second division; Yacoub, the third; two other divisions were commanded by Ainebeg and by Saridje-Pasha; Amurath had reserved for himself the centre, composed of his most intrepid Janissaries.

## XXVIII.

These six divisions together did not equal in number the army of the confederates, wherein the Hungarians, the Albanians, the Epirotes, the Bosnians, the Servians, each under



their own kings, their kral, their chieftains, more or less renowned, were come down at the call of their religion, of their independence, and of their country, to hurl back into Asia that scourge of Europe which had thitherto encountered no obstacle. The situation of their camp, chosen at leisure and fortified by nature, added still to this superiority of numbers and of arms. Their infantry and their cavalry, under numberless banners, were seen staged up the last gradation of the elevated mountains that envelope, like an amphitheatre, the plain of Cassova.

This plain, some ten thousand paces long and five thousand broad, offered scarcely sufficient space to contain the evolutions of this multitude, when they descended to the encounter of the Turks. The rising sun, which was reverberated on the sides of the Albanian mountains, and reflected from the cuirasses, the helmets, the lances of the Hungarians, illuminated to the eyes of Amurath and of his soldiers, the numerous and rich Servian and Bosnian villages, whose women, whose girls, whose children, whose old men, were awaiting, in prayer on their knees along the hills, their destiny from the valor of their warriors.

This living prey animated the Ottomans. Those mountains, green with pastures, dark with forests, laden with orchards, with flocks, with gardens, with populations, reminded them of the valleys of the Taurus or of the Tmolus, which they had already traversed, to abandon there their tents. But the idea of subjugating these last regions of occidental Europe, and of elevating their mosques and their minarets in place of the belfrys of Catholicity, animated them with still more ardor for the possession of new territories. All war was to them the holy war. They regarded those Servian and Albanian mountaineers as idolaters who adored images and statues, and to whom they brought the worship of the one and invisible God at the point of their sabres. It was not only two races, but also two religions, that surveyed each other from the opposite steepes of the plain of Cassova.

The river separated still the combatants.

Amurath, according to the precept which he had inculcated himself upon Kaireddin, his sage vizier, arrested his army before adventuring into the plain, to deliberate upon the order of battle. His sons and his generals sat under a plane-tree around him, reckoning visually the enemy, combining their own manœuvres, distributing among each other the lo-

calities and posts of combat, and imagining with loud voice, before the Sultan, the expedients of terror and war propitious to disconcert these swarms of Christians. In default of artillery to break open these masses, Ainebeg and Saridje-Pasha proposed to place in the first lines, before the front of the Ottoman army, the six thousand Asiatic camels that carried the tents, the provisions, and the baggage of their divisions, to the end of exhausting upon these animals the arrows of the enemy, and of striking astonishment and terror into the ranks of the Christians by the aspect and by the moanings of the camels, unknown to the soldiers of Europe. This opinion was prevailing when the impetuous Bajazet, more chivalrous still than princely, opposed it with the disdain of a hero.

"Have the sons of Othman," cried Bajazet, "ever feared to meet their enemies face to face? Is it then in sheltering themselves like women behind the baggage, the elephants, or the camels, that they have conquered Asia from multitudes armed against them with all the arts and the appliances of warfare? Are such artifices worthy of the divine cause for which we fight? Is it not an avowal of fear at a moment when the only safety is in courage? Is it not to doubt of God in presence of his profaners? Is not our confidence in him our first bulwark as our best force? The victory is his who believes himself victor, not his who is in dread of being vanquished."

The young vizier Ali-Pasha supported Bajazet in this ardor, by relating to the council an oracle he had received the night before, from the book that contains the past, the present, and the future.

"I opened, in my anxiety, the Koran," said he; "I opened at random, and my eyes fell upon this verse: '*O prophet, combat the infidels and the idolaters!*' It was an order to us not to count our enemies, but to fight them wheresoever we should meet them. I opened the book at another page, and I read this other verse: '*Often a countless army is vanquished by a small number of intrepid warriors.*'"

This oracle of hap-hazard, familiar to the Mussulmans as it was to the Christians, who divined destinies by the Gospel, shook the purpose of the Sultan. The old Timourtäsch completed his conviction in representing the danger which these goaded animals might occasion to the Ottomans, if

they should break loose under the pain of the wounds, turn back against the army, break the lines of cavalry and infantry, and thus produce the signal and the current of a rout. The whole day passed in this deliberation, while the army prepared its arms and took its posts for the following day.

At the setting of the sun, a violent wind from the West, which brought whirlpools of dust into the face of the Turks, disquieted the Sultan. He feared lest these clouds of dust should blind his soldiers and his horses during the battle. He passed a part of the night in prayer, under his tent, convinced that on the day which was about to rise would depend, for his descendants, the conquest or the loss of Europe. He asked fervently of heaven to die in the battle, victorious, but a martyr of his faith.

"I have glory enough on earth," said he, "there remains for me but to desire the eternal happiness of the elect in dying for the cause of the prophet; let it be the price of my blood." He slept after prayer. On his awaking a nocturnal rain had laid the wind and the dust; the sun shone through a transparent mist upon the white walls of the Christian villages that strewed the foreground of the mountains of Albania.

## XXIX.

Lazarus, Kral of the Servians, Twarko, King of the Bosnians, and John Castriot, chief of the Albanians, who was the father of Scanderbeg, thinking themselves by number and position, sure of the victory, had ranged before dawn their several peoples in a crescent to envelope the Turks after having repulsed their ineffectual assault. They were so confident of their superiority, that they deferred the attack until daylight, for fear the darkness should favor the flight of the Ottomans.

They were astonished for the first time on seeing the Sultan himself rush at the head of the centre of his army, to the assault of their intrenchments. Their advanced bodies then closed up like two vast wings, to envelope him in flank while they received him in front. Amurath disappeared for a moment in the confusion. Yacoub, his son, ran with the left wing to aid his father, yielded beneath the mass of the Christians, and uncovered, in yielding, the centre of the

Turks. Bajazet, hitherto stationary, traversed with his cavalry at a gallop the plain now covered with the Albanian cavalry charging Yacoub and surrounding his father.

"He was armed," says the historian, a witness and a combatant at his side in this conflict,—“he was armed with a massive weapon which he brandished in his hand and which broke the helmets of the enemy. The Ottomans, encouraged by his example, cleave open the confused multitude of their enemy to fly to the aid of Yacoub and of their Sultan. The blades of their sabres, brilliant like the diamond, became red like the hyacinth.”

Yacoub, at sight of this, arresting at last his troops, swept off towards the river and the mountains the Servians and the Albanians, whose weight had for a moment overwhelmed him. Bajazet, in a condition to fall in turn upon the Hungarians of the left wing of the Christians, gives to his division the impetuosity and the weight of his speed; he traverses anew the field of battle, and launching his cavalry amid the human waves, he urges it to cleave the ranks of the reeling mountaineers. His *spahis* fill up, without counting them, the ravines with their bodies, scatter the ranks of the infantry posted on the elevations, wheel back at the call of Bajazet upon the centre where fights the Sultan, consummate the rout of this *elite* of the Christians, pile up with the dead the borders of the river, cut off the retreat of the vanquished mountaineers, immolate all who resist, and hunt like sheep across the plains the swarms of prisoners, driven towards their camp to be sold to slavery after the victory.

A cry of terror rises at this aspect from all the villages of the mountains; the inhabitants take flight into the mountain cliffs and forests, setting fire to their little homesteads behind them. Amurath, sure of possessing them, does not attempt to pursue them; he embraces his son and renders thanks to Allah, for the space covered in the morning with three hostile nations, and where in the evening his eye could not perceive a single foeman. He had sought the death of the martyrs in the front rank of his Janissaries, and he found but victory. This victory he owed above all to Bajazet, he of his sons in whom revived the most completely his own soul, and through whom the glories of his reign was to survive him. The pride of his arms, the zeal of his faith, the glorious perpetuity of his house, all combined to give him

joy. On this evening of the happiest day of his life, he rode slowly over the field of battle to count the turbans and the helmets with which it was covered, and to compute by the number of the dead the grandeur of the contest and of the fortune. He at length seated himself on a carpet in the tent which his attendants just prepared for him on the bank of the river, after having washed off the blood and hurled into the current the bodies of the Hungarians that stained and strewed the sward. From moment to moment, bands of captives were conducted to him, who implored and who were granted life or liberty. All his anger was appeased by the victory; he wished not to depopulate, but to subdue the vanquished. He esteemed in them the courage that he felt in his own race; he contemned but the Greeks, justly fallen, in his opinion, from their country, since they were fallen from the valor of their ancestors. The heroism of their nation appeared to him concentrated in those mountains. Free hearts and strong arms defended them at least, and reflected some glory upon their vanquishers.

## XXX.

The Servians, in fact, were not behind the Turks in intrepidity. They yielded to Amurath but in dying at his feet on the field of battle. Their number among the dead evinced that none of them had fled; the wounded, weltering in their blood, implored alone a prompt death rather than accept of life from their conquerors. This people had a rebel heart, and which might indeed be cloven, but not bent, like the heart of the oaks of its own forests. This day was about to prove it to Amurath. He had vanquished all except the patriotism of the wounded Servians whom his spahis dragged along to the tent of the Sultan.

The Servians were governed, like the Turcomans of Asia, by kings or kral, a species of noble chiefs of clans or of villages, vassals more or less submitted to chiefs of the nation. Factions, as happen frequently in these independent aristocracies, divided the nation. The king was forced to create to himself a party among these parties, and to balance the authority of those vassals against each other. Lazarus, the King or Kral of Servia in the reign of Amurath, had married two of his daughters to two chiefs of the factions of the country, the one named Molosch, whose descendants we

have seen still in our day governing Servia; the other, Brankowich. These two rival houses hated each other with those cordial hatreds that become perpetual in the mountains, where the sentiments are more hereditary than in the plains. The two women, though sisters, took sides in the rivalries of the two houses which they had entered. Their savage strife disturbed the very palace of Lazarus. Patriotism and haughtiness were the occasions of these disputes between the two sisters. The one, Wukaschawa, wife of Brankowich, accused her sister's husband, Molosch, of cowardice in battle and of selling by secret information his country to the Turks. The other, named Mara, wife of Molosch, got indignant at these calumnies, and maintained the honor and superior courage of her husband over Brankowich. In one of these feminine brawls, Mara, exasperated at the calumnies of Wukaschawa against her husband, struck her sister a slap on the face. The insult appeared to the barbarous Servians to be incapable of atonement but by the blood of the two husbands. Brankowich demanded satisfaction by arms of his brother-in-law. The King gave permission for the duel; the two brothers fought on horseback before the eyes of their father-in-law and their wives. Molosch struck down Brankowich beneath his sword at the horses' feet. Like a generous enemy, he granted him his life. This generosity did not allay a hatred only envenomed by the shame. Brankowich, at the table of the King before all the nobles, the day preceding the battle of Cassova, accused aloud his brother-in-law of treason to his country in holding secret intelligence with Amurath. "Answer," said the King and the nobles who partook in Brankowich's suspicions. "I will answer to-morrow," said Molosch. Whether from indignation or remorse, the young accused took a resolution which ought to either absolve his memory or immortalize his innocence. "Drink to my health this cup," said Lazarus, "if thou art innocent of the crime which thou art accused of." "Pass me the cup," said Molosch, "at sunrise to-morrow, I will prove thee my fidelity."

## XXXI.

The following day Molosch, mounted on a wild horse, fought like a hero so long as there was a group of Servians erect upon the plain. He was wounded in the conflict, but

his loss of blood did not exhaust his courage. After the battle he approached the river, crossed it by swimming, tied his horse to the trunk of an oak upon the bank, and advancing as a deserter to the tent of Amurath, he requested to kiss the dust at the feet of the Sultan. The Sultan, proud of the submission of the son-in-law of the Kral, raised the curtain of his tent and ordered the wounded Servian to be introduced before him. The Tschaouschs or guards of the Sultan obeyed. Molosch falls prostrate on the carpet of the tent, takes in one of his hands the foot of Amurath as if to approach it to his lips, draws in this way to him the body of the Sultan, and, with the right hand seizing a poniard concealed beneath his vest, he plunged the blade into the body of Amurath.

Amurath screams; the guards rush upon the assassin. Molosch rises, brandishes his weapon, lays prostrate eight of the guards, rushes from the tent, reaches his horse, mounts it and touches safely the Servian side of the river, when the cavalry of Bajazet precipitate themselves after him into the waves, get up with, and sacrifice him on the bank to the vengeance of the blood of Amurath.

The plain of Cassova is marked with three stones, placed at a hundred paces asunder; one indicating the tent where Molosch stabbed to death the Sultan; the others, the places where he went near escaping and the bank where he fell himself from his horse, massacred by the Janissaries of Bajazet. The scene is sinister, like the crime and the vengeance. The shadow of the Bosnian mountains covers it early with a hue of mourning. The plain resounds like a sepulchre where the dead of the two armies, interred, and consumed by time, have left a void beneath the sword.

### XXXII.

Amurath, although wounded to death and expecting now nothing but the everlasting happiness of a martyr, thinking to avenge himself upon the instigator of his death, ordered, before expiring, the death of the King of the Servians, Lazarus, whom one of his cavalry had just brought prisoner into the tent. Lazarus learned of the assassination of Amurath by his son-in-law only on seeing the Sultan bathed in blood, and hearing the order for his own execution. He recognized too late the fidelity of that Servian patriot who had sacri-

ficed his life, and what is more, his honor, to his eternal justification before his race.

"Great God!" exclaimed Lazarus, in giving himself up to the executioners, and joining his hands as if to render thanks,—“great God! thou mayest now call me to thyself, since thou hast permitted me to see the enemy of my religion, of my people and of my family, die before me by the hand of a warrior suspected unjustly.”

He was beheaded at the door of the tent of the Sultan, as were also all his relatives and all his nobles who were captured with him in their flight. Vengeance rendered the sons of Amurath implacable. Mourning covered the victors and the vanquished. The two sovereigns, dead at the same instant, and on the same field of carnage, left the one, the vanquished, without hope—the other, the victors, without joy. The plain of Cassova witnessed nothing for three whole days but funerals. The barrier of Western Europe was fallen with Lazarus; but the Ottomans had no more a Sultan to carry out, upon the banks of the Adriatic and the Danube, the ideas of Amurath, cut off in the middle of his course. The sacrifice of Molosch had given time to his unhappy country. His name became to the Servians what that of Judith was to the Hebrews, that of Harmodius to the Greeks. His family, illustrated by this crime or this heroism, according as the act is viewed as a patriotic murder on the field of battle or as a disingenuous assassination, remained for ever popular in those mountains, and is confounded in the remote past and in the national poetry, with ancestral patriotism and the safety of the country. It gives still at this day to Servia, less a subject than a vassal, the great citizens and the great agitators who lean at one time upon the Turks, at another upon the Russians, to confirm their ascendant over their compatriots. Five centuries have not yet decided on either the servitude or the independence of the Servians, still equally menaced by the two empires of Constantinople and of Petersburg, which they will perhaps see fall in ruins from the foot of their forest homes, while preserving the eternal youth and the stern solidity of their mountains.



## BOOK SIXTH.

## I.

THE two sons of Amurath, Yacoub and Bajazet, equally dear to their father and to the Ottomans by their intrepidity at the head of the two chief divisions of the army, might make equal pretensions to the bloody inheritance of Amurath. The empire, which was not yet devolved, by a precise law, to the eldest son, might be rent in open campaign between the two competitors to the throne, and thus avenge the Christians by the very hand of the Mussulmans. Yacoub was no less adored by the soldiers he commanded than Bajazet. The suffrage of the troops was then as doubtful as a conflict. The crown, picked up from a pool of blood, would have left the vanquished eternal grievances, and to the vanquishers a vengeance no less enduring. The army, undecided, and already uttering different names, threatened deep divisions and grave seditions to whichever of the two sons might be the first to take possession of the empire.

Amurath, disconcerted a first time by the murder of Saoudji, his first son and his first rebel, had postponed until death the designation of his favorite son, Bajazet, to the title of successor. Perhaps he dreaded that this premature designation might offend the pride and awake the jealousy of Yacoub. To punish twice a rebellious or ambitious son with death might have appeared to him an effort beyond his courage; he would leave then the event to Providence, or this crime to be committed by his heir. Besides, as we have already seen in this narrative, by the confidential letters between Bajazet and Amurath, Yacoub and Bajazet loved each other like brothers, rather than envied each like rivals to the empire. Yacoub, irreproachable and obedient, had rather the virtue of Alaeddin, his grand-uncle, than the ferocity of

Amurath, his father, or the bellicose impetuosity of Bajazet, his brother. He was accustomed to recognize in Bajazet the preference of Amurath and the superiority of generalship. It was less Yacoub than his party in the army who gave concern to the beglerbeg, the grand vizier, and the council of ministers of Amurath, on the possible advent of Bajazet to the throne of the Ottomans.

## II.

The grand vizier, Ali-Pasha, the confidant of all the thoughts, and depository of all the power of the deceased Sultan, hastened to convoke, unknown to and in the absence of the mourning sons, the divan or council of the chief ministers and the generals the most renowned for wisdom and for authority in the camp. The divan assembled secretly, the night succeeding the battle, in the tent and by the corpse of Amurath, who seemed still to preside. The Ottoman historians, from either ignorance or discretion, do not give us the discussions of this nocturnal council; they cite merely this verse of the Koran prescribed by Mahomet to his successors: *Better is an execution than a rebellion.*

This passage was evidently the sanguinary text commented by the vizier and the old companions of Othman. The murder of Saoudji, which was not shrunk from by a father's hand, appeared to them, upon the inanimate countenance of Amurath, the mute confirmation of that they now determined in his name. Be that as it may, the Tschaouschs left the imperial tent before the night was over, entered the tent of Yacoub, intimated to him, in the name of the safety of the faith, the order to die, left him time to make a prayer, and cutting off his head respectfully, left his body extended on the ground before his tent, to apprise the army on awaking that it had now but one master, the Sultan Bajazet.

## III.

The promptitude of this execution showed the army that the race of Othman would not spare even its own blood for the safety and unity of the empire. The Greek annalists pretend that Bajazet was implicated in the murder. The contemporary Ottoman historians say, on the contrary, that the orders of the grand vizier and of the divan forestalled the

indecisions of Bajazet, afflicted his affection for his innocent brother, and cost him nights and days of incessant weeping. We shall afterwards see that this fatal example of the murder of Yacoub, which makes it a crime to the sons of the Sultan to be born, and commits another crime to secure the peace of the reign, became, if not a law, at least a legal barbarism of the seraglio of Constantinople, up to this generous and gentle reign of Abdul-Medjid, which brought back politics to humanity, in leaving life to his brothers and putting his confidence in nature rather than the executioner.

## IV.

Fatality, that accomplished volition of destiny, appeased all agitation of the army at the sight of the corpse of Yacoub.

Bajazet did not leave his troops the time to reflect and to get indignant at the murder of a prince adored by his soldiers; he rushed from the plain of Cassova to the very heart of Servia; surrounded with his expanded and then folded wings the remnant of the Servian army, intrenched in the mountains; received promptly the surrender of all the nobles, and constrained the young Stephen, son of Lazarus, to swear fidelity to him, alliance and affinity in promising him his daughter, still an infant, in marriage.

Freed from all hostility in Bulgaria, in Servia, and in Epirus, Bajazet was called back towards the Bosphorus and Asia, by the palace dissensions of Constantinople, where revolt of the sons against the father and domestic treacheries implored as arbiter the law and sabre of the common enemy of Christianity. Let us return to the intestine dissensions of this palace of the Emperor Paleologus.

It has been seen that Andronicus, son of the old Emperor John Paleologus II., and John, his grandson, had conspired with the son of Amurath, the parricide Saoudji, for the usurpation of the throne of their father and grandfather. It will be remembered that the two Emperors, equally offended, vowed equal vengeance against their rebellious children. Amurath fulfilled his oath in decapitating Saoudji. The old Paleologus confined his vengeance to depriving of sight his son and his grandson,\* by causing boiling oil to be poured

\* The author must have forgotten that he had mentioned before but one of them.—*Translator.*

upon their eyeballs. But the executioners of this torture, and perhaps the fatherly indulgence, had mitigated, by connivance, the rigor of the decree. Andronicus and John, his son, were not completely deprived of sight. They had saved enough to still aspire to the throne and to parricide. Shut up in a prison of the palace of the Blakernos at Constantinople, Andronicus won the pity or the cupidity of his guards, and solicited, by letters against the Emperor his father, the pity and the aid of Bajazet.

Bajazet, despite his horror of the accomplice of Saoudji, seized with his habitual rapidity of instinct and of resolution, the occasion of intervening in the dissensions of the imperial family. He marched at the head of ten thousand select troops, by the forests of Belgrade, upon Constantinople; the cowardice of the Greeks, and his understanding with Andronicus opened him the gates. He delivered Andronicus and his son; he crowned this usurper and traitor; he shut up in a tower on the beach of the Sea of Marmora, the old John Paleologus and his son Manuel, his imperial colleague.

Bajazet committed to Andronicus the keys of this prison and the fate of the two dethroned sovereigns. After the example of the Ottomans, who suppress all rivalry to the throne by death, Bajazet counselled, it is said, Andronicus to complete the crime by the death of his father and of his brother. Whether from scruple or dilatoriness, Andronicus hesitated. During his hesitation, the Bulgarian soldiers, venal and independent troops, to whom the guard of the tower had been confided, opened the prison in which they blushed to retain prisoners their two Emperors, brought a bark to the shore during the darkness of the night, and rowing with their august captives towards the Asiatic coast of the Sea of Marmora, delivered John and Manuel free to Bajazet. All things indicate that these Bulgarians, corrupted by the Sultan, had been but the instruments of his policy. After agitating the empire of Byzantium by the rivalry of the son against the father, it suited him to again agitate it by the claims of the father against the son. He thus had constantly in hand a pledge of the domestic warfare in this unfortunate and criminal imperial house.

He received the old man as a sovereign whose rights and vengeance he adopted. He dictated himself to John and to Manuel, in 1390, a treaty like to that the Roman generals used to dictate to the vassal kings of Asia, of whom

they declared themselves the protectors. The Emperor bound himself by this treaty to pay annually to the Sultan of the Turks a tribute of forty thousand Venetian ducats in gold, to furnish besides, in the spring of each year, a contingent of twelve thousand Christian soldiers to the Ottoman army, to conquer provinces in Europe and Asia to the faith of the prophet,—in fine, to recognize himself as in a state of vassalage towards the conquerors of Broussa and Adrianople.

## V.

On these conditions, Bajazet led against the capital of the Greeks, to re-crown John and Manuel, the same army which he had led there the preceding year to dethrone them.

Andronicus did not dare to attempt war against the Sultan, but he had recourse to negotiations; he demanded the partition of this remnant of an empire. This partition, which enfeebled it almost to annihilation, was just what Bajazet desired and of course assented to. Constantinople received with a docile enthusiasm the Emperor for whom it had wept. Andronicus went to reign over Thessalonica, over Rodosto, and over some other cities of the coast, and of the gulf, which still acknowledged nominally the sovereignty of the Paleologuses.

Sure of the speedy dissolution of that shadow of an empire, Bajazet, returned to Adrianople, did not take the trouble of observing towards Andronicus even the appearance of respect which sovereigns pay each other to the eyes of their subjects. Having learned that a young princess of Italy of famous beauty, betrothed to Andronicus, was to traverse the Gulf of Salonica, to marry this prince, and to reign with him over that part of Byzantium, Bajazet sent Saridje-Pasha his vizier and his admiral, to cruise about the gulf. Saridje captured the Venetian galley which bore the affianced and her treasures, and conducted her to the Sultan. Bajazet, enchanted with the beauties of the young Christian intended to become Empress of the East, refused to yield her to Andronicus. He married her with pomp at Adrianople, and placed her as a spoil of war among the numerous wives who adorned with their charms his harem of Europe.

## VI.

His audacity increased with his success. A single large Greek city remained to him to subject in Asia. It was the antique Philadelphia, capital of a Byzantine principality in the valley which confines on Aiden. Bajazet thought he had not sufficiently humbled the Greek Emperors until he should constrain them to fight themselves on his side against the last defenders of their own empire. The King of Servia, the Emperor Manuel, and the princes of his house, were summoned to join the Ottomans in punishing Philadelphia for its continued fidelity to Byzantium. "These princes obeyed," says Chalcondyle, "lamenting their servitude. They followed Bajazet to Philadelphia, and to signalize to him their servile zeal, they led themselves the Greeks to the assault of these last of Greek ramparts."

Bajazet gave to his conquest the name of Alaschyr, ordered mosques to be erected on the foundation of Byzantine churches, imposed a tribute on the inhabitants, and consecrated this tribute to the service of a magnificent mosque which he was constructing, and which astonishes still at this day the eyes of travellers to Adrianople.

## VII.

From Alaschyr, Bajazet, proud of his victory, penetrated with his double army of Turks and Greeks into Cilicia-Petrea—valleys and steeps, almost inexpugnable, of the Taurus, whither the ill-subjected Emir of Caramania had retired before him. The Emir, trembling, obtained pardon and peace by the cession of all his fortified towns. The old Timourtasch, the companion of the exploits of Amurath, received the military government of those valleys and those citadels of Cilicia. Bajazet left him a handful of Turks, sufficient to impose upon those Turcomans the power, become almost omnipotent, of the Sultan of Broussa. The promptitude of his movements was a substitute for number; ever present to the imagination of the conquered peoples, he could absent himself with impunity for other conquests.

He was thought to be still in Cilicia when he was already back at Broussa, had traversed with his army the Bosphorus, and formed a fort at Gallipoli to rival that of Constantinople, and to brave the galleys of Venice, Genoa, and the

Mediterranean. We admire still, upon the advanced moles of this earliest military post of the Ottomans, the colossal powers that protected it. Sixty high-decked vessels to carry soldiers and arms were soon equipped there under the eye of Saridje, his admiral. This fleet menaced Samos, Lesbos, Lemnos, Chios, Rhodes, Cyprus, Negropont, and all the fortunate isles of the Archipelago, to which the waves alone had preserved hitherto their independence, their religion, their wealth.

The Emperor Manuel, summoned a second time by Bajazet to co-operate in the conquest of his own subjects, humbled himself without hesitation before his master. He came himself to Gallipoli to bring, less as a vassal than a suppliant, the tribute imposed upon Byzantium, and to lead the contingent of auxiliaries called the army of spring. Negropont, the ancient Eubœa, and the isle of Chios, saw the Ottomans debark, set fire to the orange-trees, and carry into captivity their virgins and their children. This spectacle threw the seas and the coasts into consternation. John Paleologus recovered some energy through the excess of terror. He saw in the burning of the Archipelago the prelude to the storming of Constantinople; he dared to repair his ramparts, and elevate new fortifications on the Sea of Marmora. The fortress of the five towers was flanked with two new towers, which advanced into the waves on one side, and which fortified on the other the angle of the strong walls on the plain of Thrace.

At these symptoms of precaution against his power, Bajazet felt or feigned to take offence. He had kept by him at Adrianople, as a hostage, Manuel Paleologus, the son of John. This young man served in the troops of the Sultan, and under his eyes, there to learn, as the Emperor said, the rough trade of arms. Bajazet used to set him to guard, as one of his favorite pages, the door of the seraglio. He wrote to John Paleologus that if the towers and the forts constructed recently at Constantinople were not instantly razed to the ground, he would have the eyes plucked out of his hostage, Manuel.

The old man, forced to choose between obedience and the blindness of his son, destroyed what he had just constructed, and died of grief, of shame, and of terror in his menaced palace. The young Manuel, informed before the Sultan, by a secret messenger, of the death of his father,

escaped from Broussa, and arrived happily at Constantinople to assume there the imperial purple. Bajazet, irritated at this flight, caused the guards of the palace of Broussa to be strangled. A new treaty, more humiliating than the preceding to Christian pride, allayed the resentment of Bajazet. The Sultan exacted that the cadis, or Mussulman judges, should render a privileged justice to his subjects at Constantinople, where mosques will arise presently in front of St. Sophia, as if to brave still nearer the Christianity of the Greeks.

Not content with these satisfactions, he diffused his entire army of Asia through Gallipoli, into Thrace, ravaging the country, levying tribute from the cities, intercepting the routes, and insulting the Greeks even to their very ramparts. The Greeks, imprisoned thus within their walls, were only free to sigh. Bajazet, assured of their terror, and still surer of their cowardice, swept off like a torrent his two armies of Europe and Asia against the Wallachians and the Hungarians, warlike nations established on the left bank of the Danube, and who were thenceforth his enemies, because they were his neighbors. His policy, the opposite of that of his ancestor, Othman, who temporized with the Christians, was to leave nothing to time which could be snatched by promptitude from fortune. He missed it this time through his very precipitation to seize it.

### VIII.

The farther he advanced from Constantinople, that centre of the effeminacy and corruption of the degenerate Byzantines, the more he met with populations young, sound, obstinate, capable of struggling against the Ottomans. The races along the Danube have in all times imbibed heroism with its waters. The Huns imported thither a certain natal barbarism, with the adventurous intrepidity and ferocious patriotism of the Caucasian races. Shepherds, like the Ottomans; lovers, like them, of the desert and of the horse, that warlike companion of man; untamed by the Romans; ill submitted by Trajan; converted tardily to Christianity, not by arms, but by the instinct of the supernatural; ruled by kings who conquered and kept the throne but by incessant exploits, the sole title to respect among those peoples,—the Hungarians seemed placed by nature between the two last



mountains of Servia and the mountainous chains of Transylvania, in the basin of the Danube, like an army resting upon two fortresses, in order to shut against the Tartars this great highway to the West. Nothing more resembles Turkestan than Hungary, of which the Danube is the Oxus; a vast reservoir of men and horses, that are little attached to the soil, and who form camps as easily as cities. The aspect of their immense horizons of pasturage, seen from the elevated table-lands of Servia and of Bulgaria, by Bajazet during his first campaign under his father, disturbed his slumber with the view of establishments for those independent tribes of Turcomans, too numerous and too agitated in Asia around him, and who might extend themselves with freedom through those plains of the Danube. Bajazet no longer dreaded any thing around Broussa, from the subjugated or effeminate Greeks; but he dreaded the Emirs of Bithynia, of Cilicia, of Cappadocia, of Armenia, of Syria, who could affect more independence than suited the supremacy of the sons of Othman. To pour them upon Europe, to inundate with them the plains of the Danube, in order to insure the safety of his own empire in Asia, was therefore the secret motive of his policy. It cannot be denied that this policy of the third Sultan of the Ottomans was as natural in instinct as it was far-seeing in genius. It may have been disguised from the Ottomans themselves beneath the impulse of war and the pretext of the faith. Bajazet then agitated himself, and agitated alternately Europe and Asia, to establish this current of the superabundant Turks upon the Bosphorus, towards the Danube. But he ill calculated the degree of resistance that he was to encounter in this systematic overflow of the Ottomans. It is seen still, at this moment, that those trans-Danubian provinces, the last to be submitted to the Sultans, have been also the first to recover either their entire independence or their federal liberty. Five centuries have been unable to subject them: the forests preserve the nationalities.

## IX.

Those Magyars descended from northern Asia and mingled then with the Dacians, ancient inhabitants of the plains of Hungary, had sought a long time, through flame and blood, their present place in the north of Europe,

as the Turks were seeking theirs in the south. Among the spoils which they carried back from Germany, from France, and from Italy, they carried back Christianity into their steppes. A diet or assembly of chiefs appointed their king, at Bude, their capital. Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Austria, Bulgaria, Albania, Greece, had been ravaged by them. War was their nature. They descended to even Zara, on the Adriatic, which they conquered from the Venetians. Their princes, mounted through alliances upon several thrones, and among others upon the throne of Naples, were counted powerful auxiliaries in all the great leagues of the kings of Christendom. They carried victory to the side that won the accession of their sword.

Recent anarchies came to trouble and to ensanguine the kingdom of the Magyars. After the death of one of the most politic and warlike of their monarchs, King Louis of Hungary, his daughter, named Mary, adored by the people, had been proclaimed not *Queen* but *King* of Hungary, to signify that the nation, under the reign of a woman still a minor, desired a virile reign. The King of Naples, Charles, envied this crown to the young girl and dethroned her. The mother of the Queen, seconded by the Magyar nobles, procured the assassination of this competitor of her daughter. The semi-savage Croats of the coasts of the Adriatic, carried off the two queens to avenge the death of Charles. They murdered the mother and kept the daughter captive at Alba-Royal in a tower.

Sigismund, Margrave of Brandenburg, who was affianced to Mary before her reverses, delivered her from her prison and received in recompense her hand and the throne of Hungary. This prince, in whom the statesman, the knight, and the hero were united to form a great man, was to be one day elected Emperor of Germany. He was at that time but a warrior posted in the breach of Europe to cover it against the invasion of the Turks. Threatened by Bajazet, abandoned by the Bulgarians, the Servians being already subjugated, he called the Christian princes and nations to a last defensive crusade, and assembled from these divers elements proud to fight beneath his standard. One of his bastards, John Hunniade, the Hungarian hero, who was to complete after him the safety of his people, was already born. Destiny, by one of those auguries which are the prophecies of great characters, presaged him in this infant something

strangely mysterious. The child was born of the secret amours of Sigismund and the beautiful Elizabeth Morsinat, of whom Sigismund had conquered the heart and the country in one of his expeditions against the Wallachians. Elizabeth had followed the King Sigismund to his capital of Bude upon the Danube. She lived secreted from the court of the King and from the jealousy of his family, in a cottage in the forests surrounding the city. One day that the little Hunniade, upon the green sward of a forest opening, was playing with the ring of Sigismund which he slipped from off his mother's finger, a raven, attracted by the lustre of the gold, soused upon the infant and took off the ring in its beak to the top of an oak. A young brother of Elizabeth, Mathias, witnessing the grief of his sister, whom Sigismund would perhaps reproach for the loss of this keepsake, brought down the raven with an arrow from a cross-bow and gave back the ring to the child. It was the origin of that name of Corvinus which became afterwards the name of the Hungarian dynasty of the Hunniads and of the armorial bearings of the royal house, which represent a raven carrying off a ring in its beak.

## X.

Twenty thousand Frenchmen, Burgundians, Italians, Germans, Croats, had responded to the call of Sigismund, and came to encounter Bajazet. The army of the Sultan, divided into several columns, stretched at once over Bulgaria, Servia, and Wallachia. The mountains resisted; the plains submitted; the prince of the Wallachians, Myrtsché, recognized himself vassal and ally of the Ottomans. Wallachia, since this capitulation, remained constantly annexed to the Ottoman empire. Sigismund drove back, through his generals, the assaults of the Turks upon the uplands of Bosnia. Frost separated the combatants. The Turks had not yet advanced a step in this campaign.

Sigismund, encouraged by this hesitation of the Ottomans, crossed the Danube in the spring of the following year, 1392, and besieged Nicopolis, the rampart of the Ottomans upon the advanced plains of the river. This was the shoal of his glory. Bajazet ran to Adrianople, and calling to him all his generals dispersed in Bosnia, in Albania, and Thrace, placed boldly the Christian army of Sigismund

between the city and his camp. The Christians, challenged at the moment of seizing their prey in Nicopolis, accepted battle rashly against those Tartar hordes, whom they imagined quite unequal to their valor and their strategy. But the Turks had, as their sole strategy, their impetuosity and their religious fatalism. The Hungarians fought for their country, the Crusaders for honor, the Ottomans to diffuse Islamism. Twenty thousand Hungarians, Frenchmen, Bohemians, Germans, encumbered with their bodies the little plain of Nicopolis. At the setting of the sun, there remained of the numerous league of Sigismund but corpses, slaves, and fugitives, roaming through the forests of Bulgaria. Sigismund himself, not having been able to repass by swimming the swollen Danube, was going to fall beneath the uplifted sabre of a spahi of Bajazet, when one of his cavalry, Blasius Czeret, received voluntarily the blow for his sovereign, and guiding him on foot, though wounded, across the mountains to Constantinople, could bring him back to Bude but across Italy.

The mere name of Bajazet was sufficient after this victory to keep to order the terrified banks of the Danube.

## XI.

A messenger from Broussa brought him, on the field of battle, news from Asia which favored an adverse compensation to his triumph in Europe. Timourtasch, his lieutenant in Bithynia, had allowed himself to be surprised by a new revolt of the Emir of Caramania. The troops of Bajazet had been dispersed by the insurrection of this vassal emir. Timourtasch was prisoner of the Caramanians; menaced Broussa trembled within its walls. This uprising of the Caramanians saved Hungary. Bajazet crossed at a running pace, Bulgaria, Thrace, the Bosphorus, and reappeared with two victorious armies upon the steeps of Mount Olympus. The Emir of Caramania repents of his audacity, makes excuses and offers reparations. Bajazet will listen now to nothing but vengeance; he attacks and defeats the Caramanians in the plain of Akstchai, captures and chains the Emir Alaeddin and his two sons, and delivers them to the guard of Timourtasch, who were their prisoners on the morning of the battle.

The implacable Timourtasch, to gratify his vengeance,

causes Alaeddin to be strangled without consulting Bajazet. "The death of a prince," say the Turkish historians, "is better than the loss of a province." Bajazet was content with this excuse of Timourtasch, and annexed definitively Caramania to the empire. Rushing thence upon the left across the plains of Cappadocia, between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, he subjugates the provinces of Tokat, of Siwas, of Kaisarich, of Castemouni, of Sinope bathed on the north by the Pontus-Euxinus.

Bajazet Koetorum, or the *Cripple*, who governed Sinope, fled with his sons and chiefs to Timour-Lenk (Tamerlane), this new chief and conqueror of fresh Tartar swarms, who were beginning to appear in the distances a reflux from the invasion of Alexander the Great, from the East towards the West. The flight of the Cripple and all his princes to the camp of Timour, left Bajazet to become master of all the Asiatic cities of the Black Sea, from Sinope along to the entrance to Constantinople. He gave the government of Castemouni to his young son, Solyman. This city, rich in mines of copper, in Greek and Arabian edifices, in cultivation, in literary renown, was the birth-place of the famous Seïnab, that Corinna of Arabia.

Amisus, now Samsoun, a colony of Athenians and of Miletans, the capital under the Romans of the kingdom of Pontus, was annexed to these conquests of Bajazet. The manufactures of linen, of cables, and of pitch, which rose up in these commercial colonies, on the banks of the Thermodon, enriched the treasury of the Sultan. Amasia, surnamed the Bagdad of Roumelia, on account of the elegance of its monuments, of its aqueducts, of its tombs, beheld mosques arise side by side with the domes and the steeples. Bajazet there venerated a celebrated old man, named the Sheik Pir-Elias, of whom the knowledge, the eloquence, and the reputation for sanctity were the glory of Amasia. This old man, sought and venerated a short time after by Timour, seemed to sway by his celebrity the several conquerors of his country. An Arabian Sappho, named Mihri, who lived at that time in Amasia, and whose tomb is still visited by the Turkish poets, attests that the culture of the mind extended to even the women in those Turcoman cities. Amasia, the Eden or Arcadia of the Arab and Turkish poets of that epoch, had been chosen by the most popular of these poets for the imaginary scene of the loves of *Ferhad* and of *Shirin*, that

amorous and elegiac epopee of the Ottoman people. There is still shown there the aqueduct excavated in the rock, intended, says tradition, "to conduct the floods of milk from the flocks of the shepherdess Shirin to the city. Farther on, there is seen a precipitous cliff, where an old beggar woman gave to Ferhad the false news of the death of Shirin, and from which this desperate lover threw himself into the abyss, not to survive the cherished object of his love and of his songs.

## XII.

Bajazet, satiated with glory and conquests, returned with his army to Adrianople, corrupted by the manners of the barbarians and the Greeks among whom he had too much lived. His wife, a daughter of the King of the Servians, had taught him the barbarian love of wine and the debasing pleasures of drunkenness, that coarse delirium of the nobles of her country. The wines of Hungary and of Cyprus made him forget the precepts of Mahomet, who designed to preserve to his people the superiority of reason by the privation of fermented liquors.

The Greeks, corrupted by other debaucheries which have retained their name, and which they had borrowed themselves from the Medes and Persians, taught him the infamous pleasures sought in the perversion of the sexes. His seraglio and that of his ministers were full not only of the most beautiful female slaves, the spoils of war, but with young children of a suspicious beauty, some of them destined for mutilation, like the eunuchs of the Byzantine emperors, others for the infamies of a monstrous caprice of the senses. The debaucheries of Tiberius, in the island of Capreo, dishonored the palace of the Sultan. These favorites of the seraglio passed into an institution in the public manners. Boys remarked for their feminine beauty were often preferred to the beauties of the harem. Elevated from this shameful service, to the rank of pages or icoglans, and from thence to the dignities of the empire, they perpetuated the memory and the taste of the debauches which had advanced. This vice, which seems to have come from the East, from the warrior and pastoral life and from polygamy, tarnished early the simple purity of the morals of the Turks. Innumerable eunuchs soon formed among them, after the example of the palace of Constantinople, a third sex charged

with the stewardship of the women and the children—deprived of the sources of love and of courage in man, and not retaining of the virile passions but the cold ones of hatred, of envy, and of ambition. The law of Mahomet had vainly proscribed these two degradations of nature in the express precepts of the Koran. In imitation of the Greeks of this heroic epoch, who kept up at Thebes a body of eunuchs and of Macedonians, who had formed a band of degraded young men called the *immortals*, the Turks selected, in Georgia and in Circassia, the flower of the youth for the purpose of making them favorite slaves. Bajazet recruited, by tributes of Christian children, his seraglio and his armies. But the military spirit, too reconcilable with licentiousness of morals, survived these depravations in the Sultan and his people. Except in moments when wine dictated him his judgments, his justice was incorruptible and his discipline inexorable. Ali-Pasha, his grand vizier, a companion and accomplice of his excesses, but preserving more self-possession in the delirium, deferred or corrected frequently his decisions.

It is related that an old woman of Broussa having made complaint of one of his pages accused by her of having drunk the milk of her goats which she was bringing to the city, Bajazet had the belly of the page laid open to assure himself, at the risk of killing an innocent person, if the page was really guilty.

Another time, he had shut up in a house of Begshehri all the judges of Broussa who were accused of selling justice, and he ordered them to be burned alive in the ruins of the house. Ali-Pasha, the vizier, adjourned the execution, and concerted with an Arab buffoon, a favorite of Bajazet, to make the Sultan while fasting sensible of the absurdity of such a wholesale punishment without distinction of criminality or of innocence.

"I am come to ask you to send me an ambassador to Constantinople," said the Arab to Bajazet.

"Why," said the Sultan, "do you ask me for such an employment?"

"To beg the Greek emperors to send us his monks to judge us."

"What do you mean?" asked anew Bajazet.

"I mean to say," replied the buffoon, "that since we are going to burn our judges who propagated the Koran, it is

necessary to bring in place of them Christian monks who will help us to diffuse the gospel."

This lesson struck the Sultan. He informed himself of the causes of the venality of justice in his empire. Ali-Pasha explained to him that the indigence of the judge was the ruin of the litigant, that the judges, to maintain integrity, must be above corruption by certain and sufficient emoluments. The Sultan raised the salary of the judges and organized an impartial distribution of justice throughout his possessions.

### XIII.

Age was deadening the passions of Bajazet; religion subdued them. War took away nothing from the representatives of the Khalifs of their moral authority over the emirs and the Sultan. The Sultan reigned over his people, but the Koran reigned over the Sultan. The ministers of religion retained their liberty of counsel, of reproach, even of anathema; at court a dervish made a conqueror turn pale.

There was at that time, in a solitude in the environs of Broussa, a celebrated Arab sheik, consummate in years, in wisdom, and in reputation, named Boukara. Invested by the Khalif of Egypt with the title of his delegate near the Sultan, charged also to gird on the sabre of Bajazet whenever this prince was setting out upon a campaign for the Mussulman faith, the old Sheik possessed the deference and veneration of his master. He availed himself, with a holy audacity, of all occasions of approaching him, to remonstrate humbly, but severely, upon the scandals by which his two vices, drunkenness and debauchery against nature, were afflicting and dishonoring Islamism. Virtuous, eloquent, persuasive, patient like the virtue which he represented in the midst of the seraglio, Boukara ended by moving Bajazet to remorse. This prince, aided by the love of the old man, compared his life with the purity of the precepts of the Koran, and blushed at the comparison.

"Either Mahomet is a false prophet of God," said Boukara to him, "or thou art a false disciple of the true prophet."

Bajazet struck his breast and swore to the Sheik to do penance for his sins. He purged his seraglio of dishonoring pages, and ordered the urns that contained his Cyprus and Turkey wines to be spilled on the sand. He was still at the



age when habit has not yet got mastery of the will. Impetuous in virtue, as he was in war and vice, Bajazet wept for his faults, constructed mosques—those acts of faith in stone and marble, wherein the efficacy of the prayers pronounced by the believing faithful recoils upon the memory of the founder.

Towards this period, Bajazet, as if in order to affront or to watch at a shorter distance Constantinople, constructed over against this capital, on the Asiatic bank of the canal of the Bosphorus, the menacing fortress of Ghuzeldje-Hissar, or the *Beautiful Castle*. Ghuzeldje-Hissar, of which the palace and gardens of the Sultan now cover the ruins, was the first ring of that chain whereof the fortress built by Mahomet II. on the bank of Europe was to be the second, and which was soon to blockade by land and sea the city of the Byzantine emperors.

#### XIV.

Bajazet, however, still affected generosity towards these feeble emperors. He seemed to fight for them in retaking Thessalonica from the Italian Crusaders, who had taken possession of it during that anarchy of the East, and he restored this imperial city to the Paleologuses, very sure that their spoils wrested thus from the Christians would one day revert to the Ottomans.

A formidable invasion of Sigismund, King of Hungary, seconded by six thousand French, ambitious of exploits and glory, recalled Bajazet before the walls of Nicopolis on the Danube. The greatest names of French chivalry, the Count d'Eu, constable of France; the Count de Nevers; Jean-sans-Peur, son of the Duke of Burgundy, still in his teens; the Count de la Marche, Jean de Bourbon; Admiral Jean de Vienne; Boucicault, marshal of France; the Sire de Coucy; Guy de la Trémouille, commanded the French auxiliaries of the King of Hungary. The Danube brought them up to the very walls of Nicopolis the provisions and arms necessary for this distant expedition, as well as the corrupting courtesans of those camps, Christian in name, but dissolute in morals. All yields before them on their apparition on the right bank of the river. Transylvania, Servia, Bulgaria, ravaged by their soldiers, became solitudes around their columns, and regretted their Mussulman masters, less baleful to their homesteads than these liberators.

This army, soon converging to the number of eighty

thousand fighting men, beneath the walls of Nicopolis, besieged this bulwark of the Ottomans. The intrepid Toghan, general of Bajazet, although with only a feeble garrison, resolved to perish with his men upon the breach, to give time to Bajazet to come in aid of his violated frontiers. Bajazet, covered by the density of the forests of Bulgaria, was actually advancing, unsuspected by the confederates. The camp of the besiegers, proud of its number, plunged in pleasures, regardless of all discipline, was apprised but by the sabre of the Azabs, the light cavalry of the Sultan, of his approach.

The Hungarians and the French, as brave as they were licentious, disputed for the front rank on the field of battle. While the Hungarian infantry, under the orders of Sigismund, was forming its lines and taking its positions, the French cavalry, listening to no other orders than its own impatience, poured upon the cavalry of Bajazet, piled the plain with ten thousand dead bodies and even massacred shamefully three thousand prisoners enveloped by its squadrons. The old Sire de Coucy conjured vainly, in the name of experience, the French cavalry to confine for that day their exploits to this victory. All counsel appeared cowardice to that youthful band, intoxicated with pride, with courage, and with blood. The French cavalry resumed their onset without leaving even to the horses the time to renovate their vigor, much exhausted by that long carnage. It pursued the spahis of Bajazet to the summit of a rising ground which masked from it the army of the Sultan. All of a sudden, forty thousand chosen lances of the Ottomans gleamed to the parting rays of the evening before the French cavalry. Bajazet, on horseback in the middle of this forest of lances, did not give the enemy time to reflect upon their rashness; rushing himself sabre in hand upon the centre, and launching his two wings by two open valleys to the rear of the French, he encircled this cavalry as in a net of iron. In vain Bajazet offered them life, if they would deliver up their arms.

"No, no," replied, in their name, the Admiral Jean de Vienne, "God forbid that we should barter the honor of France for our life; we must fight not for victory, but for death."

All fell, or surrendered after having fought to the last extremity.

The numerous Hungarian, Wallachian, and German in-

fantry, who contemplated from a distance this massacre, did not even attempt to fight. Sigismund himself fled, abandoned by his Hungarians; the King of the Servians, a secret ally of Bajazet, went over to the Ottomans. The cavalry of Styria and Bavaria alone equalled the valor of the French. They covered with their bodies the retreat of Sigismund, and threw him into a boat which the current of the Danube carried off beyond the range of the arrows of Bajazet.

The river was covered with dead bodies; sixty thousand dead or wounded piled the prairies of Nicopolis. The Turks were as numerous as the Christians. Bajazet shed tears in going next day over the field of battle. He swore to avenge the Ottoman blood that was spilled in such profusion by the vanquished. Seated upon the threshold of his tent, he had dragged before him ten thousand prisoners bound together two by two with the girths of their dead horses. The Count de Nevers, and a young Bavarian nobleman, named Schildberger, who have left us this recital, were obliged to attend, behind Bajazet, at this vengeance.

## XV.

Bajazet commenced by granting life to the Count de Nevers and to twenty-four of the nobles or pages the most illustrious among the prisoners. Then he gave the signal of carnage. Each prisoner, conducted by the cord before the tent, knelt to hold out his head to the Ottoman sabre, and the head rolled down the bank of the river. The young page Schildberger, already spattered with the blood of five of his companions, was going to receive like them the mortal stroke, when the son of Bajazet, who attended the spectacle at his father's side, struck with the youth and with the beauty of the page, leant to the ear of the Sultan and remarked to him that this boy did not appear to be of age to die. The Mussulman law forbade to put to death the vanquished who had not attained their twentieth year. The Sultan suspended by a sign the sword, and had this page put aside with some other children also spared. The cavalry all died bravely, in invoking not pardon, but heaven, says this eye-witness. The last of the ten thousand cried in looking to the Count de Nevers and the twenty-four exempted from the execution: "Farewell, and bear witness that we shed without weakness

our blood for the cause of Christ; to-day we shall be vanquished by our death in heaven."

## XVI.

Schildberger relates that this massacre of the ten thousand prisoners lasted from daybreak until evening. When the blood of his Ottomans seemed sufficiently atoned for by these torrents of Christian blood poured out so dastardly after victory, Bajazet, implored by his sons and by his viziers, accorded life to the survivors and distributed them as booty to his soldiers. The Duke of Burgundy, the twenty knights, and the pages, were conducted as slaves reserved for the Sultan, and shut up in a tower of Gallipoli.

Sigismund, the King of Hungary, whom the waters of the Danube had carried to its mouth in the Black Sea, and whom a Venetian vessel had brought from thence to Constantinople, passed some months after, in a Greek vessel, before the tower of Gallipoli where were languishing his captive allies. More fortunate than they, he was going to enter, by the Adriatic, his dominions. The Turks made the prisoners ascend the platform of the tower to see the vessel of Sigismund as she passed. "Come redeem thy companions if thou darest," cried they to the King while showing his auxiliaries in chains. Sigismund wept with shame and pity, and pursued his voyage to go beg, in fact, their ransom in Europe.

We read in the history of the Hungarians that the King of France and the King of Cyprus sent to Bajazet rich tributes to co-operate towards that ransom; that the King of Jerusalem, Lusignan, offered ten thousand ducats in a vase of antique gold of inestimable price; that Charles VI., knowing the passion of the Ottomans for the falcon chase, sent to Bajazet a flight of falcons trained by his own falconers and some magnificent scarlet stuffs equal to the loading of six horses. There were thus collected from country to country two hundred thousand gold ducats, which appeared to Bajazet a price sufficient for the ransom of his personal prisoners. They lived for several years back in his delightful capital of Broussa, in a palace adjacent to that of the Sultan. Many of them were dead before the hour of their deliverance: the Sire de Coucy, of old age; the Admiral de Vienne, of his wounds. Boucicault and La Trémouille were conducted to

Venice. The Count de Nevers, in taking leave of the Sultan, received from him the remission of the oath which the vanquishers exacted usually from the vanquished.

"Not only," said to him, disdainfully, Bajazet, "do I release thee from thy word not to ever fight against me; but if thou art a man of honor, I summon thee to resume arms and to reassemble all the forces of Christendom against me; thou canst not better prove thy gratitude than in procuring me the occasion of a new glory."

Before dismissing these knights and these princes, Bajazet invited them to a hunt in the valleys of Mount Olympus. This chase, which attests to what prodigious magnificence the family of Othman had arisen in so few years, was conducted by seven thousand falcon-carriers on horseback, and by seven thousand gamekeepers of the imperial forests of Olympus. The dogs were clad in housings of purple, and wore collars ornamented with precious stones. The chiefs of these two services of the court were become lieutenants of the Aga or general of the Janissaries.

## XVII.

While Bajazet was thus enjoying the delights of his victory of Nicopolis in the palaces of Broussa and of Adrianople, his generals Evrenos and Timourtasch pursued his conquests beyond the Danube and the Save, and he himself resumed his exigencies towards the sovereigns of Constantinople.

Ali-Pasha, his vizier, was surrounding for several years back Constantinople by an army encamped at a distance from the walls, in the plain of Thrace. The city sighed at a blockade which might have famished it on the land side, and preferred loudly the frank dominion of the Turks to an independence under masters who were not able to protect it.

Timourtasch, returned from Hungary, subjected one by one all the Greek cities on the borders of the Black Sea which still acknowledged the nominal sovereignty of the Emperors. Thence, traversing the Bosphorus, he diffused his army along to the Taurus and the Euphrates, thus shooting back, as to its fountain, the power of the tribes of Othman.

Bajazet, during this campaign of Timourtasch, set out for the conquest of continental Greece, at the instigation of some Greek traitors to their country who exaggerated at a distance

the delights and riches of that country. He passed without impediment the defenceless Thermopylæ, and reduced to servitude one by one the principalities and the duchies which the Crusaders had founded on the ruins of the sovereignty of the Emperors of Byzantium in the different provinces of Peloponnesus.

One of the princesses of the Peloponnesus, widow of Delwos, a prince of the house of Spain, was denounced by the bishops to Bajazet as having an illicit amour with her own minister, Strates. This princess, to prevent the effect of these informations upon Bajazet, presented herself to the Sultan with her court, her treasures, and one of her daughters celebrated for her beauty. She offered all to Bajazet. He married the young woman without exacting from her the sacrifice of her religion. Master in a few months of the Peloponnesus, he sent off thousands of Greek prisoners into Asia, and called thousands of Turks in their place into Greece, to the end of weaning the population from their country, of fusing Christians with Mahometans and Mahometans with Christians, in order to prepare the coasts of the Adriatic for Islamism.

Athens, become, since its heroic epoch, the fief of a house of Burgundian gentlemen, the Lavoche, then the fief of a plebeian house of Florence, the Acciaioli, saw pass beneath her Parthenon the dread apostle of Islamism, but was not yet annexed to the Ottoman empire. Bajazet respected, in it, not its extinct glory, but the possession of an Italian merchant who gave hospitality within its walls.

Returned to Broussa, and satiated with felicity and glory, Bajazet, if we may trust the Byzantine historian, Ducas, a witness of those prosperities, lived there a Solomon of the East. "His favorite residence," says Ducas, "was Broussa. No enjoyment that he did not possess; his palaces and gardens contained all that God has created to ravish the senses of man. He awoke to the song of the birds in the forests of Bithynia, and to the murmur of the inexhaustible rivulets of Mount Olympus. Rare animals of all climates, precious metals, ornamented and enlivened his palaces of pleasure. Numberless slaves of both the sexes, chosen for the exquisite beauty of their countenance, presented to his eyes but charms and attractions. Singers and dancers, brought from distant climates subject to his arms, from Greece, from Wallachia, from Albania, from Hungary, from the islands of the Archipelago, from Venice, and from Rome, sung and

danced according to the fashion of their country before his court."

A moment corrected of his licentiousness by the severe voice of the Sheik Boukara, Bajazet passed anew his days and nights in feasts and idleness. Nothing in Europe or in Asia seemed to menace his empire or his life with any human vicissitude, when a messenger, departing from the banks of the Euphrates, arrived at Broussa and rung for the first time in his ears the name of Timour. At this name, Bajazet woke up with a bound; but it was too late. His eyes alone fixed upon Europe and Byzantium, he had allowed to swell, without opposing to it a barrier, behind the Oxus or the Euphrates, the torrent which was to submerge his empire and his fortune.

Let us recount what has passed in Tartary, that inexhaustible fountain-head of these invaders of the East, whilst the preceding overflow from this reservoir of men, in the first emigration of the Turks, had been subjecting Asia Minor and Europe.

## BOOK SEVENTH.

## I.

BETWEEN India and Siberia, between China and the Caspian Sea, extends an immense country, similar to a solid ocean, above whose level soar the mountains of Thibet like a jutting promontory, and which is broken but from distance to distance by undulations of the soil, more like the waves that gently swell upon the surface of the sea, than chains of mountains that separate countries and races of men. The generic name of this vast table-land is Tartary. This name embraces, in its generality, other names that correspond to geographical or historical subdivisions of that most prolific and least known portion of the globe. Great Tartary, Little Tartary, Turkestan, Mongolia, Desert, Country of the Mantchoos, Land of Snow, Land of Sand, Land of Grass,—all these denominations merge in the universal name of Tartary. A modern traveller, carried further than his predecessors into this ocean of sand and snow, which no Columbus has yet explored to its utmost confines, Father Huc, an adventurous apostle of the faith, no less capable of observation than of description, gives at this moment to the eye of history the most magnificent and picturesque portraiture of the changeless manners of the Tartars and the monotonous scenery of Great Tartary. We refer the studious reader to his popular work. It is not easy to comprehend the invasion of Timour without having sounded that source of men from which the Tartar conqueror drew his hordes to pour them suddenly upon Asia Minor. His expedition seems a reflux of that of Alexander to the Indias. Europe had thrown itself upon India, Tartary overflowed upon Europe.



## II.

The immutability of manners which prevails in this centre of Asia leaves the Tartary of to-day just like the Tartary of the times of Timour. Nothing but the generations is renewed in that human reservoir, inaccessible to the winds and to the undulations of the diversified countries of the earth. The desert protects it against the vicissitudes of religion, of opinion, of civilization, and of manners. The Tartars are the Arabs of the North. They see all change around them without changing themselves. Attached by the necessities of pastoral life to the soil of their deserts; ignorant of cities; inhabiting a tent instead of a house; traversing slowly but unceasingly their solitudes, to follow, like birds of passage, the seasons and renew their pastures, carrying with them in the camel, the horse, and the sheep, their sole wealth; capable of congregating of a sudden in countless multitudes at the call of their chiefs, for the purposes of war or of migration; without concern about their dwellings or their provisions, since the camel carries the tent, the horse their arms, the sheep their raiment and their food. No people was ever fitter to multiply without limit, and to overflow without obstruction, upon the countries of India, of China, of Boukhara, or of Persia, which form, so to say, the banks of their ocean. Their primitive religion, a mixture of childish idolatry, of the sublime revelations of India and the high philosophy of the Chinese sages, had easily yielded to Mahometanism, a dogma simple and contemplative, imported into their deserts by the sovereigns of Samarcand, the first converted from their superstitions to the unity of the God of Mahomet.

Such was Mongolian Tartary; still submitted to the descendants of Genghis-Khan, when Timour was born to give a current to these multitudes, and to diffuse upon the aged East the nascent youth of that generation which never becomes old or exhausted in this cradle of races eternally primitive.

## III.

His name of Timour was the prophecy or the summary of his mission. Timour (*Damour* in Turkish) imports the sword or the instrument of death, or of servitude to the world. He was the son of a petty nomad prince of Mon-

golian Tartary, who governed one of the numerous tribes that go, in the East, to compose a people. His father, Taraghai, had the pretension of descending from Genghis-Khan, the first great conqueror of Tartar race, and the founder of a dynasty become extinct two centuries after. Timour was born in the year 736 of the Hegira, the year 1335 of the Christian era. History, which knows nothing of the obscure incidents of his early youth, first gets a glimpse of him at the age of seventeen, still without empire, but already celebrated for his exploits among the warriors of Occidental Tartary or Turkestan. It is probable that the young Timour had obtained popular renown in the camps of the Emir Houssein, who reigned over the tribes on the two banks of the Oxus, who made war upon the Persians, and who resided in the fortified cities, Balkh and Herat, frontiers of Tartary.

Timour bore already at this period the name of Timour-Lenk or Timour the Lamé. This surname, which alluded both to his infirmity and precocious glory, was given him in consequence of a wound on the leg received in fighting for his country. He paraded it as a title of honor, and added it himself to his name.

Whether it was that the blood of Genghis-Khan which flowed in his veins had ennobled his tribe, or that he was born of one of those Indian or Persian mothers whose beauty used to transform in the harems of Samarcand the clumsiness and rusticity of the Tartar race, it is certain that the young Timour had nothing of his tribe but the nomadic genius and courage. Accordingly he belonged rather to the oriental Turks, than to the Tartars properly so called. His exterior and education were those of a prince, not a camel herd. His stature was tall, slim, and supple, like that of the Arab; his complexion, white and colored, like that of a Hindoo; the features of his face, instead of being flattened like those of the Tartars, were those of a Greek of a type of Alcibiades. The eyes well cut, the nose almost aquiline, the mouth chiselled, the cheeks oval, the forehead broad and high; intelligence, force, and grace in his smile; the apparel Indian, the arms enriched with precious stones, shawls of Cashmere in crown and cincture around his head, the sword of Damascus, the bow of chiselled horn upon his shoulder, the quiver adorned with arabesques in relief, the horse of Nedjed, whose mane and tail were tintured with the golden

juice of the henna,—in fine, two ear pendants formed each of an oval pearl floating on his cheeks, set off the beauty, at the same time masculine and effeminate, of his person. One thing alone, according to the Tartar historians, contrasted with this youthfulness and grace of his countenance : it is the hair, which turned grey upon his head almost in the cradle. This phenomenon, which recalled, say his painters, the gray hair of the popular hero of the Persians, Sam, of whom the exploits are celebrated in the *Shahnameh*, had contributed to draw upon the young Timour the attention and respect of the Tartars. They saw in it a sign of precocious maturity, indicated by heaven in that crown of wisdom on the brow of a boy. They conceived it the augury of a consummate intellect, with a heroic heart. He prided himself on this disgrace of nature as a privilege of heaven. These white hairs on the cheeks of twenty set off the lustre of his complexion, and impressed a strange, but rather agreeable than ungraceful, character upon his beauty.

## IV.

His character was, like his physiognomy, the expression of this contrast between the old head and the young heart. Serious, pensive, never laughing, slow in deliberating, prompt in executing, persevering unto fatalism in his purpose once conceived, persuaded that events are not anticipated by the hand of destiny, but that they are the result of the free action of men, and that they yield to those who know how to interpret and apply them ; frank like human speech which, say the Tartars, should be the light of the soul ; capable of oppressing, never of lying, of flattering or of deceiving ; caring little for the fables which please the childishness of his compatriots ; despising buffoons, who live upon their degradation by debasing in their person the moral dignity of man ; admiring philosophers, who seek to lift the curtain of the world of science ; honoring the true poets, *those mirrors of nature and living echoes of God*, according to his own expressions ; learned in astronomy, in public law, in history, in medicine, in religion, of which he loved to converse with the most venerated sheiks of Samarcand ; liberal towards those who pray, because he believed, like Mahomet, the existence of a force so to say physical in prayer, which constrains God in adoring him ; reading much ; writing with

force and with grace ; speaking three languages of Asia, the Turkish, the Arabic, and the Persian ; an admirer of the wisdom of the national code of Genghis-Khan, of which he coupled the prescriptions with those of the Koran ; giving himself up in leisure hours but to a single amusement, and one still thoughtful and calculating like his life, the game of chess—that mental exercise invented by the spiritualism of India,—such was Timour, born to govern the world, if he had not been obliged to be its ravager. War had taken him in the cradle during the Mongolian anarchies, kept on foot by the decadence of the dynasty of Genghis-Khan. He breathed but war, alone capable, in his mind, of reconstructing and aggrandizing the power of his race. His starting-ground was but the military command of an obscure tribe of Tartars.

## V.

This tribe, under its young chief, became illustrious by exploits on the frontiers of Khorassan. Timour made a family of his army. His renown attracted to it the Tartars loving glory and spoils. His receptions brought, even from Persia, the sophis and the sages, the historians and the poets, who relate and sing the deeds of heroes. His name soon flew abroad upon their narratives and verses to the humblest and remotest tents of Tartary. Before being known, he was popular. The various hordes conversed of him in their deserts as a warrior not inferior to the fabulous Rustem, as a prophet the equal of Mahomet. He had conquered the men of his race, through that which is the most credulous and the most unreflecting in the human species—imagination. Strong in this prestige, his fortune wanted but an opportunity. The opportunity was presented.

## VI.

The Emir Houssein, sovereign of Herat and of Balkh, was attacked upon the banks of the Oxus by the Djettes, certain barbarous tribes who were sapping the last remnants of the Mongolian power of Genghis-Khan. Timour flew with his tribe to the aid of the Emir. He swept away the Djettes and confirmed the throne of the heir of Genghis. Houssein, to acknowledge this service and secure for ever his heroic ally, gave one of his sisters, the beautiful Tourk-

han, honored with the title of khan or queen, to Timour. This union attached Timour to the royal house of Houssein. But his merit and his glory soon effaced, in the eyes of the Tartars, the sovereign whom Timour seemed to rival rather than protect.

The premature death of his young wife rent the ties of blood that joined the two princes. Rivalry generated injustice; the emir vassals of Houssein revolted against their sovereign; Timour, proclaimed by them their chief and their avenger, escaped from the ambuscades of the vizier of Houssein, vanquished or entrapped his armies, besieged Herat, the capital of his enemy, entered it through a breach at the head of the revolted Tartars, and saw the emirs burn before his eyes the palace, and slaughter his father-in-law and his dynasty. History does not accuse him of having wished this crime, but of having stood by, and of having voluntarily or otherwise reaped the fruits.

The treasures, the women, the children, of the unfortunate Houssein became the booty and the sport of the ferocious soldiers. Timour received four of these women for his harem, and married two of them celebrated for their charms. The others married the principal emirs, companions of his victory. The voice of the army decreed him the throne which he just had overturned in the blood and flames of Herat. This capital was now but a smoking furnace in the midst of the desert. He conducted the army and the population to Samarcand, that city so celebrated, situated in the middle of a fertile oasis of Occidental Tартary, and which he meant to make the capital of a great empire.

## VII.

The universal suffrage of the people alone sanctioned, with the Tartars as with the Gauls, the rights of victory. The general assembly of all the chiefs and of all the sages of the tribes came together under tents in the plain of Samarcand. He was unanimously there proclaimed the legitimate heir of Genghis-Khan, the sovereign and Khan of all the Tartars. The sheik or sovereign pontiff presented that which serves among the Tartars as crown and sceptre, the tambourine which convokes the people, and the standard which rallies the soldiers. He was surnamed *Master of time and of the living world*; he was delivered the seal of

the empire, on which was engraven this maxim of the Koran : "*Justice is the salvation of men*"—a grand testimony to the universal conscience of humanity inscribed upon the seal of even a usurper.

Twenty-seven dynasties or sovereignties of Tartary and all the tribes acknowledged his supremacy. He centralized in himself alone the civil, political, and military power of over one hundred and fifty millions of men, burning with the desire of overflowing anew from their harsh climates under skies of milder temperature. This empire extended from the centre of Russia along to the great wall of China, and from Thibet along to Persia.

Timour, who felt himself elevated above humanity by that instinct of expatriation in so many thousand men, did not leave it to collapse. The years of his reign were but a succession of campaigns which made subject to him, with Kharism, Kaptshak, Georgia, Hindostan, Persia, Irak, Syria, and Asia Minor, two hundred additional millions of subjects. Instead of the forty thousand soldiers of Alexander, the army of Timour had eight hundred thousand fighting men, and a million of slaves who dried up the earth on their route. The magnificence of this nomade court equalled the multitude of the combatants. Never did Europe see this number, this Asiatic parade, either in the migration of Attila, or those of the Arabs, or the campaigns of Moscow, where a modern conqueror led so many brave men to conflagration and the frosts.

### VIII.

Timour wished to dazzle as much as to conquer. He knew that the sword, to subjugate the men of the East, should glitter and strike at the same time. The marriage of one of his sons, still a child, to the daughter of one of the sovereigns of the frontier of Persia, permitted him to display in the marriage festivities all the riches that the spoils of Hindostan had accumulated in his tents. A throne of gold, crowns of diamonds, horns full of precious stones spilled like water under the feet of the young couple, avenues of censers that perfumed with musk and ambergris; the earth carpeted for miles around, the dome of the nuptial tent, formed by a firmament of lapis-lazuli, wherein incrustated diamonds represented the stars and constellations; the cur-

tains of the tent of woven gold, the pine-apple which surmounted it at the centre, outside, chiselled in a block of fine amber. All these attest the profusion of plunder wherein the Arab imagination itself must yield to the reality.

## IX.

Samarcand, the centre of these magnificences, the depot of these riches, arose and extended itself as by a prodigy, at each return of these expeditions. Babylon, Bagdad, Persepolis, Palmyra, Baalbeck, Damascus, Constantinople, Rome, Athens, were put in the shade by those palaces, those gardens, those aqueducts, those mosques, which arose of a sudden amid the steppes of Tartary at the voice of Timour, and beneath the hand of the Greek and Arabian artists called from their country to decorate the residence of a barbarian.

At the marriage of Timour himself with a captive princess brought from Khorassan, he ordered the construction of twelve gardens, soon united into one, on the banks of the river, and which were called, on account of their luxury, the *Gardens of Paradise*. He wished that the humble Tartar village of Kesch, wherein he was born, should carry down to posterity a splendid trace of his cradle, in the shape of monuments and enduring foundations. A rival city to Samarcand arose upon the ruins of this village. He gave it the name of the "*Dome of the sciences and of civilization*;" he called thither from Arabia and from the Indies the sages the most capable of teaching virtue and the arts to the Tartars.

## X.

Fortune had not hardened his heart nor falsified his judgment; he prided himself upon having never lost the sympathy of human affections. The premature death of his son, and of one of his sisters whom he cherished, plunged him into a melancholy which induced him to desire death, since it had made of his heart a solitude in the midst of exterior pleasures. He returned to resignation and the inclination to live, only on reading the consoling verses of the Koran which teaches man to regard his sufferings as a wise decree of Providence, inappreciable by our inferior wisdoms.

But ambition seems alone to have filled up in him the

void of death. The rapidity and facility of his conquests persuaded him that God marched at the head of his armies, and thus commanded him to render uniform the religion of all mankind, abandoned to unworthy superstitions. His courtiers often heard him repeat to himself this vision of a universal monarchy, from which the conquerors of all ages do not awake but with their dying breath: "In like manner as there is but one master in heaven," he used to say, "so there ought to be but one master upon the earth. It is too small to satisfy the ambition of a great soul."

"The ambition of a great soul," said one day to him the Sheik of Samarcand, "is not to be satisfied by the possession of a morsel of earth added to another, but by the possession of God, alone sufficiently great to fill up an infinite thought."

## XI.

The answer of the Sheik struck Timour, but did not prevail over his instinct of nomadism and conquest. He marched presently at the head of a select army of his tribes, to the utmost confines of Persia, which had not been yet visited by his wrath. The cities were thrown open, the country was depopulated on his path; the fury of murder seemed to have seized him to purge Persia and Arabia of the old superstitions that still survived to the religion of Islamism. Thousands of the dead bodies of idolaters marked behind him the track of his army. He stopped with pity and veneration but before the tombs of the imans, interpreters of Mahomet, of memorably learned men, and of illustrious poets. On his entrance into cities, he had himself led before such monuments, descended from his horse and invoked the memory of those great geniuses, extinguished lights of humanity. Thus he touched with his forehead the sepulchre of the great Persian epic poet, Ferdousi, at Thous.

Bagdad, Tauris, Kars, Djoulfa, made submission without resistance at his approach. This time, instead of turning towards the east, he turned to the north, traversed the kingdoms which formerly separated the Mediterranean from the Black Sea, entered Georgia, and stopped to pass the winter at Tiflis, the capital of this kingdom, before crossing the Caucasus.

The Kings of Georgia and of Schirvan abjured Christianity to preserve their dominions. Their subjects followed the



example. They filled with presents in gold, slaves, horses, the tents of Timour. Armenia and Mesopotamia, to prevent invasion, acknowledged themselves vassals of Tartary. The cities that attempted to resist behind their walls were effaced from the earth. Upon the spot were erected towers, of which the walls were built of living men cemented in the lime. These pyramids and arches of death were after imitated by the Turks, upon the battle fields of Servia and of Bulgaria. We have ourselves sighed in passing underneath these catacombs above ground of barbarism.

## XII.

While he was wintering at the foot of the Caucasus and inviting whole populations to his gigantic hunting parties, those images of the pleasures of Tartary, Ispahan, occupied by the rear guard of his army, arose at the drum sound of a patriotic blacksmith, who hoisted as a standard his leathern apron. At his voice the Persians massacred three thousand Tartars, and delivered the city from their oppressors. But Timour despatched instantly one hundred thousand men, with orders that each should bring him the head of a Persian, under penalty of losing his own. Ispahan in consternation paid with this price for the revolt of the blacksmith. Timour excepted but the savants, the priests, the poets, as Alexander had excepted Pindar. Piety, genius, and science were divine in his eyes. These hundred thousand heads were built into mason-worked pyramids on the site of the desolate city.

Returned in spring through Oriental Persia, Timour levelled the large cities and chased before him the population into Tartary. He peopled Samarcand with the princes of the country of Fars, the centre of antique Persia, after having sown with salt the site of their palaces and gardens.

## XIII.

Samarcand expected him in the triumphal fêtes that celebrated each of his returns. While he was preparing an immense expedition against a rebellious khan of Great Tartary, he employed the leisures of winter in hunting swans upon the icy lakes and the marshes of Bokhara. These magnificent hunts, instituted by Genghis-Khan as a savage

prerogative of sovereignty, served to retain around the Khan the chiefs and young men of the tribes, and to inure them to the severe exercise of warfare.

Timour, after having convoked the supreme council of twenty-seven kingdoms, and called to arms five hundred thousand horsemen, entered before the close of winter on the campaign. He left at this time his court and harem at Samarcand, to spare the women and girls the fatigues of a war in the harshest climate, at the foot of the Thibet mountains. One favorite woman, a confidant of his most secret thoughts, alone followed him in a pavilion of war carried by an elephant. She was a captive, the daughter of a prince of the race of the Djettes, who had conquered the heart of the vanquisher of her family, and to whom her charms had given the surname of the *Morning Star*. Satiety did not exclude these passionate preferences in the soul of Timour any more than in that of Mahomet. We shall by and by see other examples in the harems of the Mussulman Sultans.

Scarce had he set out from Samarcand, when Timour saw running to meet him the ambassadors of the prince he was going to dethrone, to implore his pardon and to obtain peace. The Tartar usages on such occasions, required that the envoys should run at a galloping pace over the distance which separated them from the Khan, and that precipitating themselves from their horses at sight of him, they should appear as if flying for refuge to his shade. These messengers of peace presented to Timour a letter of apology from their master, a tamed bird of prey, and nine race horses, the incomparable agility of which numerous witnesses attest.

This submission did not appease Timour; he continued his route to a chain of hills overlooking Great Tartary. Arrived at the summit of this table-land, he contemplated the immeasurable ocean of grassy steppes which extended before his eyes without other limits than the heavens. Each of his soldiers brought a monumental tower to erect, where the Khan sat, which would recall to all future time the congregation of this multitude of men, brought together for the execution of the vengeance of one. Thence having descended into the plain, the trumpets sounded to arms, and the army with one voice raised the shout of *Surun!* or *Onward!*

## XIV.

The rebel, vanquished by terror before being so by combat, fled, from defeat to defeat, towards the north, to the river, now Russian, of the Volga. His army, his court, his slaves, his women, his flocks, his treasures, were not able to cross the river as rapidly as himself. Thus a whole nation became the booty of the army of Timour. The Khan took himself a select portion. The most beautiful captives were chosen to adorn his harem at Samarcand. Each emir had his share, each soldier had his booty, in this distribution of treasures, flocks and slaves. History resembles poetry when it recounts the luxury of the festivities which Timour gave his army on the banks of the Volga. Darius and Xerxes disappear before this Alexander of the desert.

## XV.

The following spring he resumed in arms his route towards Mesopotamia, traversing anew Persia; Bagdad and Schiran saw him pass a third time. Victory and empire had not enervated his courage. To vanquish was to him more than to reign. He took pleasure in often marching in advance of his army, followed only by some hundreds of the most intrepid of his emirs, and in fighting like a simple warrior against the Arab or Persian princes who sought to bar against him the defiles of the mountains. On one of these occasions, he was well-nigh falling beneath the sword of the Schah Mausous, a usurper of the mountainous provinces of Persia. The son of the favorite of Timour, Mirza-Schah-Rokh, precipitated himself between the Khan and his enemy, struck down with a blow of his lance the Persian warrior, cut off his head and presented it to Timour: "Thus," said he, "must roll at the feet of the horse, the heads of all thy enemies." The Tartars present at this exploit struck the earth nine times with the forehead, in testimony of joy and admiration for the hero, reviving already in another hero.

Timour gave the sovereignty of conquered Persia to Miran-Schah, his son and vassal, returned to Bagdad upon a galley named the *Sun*, left there his army to repose for two months, re-established the discipline relaxed by war, had spilled in the Euphrates all the wine that was found in

the city, received there the ambassadors of the Sultans of Syria and of Egypt, who sought to avert him by their submission, and entered through the great desert into Mesopotamia. He signalized his passage by vengeance upon all who resisted, by liberality towards the men of learning, the men of religion, and the poets of the two creeds, the Mahometan and the Christian, which then disputed with each other for those provinces. He went to pray indifferently on the tombs of the Christian saints, and on those of the noted dervishes. His worship of science and virtue was impartial; was it philosophy, was it policy? Nothing in history explains this mystery in the life of the conqueror.

Arrived, across Armenia, at the iron gates which shut the Caucasus, he learned that the vanquished King of Great Tartary, Tochtamisch, after having rallied his nation behind the Volga, had crossed the defiles of the Caucasus, and was advancing to renew the strife against him upon another battle field.

"So much the better," said he to the Usbeck Tartars, who announced to him this new occasion of glory; "let us leave Tochtamisch and his army to come on; it is better that the game should come of itself into this net than to be obliged to beat the forests to start it. An old pheasant does not dread the falcon, and when the grasshopper is become large enough to have its wings take the color of blood, it gives back bite for bite to the sparrow that would devour it."

The field of battle was the Eastern border of the Caspian Sea. His long march had diminished the army of Timour; before the battle he passed his Tartars in review with a minute severity, examining if each soldier had his sword, his lance, his mattock, his net, which the Tartar warriors throw over their disarmed enemy. He himself on horseback, at the head of thirty select squadrons, shot like the thunderbolt upon the centre of the broken enemy, and, precipitating this centre into the waves, he saw fly the wings to become the prisoners of his cavalry. The Volga and the Dnieper, open before him, saw him, during a campaign of five years, ravage Russia along to Moscow. The Russians, who already caused the Byzantine Greeks to tremble, trembled before the Tartars, and abandoned to them their provinces, their marine, the property—fruits of plunder in their conquests like those of Timour.

He returned by another route to Samarcand, where the delights of his gardens, the love of his women, the conversation of his men of letters, the eulogies of his poets, refreshed him after his five years of exploits. Eager for all sorts of immortality for his name, he employed his days of peace in the construction of edifices which transmit the memory of the ambitious to remote generations, and whereof he had contemplated the ruins at Persepolis. He erected a palace of marble, transparent like alabaster, which intercepted the cold and let through a softened light to the apartments. Greek painters brought from Byzantium, painted its domes in fresco, presenting colored pages of the history of his campaigns. He was seen there in all his diversities of fortune, from the condition of a Tartar shepherd to that of sovereign of double Asia. He gave this palace to one of the daughters of his deceased son, Miran-Schah, named Beghizi. Meditating new expeditions more remote, and fearing, after his death, dissensions for the empire among his sons, he invested his son Schah-Rokh with the sovereignty of the Persian provinces—the most suitable, in his opinion, to assure to their possessor the superiority of arms and of policy over the others. He distributed to all his other sons and grandsons the government of all his kingdoms. Although aged about sixty-four years, he married a young Mongolian girl, named Toukel-Khanum, and in his intoxication for his new and eighth spouse, he presented her the most delicious garden of Samarcand, called by him the "*heart expanding garden*."

## XVI.

This love did not make him forget that dream of all conquerors, India. He overran it this time from the Indus to Delhi, from the ocean to Thibet. His army marched with a people of slaves in its train, the prize of his first victories, and who might compromise him in other battles. An atrocious order delivered one hundred thousand of them to death in a single night. Each Tartar soldier was constrained to immolate his portion with his own hand. Remorse, pity, indignation seized the army. The imams presaged the wrath of Heaven. Timour responded to this revolt of conscience of his warriors only by the conquest and massacre of Delhi. The blood, of which he spilled so

much, intoxicated him. Men, by their tameness, had taught him to despise them, as the dust trodden by the feet of his horses. The list of the booty, divided among his soldiers after the storming of Delhi, and the recital of his cruelties towards the Hindoos, innocent of all crime, would cast doubt upon history, if the Europeans of the army of Timour, who were ocular witnesses, did not confirm its authenticity. Gold, silver, precious stones, diadems, cinctures spangled with diamonds of Golconda, rubies and sapphires of Ceylon, trained elephants, camels, and countless coursers,—in fine, slaves of both sexes, composed these spoils. Each soldier received a hundred slaves for his share, each Tartar following the army received twenty. Ten files of elephants accompanied the corteges that carried letters of victory from Timour to the tributary princes of Tartary, of Kaptschak, and of Persia. He distributed among them by thousands, the artists, the workmen, the painters, the architects, who had decorated Hindostan with their works, that they might carry the same arts and elevate the like monuments in Tartary. He depopulated India to people the steppes of Samarcand. The idols of the Indian gods were transported by him to his capital to serve as materials in the building of mosques. The mass of Guebres or fire-worshippers immolated on the banks of the Ganges dyed the sacred waters with the color of blood. Descended into the mysterious valley of Cashmere, that Eden of India, Timour revelled for some days in its delights, overturned there the temples of idolatry, and returned to Samarcand, having accomplished in twelve months the ten years campaign of Alexander.

## XVII.

After some days of repose, he took his direction to the West, in swerving somewhat towards the Caspian Sea. He entered by the profound valleys of the Caucasus, that natural citadel of those regions which he would assure to his race. The Georgians defended themselves against the ruler of Tartary with the same constancy which they displayed for nearly a century back in defending themselves against the Czar, the monarch of the North. Timour, in order to come to close quarters with them in the inaccessible gorges of the Caucasus, of which the Georgians had walled the entrances with rocks, passed through the air. He had con-

structed immense baskets, which he filled with soldiers, and which he let down with cords, suspended to pulleys, to the bottom of the precipices, at a depth of three or four hundred ells. From thence his soldiers fought against the Georgians, who were overwhelmed beneath their darts. Timour himself, to set the example to his troops, caused himself to be let down and hauled up seven times in these aerial skiffs. By barbarities of warfare, which we have seen once renewed in our days in Africa, he had some tribes of the Caucasus barred up in caverns which they had fled to for refuge, like animals in a burrow. These sacrileges against the human species revolted even his own Tartars.

From the foot of the Caucasus he advanced upon Sinope and Cæsarea. His hordes touched for the first time upon the recent conquests of the Turks on the Asiatic coasts of the Black Sea. The two princes of Caramania and of Kermian, dethroned, as we have seen, by Bajazet, and escaped from prison where they were detained by his general Timourtasch, traversed entire Cappadocia and entire Georgia, the one in the disguise of a showman exhibiting monkeys in the villages, the other under that of the copious hair of a dervish, which concealed his features from the eyes of his former subjects. These two outlaws, thirsting for vengeance, reached by those artifices the plain of Karabagh, where the numerous army of Timour was encamped, undecided between the north and the middle of Asia.

The third prince dispossessed by Bajazet, the young Turcoman sovereign of Aïden, escaped likewise from his tower, and practising upon his route the avocation of rope-dancer, arrived at the same time at this common refuge of the despoiled princes. Timour heard their complaints, and took the pretext of avenging the oppressed and the licenses of the court of Bajazet against the law of the prophet, to embrace their cause. The accounts which came to him from all quarters of the rapid success of the power of the Turks, his ancient compatriots on the banks of the Oxus, offended his pride or tempted his courage. He deemed the world too narrow for two Sultans. However, he did not strike without apprising or without menacing. Ambassadors, charged to demand of Bajazet the reason of his violence, and reparation for his injustices towards independent princes of his race, were despatched to Broussa. They carried to Bajazet an imperious epistle from Timour.

## XVIII.

Bajazet, indignant at the tone of this letter of a barbarian who was still in quest of a wandering empire in Asia, whereas his, determined and consolidated, reposed already for three generations upon the most civilized countries of Asia and of Europe, ordered as his sole answer the execution of the envoys sufficiently impudent to come to intimate his orders at the very foot of his throne. The executioners were about to obey the gesture of the Sultan, when the grand vizier, the venerable Sheik Boukara, and the grand judge of Broussa threw themselves at his feet, and conjured him not to dishonor their nation in infringing, even towards an insolent Tartar, the inviolability of ambassadors. Bajazet, yielding to their counsels and their prayers, confined himself to abusing the Tartar deputies and to giving them a letter full of defiance and contempt for their master.

At the recital of this offence and the reading of this defiance, Timour, who had assembled eight hundred thousand fighting men in the plain of Karabagh, no longer hesitated to pour them upon Asia Minor. He advanced, followed by this innumerable multitude and by flocks that covered behind him entire provinces, towards Siwas, the first great fortified city of the Ottoman empire.

Siwas, formerly Sebaste, an opulent city of Asiatic Greece, destroyed and rebuilt by the invasion of the Seldjukid Sultan, Alaeddin, opened the empire on this side. Surrounded by broad ditches filled with running water, walled by ramparts of prodigious thickness, peopled with one hundred and fifty thousand souls, defended by intrepid Armenians, it seemed to defy every assault of a Tartar multitude without battering artillery to shake the walls. Timour halted a moment, as if irresolute in presence of this bulwark of the empire. But he supplied the art of war by the number of his troops. Prodigious of men, whom the exhaustless hive of Tartary renewed incessantly to his army, he set thousands of miners to work upon the rocks that formed the foundation of the walls. He emptied the ditches by canals excavated below the city. He cut down the adjacent forest of walnut-trees, to prop with their trunks the subterraneous galleries made under the foundation of the walls. Then kindling the fires near the mined towers of the city, he saw the soil sink beneath their weight and engulf them in flame and dust.



Twenty days and nights sufficed him to open on these ruins enormous breaches for the entrance of his soldiers. Siwas, naked and trembling before him, did not await the assault, but resigned itself to its fate. Timour promised merely to spare the life of the Mussulmans and of the Christians, and to be content with their servitude. But scarcely entered into Siwas, he inundated it with the blood of its defenders. Whether anger or policy, his ferocity made the East shudder. Four thousand Ottomans were buried alive to the neck, and thus awaited the end of their life and of their torture—a spectacle worthy of the brutality of Tartars, and which the ferocious animals do not exhibit in their mutual carnage.

The Christians, cast by couples into trenches covered with boards, and surcharged afterwards with earth, prolonged for unknown days their subterraneous agony under the tents of the Tartars who heard their moanings. The brave were massacred, that the contagion of their courage might not gain upon the cowardly; the cowards died through their cowardice which rendered them unworthy to live. Every pretext was good to consign to death. Timour caused to be immolated even the unfortunate lepers of the hospital of Siwas, lest their infirmity might be communicated to his Tartars, among whom it was unknown. With the exception of the male children fit for slavery, and the young girls fit for the harems, the entire population was destroyed. One of the sons of Bajazet, who governed Siwas, and who fought as a son and a hero the enemy of his father and of his race, survived for some days but to contemplate the tedious tortures of his companions in arms. Dragged with cords along the stones of the road, behind the horse of Timour, his head, cut off by the order of the conqueror, was delivered to the eagles of Armenia.

## XIX.

At this inroad upon his frontier and the news of the torture of his son, Bajazet-Ilderim, recovering his promptitude in danger and his valor in his soul, hastened to recall from Constantinople, from Adrianople, from all the provinces of Europe and of Asia, the armies that were investing Byzantium and intimidating Hungary. He descended from Mount Olympus into the valleys that lead to Siwas, at the head of all that could carry a weapon in his nation. But

the image of his vanquished and massacred son was marching by him. His sadness seemed in advance a presentiment of his fortune. His generals and his confidants observed, indeed, still his courage, but observed no more his confidence and gaiety. All was to him sadness and presage on the way. Having heard one night a shepherd who was playing on the flute and singing in guarding his flocks in the valley of the "Sea of Leaves;" "Ah!" cried mournfully Bajazet, "sing me not at present any other song than this, the sole one which I sing to myself in my soul: *Sultan! thou oughtest not to have let Siwas fall, nor thy son to perish!*"

## XX.

Meanwhile Timour, after the conquest of Siwas, had turned a little from the direct route to Bithynia to march upon Aleppo, where he had to avenge some old affront of the Sultan of Egypt, master then of Syria. All the troops of Egypt, of Syria, and of Arabia, covered Aleppo. The aspect of the elephants of Timour, from the height of which the Tartars, instructed by the Greek deserters in the arts of Byzantium, launched rockets of Greek fire, astonished the Egyptians. The elephants, at first motionless like a wall, moved at the order of Timour, who directed them himself. Animated with the fury of the battle, and partaking in the cause and the passion of the men, these monsters, invulnerable to the arrows of the Arabs, hoisted the Egyptians knotted in their trunks, hurled them upon their companions, trampled them under their feet, crushed them under their knees, and thus opened like pioneers a broad route to the Tartars.

## XXI.

The Egyptian army, thus broken at the centre and overwhelmed at the wings by two hundred thousand Tartar cavalry, precipitated itself with such a frenzy of terror towards the city, that the ditches were filled up with living and dead to the very ramparts, and Timour, passing his elephants upon this bridge of dead bodies, entered Aleppo, without lowering any other bridge. The 30th October 1400, Aleppo was submerged, like Siwas, by the deluge of Tartary. All who were not able to fly into Taurus, into Mount Lebanon, or into the desert, perished by the sword,

or fell into slavery to the hordes of Timour. Here, as every where, however, Timour saved and protected the learned men of the conquered city. The aristocracy of human thought and wisdom appeared to him to form an exception to that humanity which he despised to the extreme of nothingness.

Some days after the conquest and the extermination of the greatest part of the population, he mounted on a platform of the citadel, and was delighted with the rich landscape of gardens, waters, hills and snow-capped mountains of the Syrian horizon of Aleppo. He convoked on the spot, around him, the learned and the religious of the city, celebrated for its culture of Arabian letters, and he conversed familiarly with them, not as a master, but as a disciple. Then in a jocular conversation, he addressed them some captious questions, of which the answer, if it was not a flattery, might be a danger to those sages.

"Resolve me," said he to them, "some doubts which the sages of my schools of Samarcand have never been able to elucidate to me."

Each referred to the other the perilous honor of responding to the conqueror of Aleppo. The historian Ibn-Schohné alone accepted the dialogue.

"Who are those," demanded the Khan, "who have been the martyrs in the eyes of Heaven in the battle before your walls?" "They are those," replied the historian, borrowing the words of the prophet himself in the Koran, "they are those who have fought for the word of God."

Timour was content with this ingenious equivocation which left God judge of the justice of the Mussulman cause between the two sides. He smiled, and showing with his hand, to the learned men of Aleppo, his lame leg, and the meagerness of his body, worn out by war and by age—

"See," said he to them, "I am but half a man, and yet I have conquered Irak, Persia, and the Indias." "Render glory, therefore, to God," replied the Mufti of Aleppo, "and slay no one." "God is my witness," said with apparent sincerity the destroyer of so many millions of men, "that I put no one to death by a premeditated will. No, I swear to you, I kill no one from cruelty; but it is you who assassinate your own souls. Go, I guarantee you your lives and your properties."

The hour of evening prayer having arrived during the

conversation, he prayed, prostrating himself, and kneeling like a simple believer amongst them.

## XXII.

He himself was now unable to control the torrent which he had set loose. Fresh divisions of his army succeeding each other for twenty days, pillaged, in spite of him, in the conquered city, what had been spared by their predecessors. While Timour, according to Tartar usage, was celebrating the festival of victory in the palace of Aleppo, the cries of the massacred inhabitants mingled with the airs of the musicians and the hymns of the poets. Timour went out to repress the carnage. "I direct," said he, "that the Christians and the Mussulmans be spared. I war only upon the idolaters and the assassins of their own souls: the heads of these alone are to construct the pyramid which is to be elevated in my name."

He rounded, in leaving Aleppo, the base of the Lebanon range, and advanced by the valley of Bkaa, towards Baalbeck, that unexplained prodigy of the desert. The gigantic monuments of Baalbeck, of which he ascribed the construction to demons and genii, not being able to conceive them human, appeared to him to transcend those of Persepolis. He felt some envy towards the unknown sovereigns of these mysterious edifices. "Have mankind, then," said he, "degenerated, or is it that the stones have vegetated after being extracted from the quarries?" The monuments of Samarcand seemed to him pitiful compared with Baalbeck, and with the ruins of Palmyra.

His vanguard, after having traversed the Anti-Lebanon, was now touching on the plain of Damascus, a plain like to a fertile, a wooded, and a watered Tartary. He contemplated it with delight from the elevation of the hills which encircle it on the north side. The Egyptian army, dismayed, returned a second time into its forts.

Never was city better fitted to be surveyed from above, and to tempt the ambition of a conqueror. Surrounded with a cincture of blooming gardens whose apricot trees covered the ground with their golden fruit, and whose inclosures were watered with seven rivers, at a short distance from the mountains of the Anti-Lebanon which form on one side the gloomy walls of this garden of Syria; open

on the other side upon the desert without horizon, full of mystery, and in the depths of which imagination lights but on Babylon and Bagdad. Damascus, inclosed by walls of white and black marble, dentilated with battlements, surmounted by towers, shooting up like tulips of alabaster and gold, its burnished domes and minarets into an atmosphere always clear, effaced Samarcand, and presented to the eyes of Timour the marvellous capital he had been dreaming of for Tartary. Damascus had, besides, in his eyes, a characteristic which added superstition to the prestige. It was a sacred city; it was the dwelling-place and the tomb of those Ommiad Khalifs, successors of the prophet, of whom he had himself adopted the faith, and whose empire he desired to extend over the entire earth. He remained long in ecstasy, in prayer, and in adoration before this apparition of the sacred city. In rising from this mute contemplation, he assigned his army the posts and the movements which were suggested to himself by this survey of an eye so exercised in sieges and battles. He doubted not a prompt capitulation.

### XXIII.

However, a domestic treachery suspended for some days his victory. A young madcap, Mirza-Houssein, his nephew, seduced by it is not known what chimerical ambition, or impelled to ingratitude by some private discontent, left his camp during the night and presented himself at the gates of Damascus as a deserter who came to fight with the Arabs against the Tartars, and was received as a liberator in the city. He was marched, with a royal cortege, through the streets of Damascus. The people thought they had a rival to oppose to the master of the world. The illusion was not slow to vanish. The waters drained by turning off the rivers, the walls sapped by subterraneous minings, a moment propped by piles of wood and presently fired under their foundations, opened, as at Siwas, the way to the Tartars. Houssein, delivered to his uncle by the people to obtain mercy, was treated by Timour as a madman rather than as a parricide. The Khan confined himself to having inflicted on him, in his presence, the humiliating punishment of whipping the soles of his feet; he after sent him back free to his mother, Timour's sister.

A million of gold ducats redeemed the life of the people.

The governor and the garrison of the fortress suffered death, for having retarded for some hours the fortune of the conqueror. The men of letters, of religion, and of art, the workmen skilled in the fabrication of arms, were sent in a body to Samarcand, in order to civilize, in Tartary, this same East which he was ravaging in Mesopotamia.

But here, as at Aleppo, the policy of the founder of Samarcand was eluded by the ferocity of his soldiers. The army of Timour, retained under various pretexts outside the walls, rushed in one day in spite of him, under pretext of avenging the cause of the Khalif Ali against Omar, massacred the population almost to a man, and burned the capital of heresy before the eyes of the Khan.

"The houses and the palaces of Damascus were at that time," say the witnesses of this great ruin, "constructed of clay, of stone, or of marble to the first story, the upper portion being of wood preciously carved. These wood works took fire like a faggot prepared and dried for centuries; a blaze of seven leagues in circumference floated for seven days and seven nights, like a sea of fire, waving with its flames of every color to the winds, over the surrounding plain. The cypress, the cedar, and other odoriferous woods that decorated these palaces diffused, with their smoke through the air, an odor of perfume which was inhaled even to Palmyra and Jerusalem. It was the incense of this sacrifice of blood and flame to barbarism.

#### XXIV.

Timour contemplated it with sadness. He did not dare to brave the superstition of his army. But he wished to save at least the grand mosque of the Ommiad Khalifs, a temple formerly Christian, become, like St. Sophia of Constantinople, a temple of Islam. He presented himself before it with his guard to put out the fire; but it was too late. The intensity of the conflagration had dissolved the lead that cased the dome. Torrents of this liquified metal rolled down upon the walls and interdicted all approach to the soldiers. The dome fell through with a loud crash, and this masterpiece of Arabian architecture disappeared for ever from the horizon of the desert. There remained erect only a single minaret, detached from the mosque, and whose steeple exists to this day. It is to the summit of this

minaret that the Arab traditions of the Mussulmans assign the apparition of Jesus Christ, at the end of time, when he shall come to make the separation between the just and the unjust in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

## XXV.

Timour, after this disaster, an expiation of his victory, reposed, as was his custom, his army in the plain of Damascus, called *one of the four Paradises of the earth*. The plain of Damascus, shaded by its orchards, refreshed by its running waters; the valley of Bevivan, in Persia; the valley of the Euphrates, below Bagdad; and, in fine, the fertile and humid plain of Samarcand, were to the eyes of the Tartars the four Paradises promised to their nation. They took pleasure in traversing them and halting there by turns.

During this halt of his army in the Syrian plain, he crossed the desert of forty days' journey, with a select detachment, and ran to besiege Bagdad, a third time revolted. His vengeance was this time unpitiful. The hundred thousand Tartars whom he led to the siege of Bagdad received orders to bring him, each of them, the head of an insurgent. All perished, from the age of eight to that of eighty years, in Bagdad. But he once more saved the men of letters, the artists, the skilled mechanics, the priests, the poets, the historians,—all those who give intelligence and immortality to the human species.

## XXVI.

From this point, rallying around him all the divisions of his army, commanded by his sons, his grandsons, his nephews, his principal Khans, he resumed his interrupted course towards the peninsula bounded by the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and encamped not far from the ruins of Siwas, on the confines of the Ottoman empire. Some letters, exchanged uselessly between Bajazet-Ilderim and Timour, instead of extinguishing the imminent war, did but embitter and envenom it. Timour had some repugnance to attack, in the Turks of his own blood, the champions of the faith of the prophet, who were fighting like himself for the triumph of Islamism. This war seemed to him a species of civil strife, as impolitic in its results as it must be impious in its victory.

It is impossible not to acknowledge that the negotiations which preceded the struggle were moderate, patient, conciliating on the part of Timour,—violent, peremptory, and offensive on the side of Bajazet. To do honor to the last ambassadors of Bajazet, and perhaps to give them an imposing idea of his power, he ordered, in their presence, a grand Tartar chase on the two banks of the Araxes, the boundary river, not yet crossed by him. Plains, mountains, entire provinces were surrounded, in this chase, by a continuous line of the Tartar army, arrayed by ten men deep. These troops, in narrowing their circle, brought to the feet of the Khan and the ambassadors, shoals of game and wild beasts, that fell transpierced by the arrows of the Emirs. The envoys of Bajazet then departed laden with rich presents. Timour gave until spring to Bajazet to reflect. He demanded only the restitution of a fortress, and the restoration, to their thrones, of the Emirs of Caramania and of Kermian, expelled by his lieutenants.

The princes, sons, and grandsons of Timour, rejoined him successively on the Araxes. Mahomet-Mirza, the youngest and best beloved of his grandsons, was received by his grandfather as a favorite of his house and heir to the empire. Timour, after having clasped him in his arms, with tears of joy, placed a crown of gold upon his head. He made him the royal present of the Tartars, namely, nine ranks of war horses, each containing nine horses Arabian, Turcoman, or Persian. Each row was composed of horses of different colors, from the black of night to the white of milk. Each of the horses was saddled, bridled, and harnessed with gold and pearls. The winter of 1401 to 1402 passed thus away in military festivals. A comet, which appeared in the heavens as the torch of the war waving its reflections of fire and blood, struck terror, at the beginning of spring, into the people from India to Byzantium.

A more insolent letter of Bajazet, in reply to the letters of Timour, confirmed these sinister presages of war. Bajazet summoned the Tartars to evacuate his frontiers, and added to the summons the deepest insult among Mussulmans: he said to Timour that he would wean himself from his harem, and would think himself unworthy of approaching a woman, so long as he should not have punished him for the invasion of his dominions. At the end of this letter Bajazet signed his name in capital letters of gold above the name of Ti-



mour, written in small letters, like the name of a despised vassal.

At this insult and these menaces, as indecent in expression as they were disdainful in substance, since the usage among parties who respect each other in the East is never to speak of their women: "Decidedly the son of Mourad is mad," exclaimed Timour. He passed, next day, his troops in review, and complimented his grandson, Mahomet-Mirzá, on the happy idea which this young prince had had of giving a uniform cut and color to the dress of each of the tribes whereof his army was composed. It is the first time, says the historian Cheffereddin, cited by Hammer, that a military uniform appeared in Asia. The cavalry of Mahomet-Mirza had their standards, their caftans, their housings, their saddles, their cuirasses, their quivers, their bucklers, and all their arms painted red. The infantry were red and white; the cuirasses, the first also that were seen to gleam in mails of steel upon entire regiments, distinguished these invulnerable squadrons.

A summer's day was scarce sufficient for the whole army to defile before the horse of the Khan. He descended, at sunset, from his horse, and, prostrating himself on the earth, offered prayer with his soldiers. On rising, he made a last offer of peace to the envoys of Bajazet. "Say to your master," he repeated to them in a voice softened by reflection, "that he can still, in accepting my just and moderate conditions, spare the fatal dissension of two servants of the one God, and torrents of human blood to Asia."

Bajazet was deaf to the advances of Timour, as to the advice of his viziers and his generals. In vain the desertion of the Tartars of his guard, tampered with by the emissaries of Timour, and a revolt of his Janissaries, for pay, apprised him of the opinion of the army; he persevered in his fatuity.

"At least pay your troops," said his councillors to him; "of what use are those treasures accumulated in your palaces of Broussa, if they do not serve to save these palaces themselves! The honey that is eaten by night is soiled with wax and with dead bees; it is the same with riches kept hoarded in coffers: when the hour of darkness and confusion comes, it is no more the time to expend them."

Bajazet, mastered by his pride and voluptuousness, refused to give for his safety the treasures hoarded for his pleasures; he continued to march, deceiving himself, to-

wards Tokat, a Turkish city about midway between Siwas and Broussa, as if to confront Timour. The habit of so many victories, obtained by him over the disciplined armies of Europe, made him despise these Tartars, who were in his eyes but a deluge of men incapable of measuring themselves with the Ottomans.

## XXVII.

Timour, informed day by day of his march and of the number of his soldiers, put his army at length in motion, and, crossing the immense forests that separate Siwas from Angora (Ancyra), he chose with the eye, around that central city of Cappadocia and in the broad basin formed by the opening of the mountains, the field of battle where he was to decide of the empire between the Ottomans and the Oriental Turks or Tartars. It was the same battle field, remarks the Byzantine historian Dumas, whereon the great Pompey had formerly beaten Mithradates. It seems that the instinct of war conducts, from age to age, the armies of successive empires to the same rendezvous of contest, and that geography has laid off in advance certain fields of battle as a sort of arena for these great immolations of humanity.

Timour, to provoke Bajazet to this encounter upon a ground chosen and appropriated beforehand by him to his tactics, feigned to lay siege to the rich and populous city of Angora, which Bajazet could not abstain from succoring. He had the ramparts ruined, and turned off the waters of the little river of Angora, which served as a ditch to its orchards. Bajazet, who was encamped himself at a small distance between Tokat and Angora, let himself be drawn into the snare, and ran to the aid of the capital. He hoped to take the Tartars between two armies, that of Yacoub-Pasha, governor of Angora, and his own; but in debouching with the Ottomans into the plain beyond Angora, he found the army of Timour in battle array at three leagues from the walls, and on the other side of the river, which Timour left him to cross under a cloud of arrows before coming to an encounter on the heights.

## XXVIII.

The two warriors, thus surveyed each other for a moment, as if awaiting each a false movement of his adversary. But Timour, well-provisioned in flocks, in grass, in grain, and strong in the elevated situation which he covered, on the bank of a river sufficient to water his cavalry, did not make a step or a gesture before Bajazet. The latter, without doubt to draw in turn the Tartar Khan upon a ground more hazardous, appeared to turn with contempt from Angora, as if such hordes had been unworthy of his attention, and, casting off to the left, he ordered his army on a grand chase in order to furnish themselves with provisions.

It was the commencement of the month of July. The heat concentrated in the gorges of Angora scorched the grass. Five thousand horsemen and a great number of the cavalry of Bajazet died of thirst, of fatigue, and of heat upon the unshaded table-land, where his imprudence had launched them for this ostentatious exercise. This chase was prolonged for three summer days out of sight of the Tartar army. Timour thought that his enemy, struck with terror at his aspect, was looking out for some other valley through which to turn back to Tokat. It was nothing of the kind : Bajazet was only struck with infatuation. His army, exhausted of force, not of courage, reappeared the third day in the plain of Angora ; but Timour had availed himself of the absence of the Turks to barricade the approaches of the river, and to dry up the only springs of the plain that could water the army of Bajazet. He had thus left the Ottomans but the option equally fatal of a humiliating retreat or a battle, of which he had chosen and fortified at leisure the site and the position.

## XXIX.

Never, since Genghis-Khan and Alexander, had the sun of Asia shed its light upon so vast a gathering of men. Although Timour had not brought into battle but the disciplined choice of his Tartar hosts, five hundred thousand combatants on foot and on horseback covered the amphitheatre of hills, which arose behind the river in the basin to the north of Angora. Bajazet, who had assembled all his tributaries and all his allies, Turks, Bulgarians, Albanians, Hun-

garians, Servians, from the Mediterranean Gulf of Satalia to the banks of the Danube, and to the mountains of Epirus, commanded a number nearly equal of soldiers. The historians, Arabian, Greek, Ottoman, are agreed in estimating at over a million of men the two armies ready to rush into conflict in this listed field. The natural disposition of the site added to the tragic majesty of the spectacle. The plain, the gradations, and the rugged mountains of Angora, made a circus worthy of these gladiators of the two Asias.

### XXX.

Timour, every where followed, according to the patriarchal manners of shepherd nations, by all the members of his family of age to bear arms, divided his army into nine divisions, a sacred number among the Tartars. Four of his sons and five of his grandsons commanded, each, one of these nine divisions. Himself, the oldest and the most consummate of the warriors of his race, had reserved for himself the supreme command. Miran-Schah, his eldest son, commanded under him all of those divisions that were to fight on his right; Aboubekre, the son of Miran-Schah, served as chief lieutenant to his father. Filial devotion was added in this family hierarchy of command to the obedience of the subordinate to his general. Schah-Rokh and Khalil, the second and third sons of Timour, commanded on the left of the Khan. Mirza-Mahomet, the favorite of Timour, son of his first-born Djehanghir, of whom the Khan had so much mourned the death, commanded, despite his extreme youth, the centre of the Tartars, under the eye and under the hand of Timour. This prince, who transferred to the boy the affection which he had had for his mother, wished that the greater portion of the glory of the battle should illustrate before his time the grandson whom he destined to succeed him.

Forty emirs or generals of all the great principalities of Persia and of Tartary, were distributed in the lines of battle under these young princes, set one above another between the banks of the river and the elevated mound where Timour, on horseback, surveyed the combatants. Forty divisions of select cavalry were kept in reserve behind him, in the shade of this elevation, ready to launch upon the course of the Khan, to fill up a breach in the array, or to consummate a victory. Fifty elephants loaded with towers formed

as if so many moving citadels on the front of the Tartar army.

## XXXI.

Bajazet, according to the usage of the Turks, pastoral tribes like the Tartars, had for first lieutenants his own sons. Solyman-Schah, his first-born, governor of Cappadocia, commanded on the right the whole army of Asia. The King of the Servians, Lazarus, of whom Bajazet had, we have seen, espoused the sister, commanded on the left the entire army of Europe. The Sultan, Bajazet himself, reserved to himself the command of the choice troops of both the armies accumulated at the centre. Three of his young sons, Isa, Moussa, and Mustapha—of whom we shall see presently the precocious misfortunes—served as seconds to the Sultan. An imposing reserve, under command of his second son Mohammed, was kept at a distance half concealed by a cape of mountains which shut in the plain to the rear of the Turks.

## XXXII.

The first dawn of day upon the mountains of Ancyra or Angora, illuminated those two armies in order of battle, but motionless. At the moment when the sun dispelled completely the shade from the foot of the hills, at the rolling of the drums of the Turks, and the cry of *Allah*, reverberated from cliff to cliff, the army of Bajazet was put in motion to cross the space which separated it from the river. At this sound, at this dust, the Tartars shouted with one voice their war-cry of *Surun! Onward!* Timour suspended with a gesture this impulse, and dismounting from his horse, he offered slowly a prayer in the presence of his army, as if his confidence in vanquishing had taken away all his impatience for the encounter. Then, remounting his horse, he gave orders to manœuvre by turning the Servians, who, in approaching too near the Tartars, left some space between them and the mountains against which Bajazet was posted. Miran-Schah and Aboubekre, his son and his grandson, executed rapidly this idea of the Khan; but their impetuosity was broken against the intrepid immobility of a reserve of Servian mountaineers who drove back this cavalry to the camp.

At sight of this, the young Mahomet-Schah threw

himself on his knees before the horse of his grandfather, to obtain permission of him to fly with his centre to the assistance of his uncles. Timour remained mute until the moment when he perceived the Asiatic army of Bajazet passing the level of the Ottoman lines in order rashly to turn the hills he was occupying. Rushing then with the dense mass of his cavalry of reserve and leading at a furious gallop these forty divisions, he cut in two the army of Europe and the army of Asia, throwing one of them back upon the hills to the right, the other into the marshes on the left, slaughtering at the centre some thousands of Ottomans, and forcing Bajazet himself, swept by the reflux of his squadrons, to fly with ten thousand of his Janissaries upon a rising ground detached from the mountains whose steep declivities arrested the impetuosity of the Tartar cavalry.

## XXXIII.

Arrested and disconcerted by this rupture of the line of battle, and thenceforth without connection with the routed centre of Bajazet and with the European army of the King of the Servians, the army of Asia, composed of discontented Caramanians and Kermians, and of corps of Turcomans, who viewed the Tartars as brothers, ceased to fight, hailed with a shout their former princes, recognized by them in the army of Timour, and passed over almost bodily, in the midst of the battle, to the ranks of the enemy.

The Tartars, free on that side, victors at the centre, repelled only on the left by the army of Europe, thronged in innumerable battalions upon the Servians. Lazarus, their chief, was not intimidated by number, nor by the desperate situation into which the treachery of the army of Asia and the retreat of Bajazet had thrown his brave compatriots. Forming the Servians into a dense column covered with iron and unshaken by the charges of the Tartars, he traversed obliquely through that multitude, the plain of Angora, into which he had too far advanced in the morning, and gained the foot of the hills on the summit of which the Servians, by scaling, might find their safety or their liberty in flight. "These miserable peasants are lions," cried Timour, astonished at so much courage. The certainty of victory left him sufficiently disengaged to admire the heroes among the vanquished.

## XXXIV.

Meanwhile Lazarus, after having thus saved all that could be saved of the European army, now thought only to die nobly or to save Bajazet, his brother-in-law and his friend. Crossing upon a bleeding horse and under a shower of arrows the interval that separated him from Bajazet and the Janissaries: "It is yet time," said he to Bajazet, "let us abandon a field of carnage where we can no longer conquer by the death of the small number of brave men who surround us, and let us save the empire by saving its chief and his sons."

Bajazet, whether from pride, discouragement, or fatalism, repelled as shameful the safety by retreat which was thus counselled to him. Lazarus then, desiring at least to save his nephews, took off to a distance from the heat of battle the eldest son of Bajazet, Solyman, torn all bloody from the field by the aga of the Janissaries, Hassan, and by the brave grand vizier, Ali-Pasha. Lazarus, plunging with them upon fresh horses into the defiles that lead from Angora towards the sea, rescued this prey from Timour. The emirs of Amasia, auxiliaries of Bajazet, surrounded likewise with their horses his other son Mohammed, and filched him off at a gallop through the almost inaccessible by-ways of the mountains of Anatolia.

Bajazet, satisfied with having at least secured the safety of his two sons, continued to fight for glory or death until the middle of the day, behind the rampart of his ten thousand Janissaries, who formed him a circular wall with their dead bodies. Never was fidelity at once more desperate and more unswerving. The heroic soul which Bajazet recovered in his hour of ruin had passed into all these young soldiers. They knew that their birth among the Christians and their name of renegades left them only the choice of death upon the field of battle or the field of torture. The retreat of the ten thousand, after the death of Cyrus, did not equal the glorious suicide of these ten thousand Janissaries around the body of their Sultan. When the shades of evening began to darken the rugged sides of the mountain of which Bajazet was occupying a promontory on the plain, he was presented a horse, concealed since morning behind the rocks: he mounted and fled, followed by a small group

of horsemen, into the woody recesses of Mount Stella. Four of his sons had disappeared. Mohammed fled towards Amasia, Isa towards Caramania, Solyman with Lazarus towards Europe, Mustapha, who never reappeared, left the heart of his father uncertain whether he had fallen among the dead upon the field of battle, or was languishing as the slave of some Tartar soldier on the fields of Bokhara. The suite who followed the Sultan in his flight and in the night was composed only of Moussa, his last child, Ali-Beg, Mustapha-Beg, the head eunuch of the seraglio, and of Beglerbeg Timourtasch, the most renowned and the most opulent of all his generals—formerly governor of all those kingdoms of Anatolia, across which he at present sought to save himself and master.

### XXXV.

The Tartar cavalry of Timour followed close upon the trace of Bajazet, ardent to bring back to the camp of Timour such a prey. The day was about to dawn, and Bajazet, who heard behind him the gallop of the Tartar horses, was going to escape them by swimming across a rapid torrent, when one of the shoes of his horse, worn by the rocks, got half loose and caused the courser of the Sultan to stumble. None of his attendants wished to save himself without his master. While one of the beys was presenting his own horse to the Sultan, a Tartar emir descending from Genghis, Khan of Djaghatai, Mahmoud, reached with his fleet cavalry the group of the Ottomans, and crushed them by superior number. Bajazet, his son Moussa, Timourtasch, the viziers, the beys, the eunuchs, fell into the chains of the vanquisher. The prisoners were the next day led to the camp of the Tartars and to the threshold of the tent of Timour.

Timour, surrounded with his victorious army and henceforth without an enemy before him, was enjoying at that moment in the shade of his tent the ease dear to the Tartars as well as to the Ottomans. He was playing at the game of chess with his son, Schah-Rokh, the hope and the force of his race, to whom he had already given the empire of Kurdistan. He had just, say the chroniclers of his court, exchanged the king for the tower, that is to say, royalty for a prison, when it was announced to him that the Sultan was



taken and in captivity. Hence, it is said, the son of Timour, who then played with the father, got the surname of Schah-Bokh, which means, in Persian, *king and tower*. Bajazet, covered with dust and blood, appeared immediately before Timour.

## XXXVI.

The vanquisher showed neither pride nor insolence of triumph before the vanquished. His high philosophy, so long exercised in the school of historians and in so many vicissitudes of warfare, remembered the maxims of the sages, and respected the finger of God, even in the enemy overthrown at his feet. He remembered especially that Bajazet was fighting for the same faith and for the same race as himself, and he almost asked of him pardon for his victory. He caused him to be instantly released from his manacles, begged him to take a seat at the front of the tent on the same rank with himself, conversed with him in a calm and consoling tone, about his defeat honored by his courage, and the regret he felt for being obliged to vanquish a brother in Islamism and an equal in empire, whose friendship he would have preferred rather than his ruin. He made him a vow that his honor and his life would run no danger in his brief captivity. He ordered to be prepared for the Sultan, his guest rather than his prisoner, three imperial tents by the side of those of the Khan himself, in which he should be served with the respect and the magnificence due to his rank, to his bravery, and his misfortune.

Bajazet, affected by such a reception, could not restrain some tears in thinking of his four sons of whom he knew not as yet the fate.

Timour ordered rapid detachments to be sent off in all directions where it could be hoped to find them, and to bring them safe to their father. Mustapha, probably confounded with the bodies of sixty thousand Ottomans, could not be restored to his father. Perhaps Timour, informed of the death of this young prince, wished, through compassion, to leave a doubt about his loss in the breast of the prisoner. Solyman and Isa were already out of danger in the gorges of Mount Taurus. The Tartars could find only Moussa, discovered in a cavern of Mount Stella, where he had been retained by his wounds. He was brought back to

Bajazet, covered with a caftan of honor, and his presence consoled the grief of his father.

Two of the principal emirs of Tartary, Hassan Beslas and Tschempai, were charged by Timour with the guard and service of honor at the tents of the Sultan. One of them had been already an ambassador of Timour to Bajazet, and mitigated with him, by his remembrance of Broussa, the pain of his captivity.

### XXXVII.

Meanwhile the two sons of Bajazet, escaped from the pursuit of the Tartars after the battle of Angora, informed of the regard which Timour showed their father, and fearing lest some dismemberment of the empire should be the price of his ransom, concerted with him through secret emissaries concealed in the habit of dervishes, for the purpose of recovering his liberty by flight. Mohammed drew near to the vicinity of the Tartar camp to direct with more vigilance and mystery the plot of escape. Some Turkish pioneers of the number of those who had deserted, with the army of Asia, the cause of Bajazet, and who were then enrolled in the army of Timour, remembering their former fealty, let themselves be easily seduced by the intrigues of Mohammed. These men, whose service in the army consisted of the mining the ramparts of cities, possessed the arts and the implements necessary for subterraneous and silent excavations. Although Bajazet enjoyed complete liberty in the interior of his tents, guards of honor, charged with watching and following all his movements, were posted day and night around those tents. The bowels of the earth offered then the only way of flight which was left the Sultan.

Upon a plan given to these miners by Mohammed, they established themselves in the nearest tent to the inclosure containing that of Bajazet, and after having studied with the eye the distance and the direction of the one tent from the other, they excavated without noise a tunnel which issued under the prisoner's carpet. A few strokes of a pick-axe was sufficient at the first signal to pierce the floor of the imperial tent, and to filch Bajazet from all the searches of his guards. Rapid coursers, placed by Mohammed from distance to dis-

tance along the mountain tracks leading to Amasia, assured the success of his flight.

## XXXVIII.

Bajazet and the head eunuch, Firouz-Beg, who alone slept in the tent, were already dressed in their caftans and arms, ready to descend upon the perforation of the floor, when the midnight guards, who came to relieve those of the evening, heard a strange noise under their feet, and, applying the ear to the earth, recognized the dumb and regular strokes of a sap. They rushed into the tent of the Sultan, and no longer doubted of his plan of flight, on finding him up, dressed and armed, with the chief of the eunuchs. The miners, hearing in turn the noise and the reproaches of the guards above their heads, favored by the ignorance which must have prevailed as to the direction and point of entrance of the excavation, threw down their tools, regained their tents before they had been visited, and made their escape into the country.

## XXXIX.

Timour, violently offended that Bajazet should have confided more in artifice than in his own generosity, had his prisoner brought before him, reproached him for his attempt at escape as a crime, and ordered the decapitation, in his presence, of Firouz-Beg, his faithful eunuch, for having tampered in the deliverance of his master. Bajazet was, however, suffered to enjoy the tents, the honors, and the interior liberty which he had hitherto possessed during the day-time; but he was chained during the night in one of those iron-barred litters serving as a bed which the Turks and the Arabs call *Kafes* and wherein women are carried on journeys between two mules. Hence the popular, but erroneous tradition throughout the East about the iron cage wherein Timour had shut up the Sultan.

The Bavarian page Schildberger, who, after having been saved by Bajazet from the massacre of the Hungarian prisoners after the battle of Nicopolis, had followed the Sultan to Angora, and was a prisoner of Timour and favorite slave of his son Schah-Rokh, does not even mention this iron cage in his ocular and circumstantial narrative of the captivity of the Sultan. Other contemporary historians

add, that it was Bajazet himself who, painfully humiliated by the gazings of the Tartars and the Syrians when he entered the cities on horseback in the retinue of Timour, asked to be shielded from this curiosity by travelling in a female litter behind the bars and curtains which would keep his shame from view. Some Byzantine chroniclers, always lovers of fable, especially when the fables dishonor the followers of the prophet, relate, without better foundation, that when Timour was mounting his horse, he made the Sultan crouch down, and used his back as a step whereby to get to the saddle. Timour respected too much, in the Sultan, the conformity of faith and the character of a sovereign to give his army such examples of the degradation of faith and empire. Schildberger and the Persian writers, companions of the expedition, and of the return of Timour to Samarcand, are full of recitals of the good-humored and philosophic conversations of the two Emperors which utterly belie this brutal tradition of the Byzantines.

## XL.

One day as the two sovereigns talked familiarly, after repast, of their different fortunes in the divine distribution of destinies: "It must be owned," said Timour to the Sultan, "that we owe both of us great thanks to the Sovereign Master of empires." "Why so?" asked Bajazet. "For having given those empires," rejoined Timour, "to a limper like me and to a cripple like thee. To see a pair of such imbeciles govern, the one Asia, the other Europe, is it not the clearest proof of the contempt in which the Sovereign Master holds dominion?" Then, changing the conversation: "It is because thou hast been ungrateful to God," added Timour, "that he has sent thee these chastisements through me whom he has charged to inflict them upon thee; but now, my brother, do not afflict thyself, the man who is left alive remounts easily to prosperity."

At this moment Timour was brought a bowl of thick milk, that delight of the Tartar repast; Bajazet turned pale. "Why do you change countenance?" asked Timour. "Because that thick milk," replied the Sultan, "verifies miraculously to me a prophecy which my diviner Djelaïr one day made me, in announcing that I would eat thick milk with the Khan of the Tartars." "This Djelaïr," replied Timour,

sneering at the diviners who substitute the marvellous for reason—that sole inspirer of all wisdom—“was a clever fellow, and I owe him much gratitude; for if he had not been by thy side to delude thee with his presages, thou wouldst have followed thine own good sense, and wouldst not be here now in my company.”

## XLI.

Timour, to console his prisoner, permitted him to send for the most agreeable women of his harem. The Princess of Servia, sister of Lazarus, arrived in the camp of Timour, and was the object of the regards of the vanquisher of her husband. Timour exacted, but only for a single time, that she should hand him a cup of Cyprus wine—the sole vengeance which he wished to take for the insulting letter wherein Bajazet had menaced him with taking off his harem.

“Thy sons are every where raising Anatolia and Europe against me,” said he one day to Bajazet. “Would they recognize thyself as sovereign, if I were to restore thee to liberty?” “Only unrivet my chains,” replied Ilderim, “and I will soon bring them to their duty.” “Courage, Sultan,” replied Timour, “I only wish to bring thee to Samarcand, and, when thou hast seen my empire and my capital, I will have thee reconducted with an army into thy dominions.”

But Bajazet, discouraged by the news that arrived from Broussa and from Adrianople, of the decomposition of his empire, of the disobedience and dissensions of his sons Solyman and Mohammed, fell from this day into a lethargic sadness, and ceased to believe in the restoration of his own sovereignty.

The empire, killed, in fact, in a single battle, fell into fragments before his eyes. Let us go back to the day following the defeat of Angora, and follow rapidly the steps of the victors and the disasters of the vanquished.

## BOOK EIGHTH.

## I.

It has been seen, that at the moment when Bajazet fought only for glory or for death upon the bodies of his ten thousand Janissaries, he had ordered his sons to withdraw at least the remnant of his blood from the sword of Timour, and to seek their salvation in the fleetness of their horses. Solyman, his eldest son, attended by devoted generals and the grand vizier, after having traversed with difficulty the by-ways of the most inaccessible group of mountains which separate Angora from Jenischyr, arrived at Broussa as promptly as the news of his father's complete route.

But the rapidity of Mahomet-Schah, the grandson of Timour, and the most beloved of his progeny, had allowed Solyman to save nothing at Broussa of all that was most precious in the palace of Bajazet-Ilderim. Scarce had Solyman alighted at the gates of this capital when the thirty thousand Tartar cavalry of Mahomet-Schah, who had made, in five days, and almost always at a gallop, the route from Angora to Mount Olympus, had entered the city like a torrent that bursts its barrier, and forced the unfortunate Solyman to escape a fugitive by another gate. Crossing rapidly, on a fresh horse, the plain that separates Broussa from the Dardanelles, Solyman had only the time to loose a fishing-boat from the shore of Asia, and to seek refuge almost alone on the opposite coast of Europe.

Mahomet-Schah and his Tartars sacked without a battle the magnificent capital of the new empire. The palaces, the mosques, the hospitals, the schools, with which the two last reigns had embellished the city, were turned into stables for the horses of the cavalry of Timour. The treasures so sterilely accumulated by Bajazet, his table

services of gold and silver, his arms, his costly stuffs, his divans, were divided amongst the ransackers, and served, some for collars, the others for litter for their horses. Mahomet-Schah took off from the harem of Bajazet his women, his daughters, his favorite slaves, and even the daughter of Djelair, already affianced to his son Mustapha, of whom he sought in vain the body among the heaps of dead upon the plain of Angora. But Mahomet-Schah, after the example of Timour, in carrying with him these captives, had respected their sex and their misfortune. Even towards their prisoners, the Tartars, like the Turks, respected in the women weakness, virginity, and maternity—those three seals of God upon their spoils. Mahomet-Schah despatched them under a safe escort to his grandfather, Timour, that he might dispose of them at his sovereign will, whether by restoring them to Bajazet or sending them to the harem at Samarcand. The young victor had delivered also from the prisons of Broussa the princes of Caramania detained there by Bajazet.

After having thus provided for the division of the spoils and the security of the women, Mahomet-Schah, to obey the resentment of Timour, and to efface from the earth the metropolis of the empire which had dared to brave his own, set fire to Broussa. The Mediterranean, the Dardanelles, the Propontis, and the Bosphorus, saw soaring during five nights the flames, and during five days the smoke of this vast human pyre upon the base of Mount Olympus. In the pillage, however, that preceded the conflagration, the Tartars preserved the lives of the inhabitants. Knowing the solicitude with which Timour always excepted from the calamities of war the men illustrious by science, by letters, or by virtue, Mahomet-Schah restored to liberty the holy Sheik Boukara, the learned jurisconsult Schemseddin, and the theologian Djezeri, the light and glory of the capital of the Ottomans. Timour received them at Kutaiah, whither he had transported his imperial tent, and loaded them with distinctions to induce them to follow him to Samarcand. The Sheik Boukara, who had espoused a sister of Bajazet smitten with his renown, declined to abandon the misfortune of his brother-in-law; Djezeri, who was retained by no family ties, consented. Timour made him subsequently molla, or supreme judge of Samarcand. He confided to him the seal of the empire; and it is the foreign-born chancellor that,

according to Scherifreddin, digested, and read before the general assembly of the Tartars, the legislative acts of this Charlemagne of Asia.

## II.

Corps of Tartar cavalry, despatched by Timour and by his grandson to the city of Nice, and along to the coast of Europe, pursued every where Solyman and the other sons of Bajazet, who tried to rally the remaining combatants of their father. These feeble nuclei found no refuge but in the mountains of Thrace and of Asia Minor. Mahomet, now without enemies, quitted the ruins of Broussa, rejoined the vanguard of the Tartar army, in the basin of Jenischyr, and celebrated under the eyes of his grandfather and the captive Sultan, his marriage with the eldest daughter of Bajazet.

It was at the moment of this marriage, which was to unite the blood of Timour to the blood of Othman, that the harem of Bajazet was presented in pomp, preceded by dancing-girls and musicians, to Timour, and restored with magnificence to Bajazet. Timour testified especially the highest respect for the Princess of Servia, sister of the heroic Lazarus, and principal wife of the Sultan. This empress, who up to that time practised freely the Christian religion in the palace of her husband, yielding to the necessity to which she was subjected, abjured, at Kutaiah, the religion of her fathers, and embraced, through devotedness to the misfortune she wished to share, the religion of her husband and of his conqueror.

## III.

The delicious valley of Kutaiah, assigned as the general rendezvous of all the sons, of all the generals, and of all the troops of Timour, on the return from their expeditions in Ottoman Asia, was then made brilliant by the festivities which crowned all the campaigns of the conqueror. Timour, after having decapitated without pity, and without consideration for their services, those of his lieutenants and his soldiers who had dishonored the victory by crimes against the Koran, or against human conscience, invited to a national festival his whole army. Bajazet himself was present, seated in a place of honor by the Khan. Innumerable slaves



of all countries, and in all costumes, served with songs and with copious bumpers the wines of Shiraz and Cyprus. There was not then so strict observance of the law of Islamism which proscribes as a sin the use of this liquor which gives drunkenness, and also cordiality, hilarity, and force. Persia had accustomed the Tartars to it; Greece and the islands of the Archipelago had done likewise by the Ottomans.

Timour sent thence ambassadors to Egypt and Constantinople to order the Mameluke Sultan to stamp henceforth the Khan's effigy upon the coin, and to exact from the Emperor of Byzantium the tribute which the Greeks paid for a long time back to the Turks. Another ambassador of peace was sent to Solyman, the eldest son of Bajazet, who had fortified himself in the castle of Ghuzeldji-Hissar, an impregnable fortress of the Asiatic coast, where he waited the reflux of the Tartars, to re-conquer the dismembered empire. Timour, in his message, invited Solyman to come with confidence to recognize in him, not the victor, but the protector of his father Ilderim.

Solyman replied through the medium of Ramazan, his own ambassador, and with the present of a rich tribute of Turcoman horses and birds of prey trained to the chase.

"Say to thy master," rejoined Timour to Ramazan, "in receiving with favor his tribute, that I have effaced the past from my memory; let him come then and receive from my hands the proofs of my reconciliation and my friendship."

He showed himself implacable only towards the general of Bajazet, Timourtasch, whose pride offended his own, and whose possessions, equal to those of a sultan, covered Capadocia and Caramania.

"For what purpose," said Timour to him severely, "hast thou accumulated so much treasure? Was it not fitter to expend it in the service of thy sovereign, to aid him to preserve from my anger his dominions, his throne, and his family? Ministers and generals who enrich themselves are the ruin of empires."

Timourtasch, whether from awkwardness of expression or insolence of heart, replied to Timour in excuse:

"*My* Emperor," said he to the Tartar shepherd, "become King of Kings, is not an emperor of yesterday; he does not need to pay his armies with the money of his

generals or of his ministers, like princes newly arisen to empire, who, before possessing all, possessed nothing." "Insolent!" exclaimed Timour, "thou wilt atone for that offence by the loss of thy liberty, of that of thy family, and of thy property which I was going to give thee back."

The captivity of Timourtasch and of his children, as well as the confiscation of his innumerable estates, slaves, and stock, followed in effect this reply. He fell from the opulence of a satrap to the indigence of a dervish. But fortune had not yet said to this hero of the Ottomans her last word: Timour was unwilling to strike in him, without remission, the most able and zealous scourge of the Christians. We shall see him rise again from this catastrophe of his power.

#### IV.

Timour, after these generosities and these justices, seemed a moment in suspense between a return to Samarcand and a visit to the new empire which he had just conquered, through his sons, along to the Mediterranean. He decided to prolong his campaign and to pursue his route towards the Gulf of Smyrna. Politically, he dreaded equally to restore Bajazet and to retain him captive. On the one hand the heroic and impetuous character of Ilderim gave him some apprehension of restoring such a head and arm to the Ottomans,—on the other side, the dissensions of the three sons of Ilderim, seeking every where to make themselves partisans for their aspirations to the throne, might so enfeeble the Ottomans that the common faith would suffer by it and the victory of Timour become the victory of the Christians and the ruin of Islamism in Europe.

To prevent this premature decadence of the ascendant of his race in the north of the empire, Timour, by a second embassy, invested Solyman with the full sovereignty in the provinces of Europe, reserving Asia, whether for Bajazet, when he should restore to him his liberty and his throne, or for his other sons, or for the Turcoman princes of Carmania.

#### V.

At the moment when Timour thus fluctuated in decision between a return to Samarcand and some steps further on the road of conquest into Anatolia, an interest at once

religious and political, called him unexpectedly to new shores and new exploits.

It has been seen, in the course of this narrative, that as a sequel to the Crusades, some precarious kingdoms and feudal principalities were founded in different parts of the East, at Jerusalem, at Tiberius, at Damascus, at Antioch, in the Peloponnesus, at Cyprus, and in the islands of the Greek Archipelago. These kingdoms and principalities, spoils of war taken from the Khalifs, were soon retaken by the Emirs, the Sultans, and the generals of the Arabs, of the Egyptians, of the Turks, and in fine, of the Tartars. The flux of Christian Europe towards the East, rolled back and discouraged by the fruitless loss of so much blood, had slackened and at last dried up. The Turks in advancing and establishing themselves solidly in Asia Minor, were become, in less than a century, an impassable bulwark of Islamism in those countries. The wretched remnant of the Byzantine empire which subsisted nominally still in the Bosphorus, and of which the Crusaders themselves had violated the territory, besieged the cities, sacked the capital, dismembered the provinces, under pretext of heresy, was the sole vestige of the Christian domination on the borders of Asia. The Turks, by a toleration which was in their creed and in their policy, and which history attests throughout, had left the Christian population of Persia, Servia, Lebanon, Mount Athos, Bulgaria, the Archipelago, Asia Minor, and of Thrace, their mode of worship, their priests, their monasteries, their temples, with the exception of some monumental churches that were converted into mosques to subserve the glorification of their own religion.

Save the right of political government and the right of bearing arms, there was between the Mussulmans and the Christians no other difference than the title of a conquering and of a conquered population. The evident proof of this civil and religious tolerance of the Mussulmans towards the Christian population then subjected to their sway, does not need to be supported by other testimony than the bare facts. From Bagdad and Damascus to the Danube, and from the extremity of the Black Sea to the coast of the Adriatic—Persia, Syria, Colchis, Cappadocia, Bithynia, Thrace, Bulgaria, Servia, the Peloponnesus, Albania—were covered with Christian cities, Christian villages, Christian populations, on whom the vanquishers had never imposed that atrocious and

disputed option between Islamism and death, with which the instigators of the Crusades fed the popular imagination of the West. These cities, these villages, these populations, politically enslaved, but free in their creed and their worship, labored, trafficked, navigated, and multiplied as freely under the Mussulman as under the Byzantine domination. The proof that they were able to exist is that they did exist, and that at that period, as at the present day, the number of the Christian population incruited in the Ottoman empire exceeded vastly the number of the Turkish populations. The Christians of the West were then no longer called into the East by the generous pity of brothers going to rescue brethren in the faith from apostasy or from martyrdom. This truth was beginning to reveal itself to the West, in spite of the exaggerations of pilgrims and monks. Europe, besides, occupied with its intestine interests, ambitions, and wars, had no longer sufficient leisure, nor sufficient fanaticism, nor sufficient blood, to go warring eternally against the sectaries of an Arabian prophet. She saw before her eyes the Kings of the Servians, of the Hungarians, of the Bulgarians, the Greek Emperors of Constantinople, the Christian and Catholic republics of Venice, of Genoa, the princes and the dukes of the Morea, make treaties, contract alliances, pay subsidies, lend fleets and soldiers to those Ottomans who were incessantly depicted as executioners of the Christians; and possess in the midst of them islands, provinces, ports, industries, free trade, which were so many contradictions of those exaggerated pictures. Those mixtures of the two races, those promiscuities of territory, of manners, of policy, and of religion; the daily spectacle in the Mediterranean of relations more amicable and more useful between the Venetians, and Genoese, the Sicilians, the Ionians, and the Turks, discredited more from day to day the antipathy, long popular, between the Christian kingdoms and the Mussulman empires. The Papacy itself began to treat with the Sultans, and the moment was not distant when Alexander VI. would receive subsidies from a Bajazet for delivering, for a price of gold, the Ottoman empire from a competitor to the throne who might involve it in anarchy.

## VI.

Nevertheless the crusading spirit, which was dying away in courts and peoples, and even in the court of Rome itself, subsisted still, although feebly then, in a strange institution, at once monachal, aristocratic, and military, of which ancient history offers no example, and of which modern history seems destined not to retain the slightest trace; a sort of association or of sovereign republic between the nobilities of the different States of Christian Europe; confounding all its diversities of nationality, of country and of race in a unity of zeal for the maintenance and for the propagation of the faith by arms; electing itself its sovereign for life in a conclave of soldiers; neutralizing in the middle of the seas a rock, a port, or an island, to the end of guarding there, like vestals of human blood, the eternal and sacred fire of war; possessing by this title privileged and inalienable domains, under the name of principalities, in all the States of the West, and making a religious vow of an implacable extermination of infidels. If the Ottomans had had such an institution in Islamism, what would not have been said with reason of the incompatibility of Islamism, not alone with Christianity but with mankind itself.

This institution, at once heroic and barbarous, was the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, known more commonly by the name of the Knights of Rhodes or the Knights of Malta, from the names of the two celebrated islands they have made illustrious.

## VII.

The military and religious order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was the expiring sigh of chivalry after the Crusades. A triple spirit at that time animated the European nobility; the spirit of faith, the spirit of war, the spirit of adventure. What is called a knight was born of these three spirits combined. A pious heart, a militant arm, a chimerical imagination—those three elements composed the perfect Christian knight. Religion, war, glory, were his three souls. Europe was young, it was scarce as yet Christian, it was passing out of barbarism, it had still in its nobility a residue of the impulse to conquest which had brought it from Tartary and from the Caucasus, into Germany, into Gaul, Italy, Spain; it yearned for remote cli-

mates, for unknown islands, for fabulous exploits, for unlimited conquests, for crowns of power upon the earth and an immortal crown in heaven. From all these instincts proceeded chivalry, with its virtues and its vices. Religion laid hold of it and made it its militia when sovereigns began to get tired of it; instead of recognizing a lord paramount on high, they took God as their lord paramount, and the Pope, the vicar of Christ, as their protector.

### VIII.

The establishment of hospitals at Jerusalem goes back to the first ages of Christianity. In the reign of Constantine, there already existed a hospital in the holy city for the reception of pilgrims who came to visit the tomb of Christ. In the seventh century, and after the death of Mahomet, his successors Ali and Moawiah, contending for the religious supremacy, agitated Asia by their wars. Subsequently Palestine was conquered by the Saracens of the sect of Ali, who governed Egypt. During three hundred years, the Fatimite Khalifs or Soudans of Egypt permitted the Christians of Jerusalem to occupy the quarter adjacent to the Holy Sepulchre, exacting only the payment of a tribute. Previously, towards the ninth century, the Khalif Haroun-al-Raschid, attracted by the renown of Charlemagne, desired to contract an alliance with this monarch. Eginhard relates that he sent him the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the Church of Calvary, with a standard in token of authority. The supremacy of protection which France has often asserted over Christians resident in the East dates from this epoch. But this authority was not of long duration. One of the successors of Haroun-al-Raschid persecuted the Christians and sacked the hospital. Some Italian merchants of Amalfi collected the fugitives, and undertook to re-establish them at Jerusalem. Under pretext of their commerce, which furnished to all Asia the productions and the merchandise of the West, they obtained a grant at Jerusalem for the establishment of their business. They built, upon the ruins of the former hospital, two establishments, one for the men, and the other for the women, and induced some monks and nuns of the order of St. Benedict, to take charge of the service of the two hospitals. Such was the origin of the Hospitallers, called afterwards the Order of St. John,

on the occasion of a church dedicated to St. John the Baptist, built in the times of Godfrey de Bouillon.

However, the Christians did not long enjoy their security under the protection of the Italian merchants. From conquest to conquest, the Seldjukid Turks had established themselves in the provinces of western Asia, and in the midst of them the Ortokid Turks had penetrated along to Palestine; they adopted, through policy, in order to govern more easily their Mussulman subjects, the rites of the religion of Mahomet without comprehending its spirit. Pursuing their aggressions against the Khalif of Egypt, they seized upon Jerusalem, massacred the garrison of Saracens, and razed the hospital to the ground. Some fugitives, who, succeeded in regaining Europe, excited the compassion of the Christian population by the recital of their misfortunes, and provoked the first Crusade.

At the same period, a Frenchman, Gerard de Martignes, without awaiting the Crusaders, embarked for Syria and devoted himself alone to the re-establishment of the Hospitallers. A high-born Roman lady, disguising herself under the name of Sister Agnes, inspired with the same zeal, presented herself in Palestine, and placed herself at the head of the Hospitallers. But the Turks did not long tolerate these efforts. Gerard was made prisoner, and was liberated from captivity only at the capture of Jerusalem. The hospital, re-established by Gerard, then received all the wounded soldiers, and several young gentlemen devoted themselves successively to the service of the sick, and took the habit of the Hospitallers. Among these young warriors are found the names of Raimond Dupuy, 1121, Guerin de Montaignu, 1208, Bertrand de Comps, 1236, who were grand-masters of the order.

The zeal of Christendom was then directed towards the Holy Land; dotations and alms flowed into Jerusalem; establishments were founded upon all the coasts of Europe to facilitate the journeys of pilgrims; these establishments became afterwards commanderies of the Order of the Hospitallers. Through these largesses, Gerard became sufficiently rich to build that church of St. John which gave its name to the order. But the introduction of warriors into the hospital soon modified the primitive spirit of the institution. Raimond Dupuy, elected grand-master at the death of Ge-

rard, added to the vows of poverty and chastity, the vow of *combating the infidels*.

Thus the order of the humble servants of the pilgrims and of the sick, became a military order. It must be said, however, that the necessities of the times presented motives for the change. Jerusalem, a frontier of the Arabs and of the Turks, was habitually the ground of their battles. The little knot of Christians, shut up within the walls, obliged to defend themselves, must needs form a militia. The order was divided into three classes; the warriors, the priests, and the Hospitallers proper. But the habits of war, not very compatible with the virtues of self-denial and humility, absorbed the spirit of charity.

The government of the order became aristocratic, and the third class was no longer formed except of *serving brothers*, whom each of the knights attached to his service in time of war to tend his wounds.

In the twelfth century, the history of the order is that of all the wars of the East. The Hospitallers soon became the sole defenders of the Kings of Jerusalem, of Antioch, and of Edessa; they would have infallibly succumbed beneath the task, if a reinforcement had not arrived at the juncture of their greatest distress, in the form of a new order of chivalry.

Some young Frenchmen, with Hugues de Puyens at their head, associated freely to form an escort to the pilgrims through the defiles of the mountains of Jaffa and of Jerusalem. They used to assemble in a house hard by the Temple, but without having adopted any monastic rule, when Hugues, having been sent on an embassy to Rome by Baudouin, king of Jerusalem, took the idea of placing himself under the protection of the Pope Honorius II. The Pope recognized the association under the name of the Knights of the Temple, and gave them their statutes.

Young gentlemen from every nation presented themselves for entrance into this new military order, in preference to that of the Hospitallers, of which the name recalled the humble origin. The Templars became in a short time rich and powerful; they levied troops at their expense, and marched to the aid of the Hospitallers, of whom they became presently the rivals. But at the time of which we speak, the emulation of the two orders, as well as of the Teutonic Order, formed recently in Germany, maintained dis-



cipline and elevated them to such renown, that sovereigns intrigued for the honor of being received knights, and some bequeathed at their death their dominions to the Hospitalers and the Templars. Ambition and all the vices of conquerors adulterated gradually these institutions, founded upon self-sacrifice and poverty.

A young adventurer of the race of the Aïoubites, Saladin, who had been elevated by adroit intrigues to the rank of Sultan of Egypt, undertook by the conquest of Jerusalem, to make it a rampart against his enemies, the Seldjukid Turks and the Latins.

A Christian sold his brethren; the Count of Tripoli, a rival to Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, betrayed the Christians, and opened the entrance of the city to Saladin.

The capture of Jerusalem is too well known to recite it here. Saladin expelled the two military orders, but permitted the Hospitalers to remain a year in the holy city to tend the wounded.

After each eclipse of those military orders, and when they seemed annihilated by the disasters of war, they are seen to rally, to recruit themselves, and to re-appear more formidable still. It is that their institution was then a necessity of the times; mercenary troops might do well for a campaign and gain battles; but they could not form a permanent defensive power; there must be a bond somewhat stronger than pay, an object somewhat loftier than glory. Accordingly, when mundane ambition, luxury and laxity had altered the nature of the institutions, we see them abandon the defence of the Holy Sepulchre, become a temporal power at Rhodes and Malta, and end by dying away into oblivion.

After the siege of Jerusalem, these warrior orders recruited with knights called from the principalities of Europe to the siege of Tyre, are found fighting for the young Conrad, favoring the amours of Isabella, Queen of Jerusalem, marching to the crusade of Philippe Auguste, and of Richard Cœur de Lion. The battles are filled with the exploits of the Hospitalers; but the rivalry of the Templars breaks out gradually more and more, and presently the two parties meet no more but on the field of battle.

The conquest of Constantinople from the Greeks and the reign of Baudouin, Count of Flanders, called the Hospitalers to that frontier of Europe and Asia; it was the epoch of

their greatest prosperity. They formed considerable establishments, and built churches at Constantinople, Smyrna, Venice, Florence, Verona.

Spain called in the grand-master, Guerin de Montaign, against the Maures; he is subsequently found at the battle of Bovines. Montaign was not only an eminent warrior, but also a man of learning, and we have his writings against a nascent schism which appears to have been precursor to the modern quietists.

Great disasters at last ended with expelling entirely the Hospitallers from the Holy Land. A whole nation, descending from the ancient Parthians, called the Khowarezmians or Kharismians, chased by the Mongols, and not having found an asylum in the dominions of any sovereign on account of its reputation for cruelty and idolatry, fell unawares upon Jerusalem, sacked the city, massacred the garrison and the military orders, enfeebled by their dispersion throughout Europe. The Kharismians committed atrocities unknown to the most barbarous times. Those of the inhabitants of Jerusalem who were able to flee gained the coast and shut themselves up in St. John d'Acre; the women and children, brought together by the sisters of the hospital, fled to the foot of the Holy Sepulchre, where they awaited martyrdom. Six Knights of St. John escaped alone from the massacre, under the conduct of Guy de Chateauneuf. The recital of these events, written by himself, determined the crusade of St. Louis.

After the defeat of St. John d'Acre, the Hospitallers retired to Cyprus, whence they prepared an expedition against the Island of Rhodes, inhabited by the Greeks and governed by the Mussulmans. The island, taken and retaken, remained finally in the possession of the Hospitallers, who established themselves therein.

The order might then have been regenerated. Several grand-masters, men of eminent capacity, undertook some important reforms. They would probably have succeeded, if the accession of the vast possessions of the Templars, which were adjudged to them on the extinction of the order, had not corrupted their manners by the introduction of luxurious living. Among the grand-masters are cited the Villeneuves, the De Pins, Heredia called the *Dragon tamer*, Berenger, Juillac, &c.

The distance of the principalities, the ambition of inde-

pendence in the chiefs, had also relaxed the bonds of obedience. Factions were formed, seditions and revolts broke out and ended even in double elections of grand-masters. In the midst of these disorders, the military spirit alone subsisted, and prodigies of valor signalized the seizure of Smyrna. The following was the occasion :

The city and the port of Smyrna, in the middle of the fourteenth century, were a den of brigands and pirates, who rendered perilous the navigation and commerce of the Mediterranean. Biandra, general in chief of the forces of Rhodes, formed the daring project of destroying their retreat; he succeeded in taking possession of the port, and burned the galleys of the corsairs. But the Turkish commander of the fortress, by a feigned retreat, drew the knights into an ambuscade, where they were massacred.

Twenty years after, towards 1370, Pope Gregory XI. ordered the grand-master, Robert de Juillac, to occupy the fortress of the city of Smyrna, as a possession of the order. The prudence of the grand-master having made him object on account of the situation of this city at the centre of the Turkish dominions, the Pope reiterated to him the order to obey, under pain of excommunication. A vast armament of galleys transported the troops to the bottom of the gulf, and after a bloody battle, the fortress of Smyrna hoisted the flag of the "Knights of Rhodes." The arms of the Church are still visible upon the gate in ruins.

It was to deliver the soil of Islam from this dominion of a colony of Christian Rome that Timour advanced from Kutaiah.

## IX.

Timour resolved to deliver completely Asia Minor from the terror which this military colony of Christendom diffused throughout the seas of Ionia, and to rescue the innumerable Mahometan slaves who groaned in the chains of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. He alone was sufficiently powerful among the Mussulman princes to render this immense service to Islamism. He wished, by this last exploit, to crown and sanction all the others. Setting out from the Indian Ocean, it would be glorious to him not to stop but at that other sea, almost European, which alone could bound his conquests. He assembled his army at Kutaiah, and advanced slowly, as was his habit, towards Smyrna. The more he approached

the shores of the Mediterranean, the more did the valleys of Bithynia, which expanded before him, decked with their southern vegetation, with their Grecian cities and picturesque ruins—the vestiges of so many empires effaced from the earth—enrapture his gaze. Leaving on his right the plains of Nicomedia, the Propontis with its maritime cities, the tepid or icy rivulets, and the gloomy gorges of Mount Olympus, he debouched at the head of three hundred thousand Tartars, cavalry and foot, in the valley of Magnesia, that opulent and verdant Tempe of Asia Minor. He left his army for some days to enjoy this garden of Anatolia, which was to illustrate and embellish some years later the retreat of Amurath or Mourad II., the Diocletian of the Turks, who chose Magnesia to recreate him from his glory.

## X.

Rounding afterwards the Oriental base of Mount Tmolus, he diffused his army through the gorges of Tyra, the ancient Thyatira of the Greeks, a city reminding one by the mountains that shade it, by the forests that cool it, and by the cascades that water it, of the cities of Helvetia backed against the Alps and respiring the breezes of the lakes and the gum of the pines of the North. Tyra, although half Greek and half Christian, was opened with resignation to the Tartars. From thence they inundated the plains encased by the Meander, and that of the Caister, chanted by all the poets of Greece, of Rome, and later of Turkey, for the shade of its hills, the fertility of its pastures, the windings of its rivers, the limpidity of their waters, and for the multitude of white swans that build their nests in the lakes. The author of this history, by a singular whimsicality of the destiny of obscure men, as of empires, possesses at this moment, in these historic valleys, a part of the banks and of the meadows of this Caister celebrated by the poet Virgil,\* and whereon encamped Timour at the foot of the Marble Tower, which he built, and which gave its name to the plain of Burghas-Owa.

\* It seems singular enough that Lamartine should have forgotten, that the precedence of mention here was due on every account to Homer, who has taken one of the most picturesque comparisons in the Iliad from these identical white swans of the Caister.—*Translator.*

## XI.

Half the Tartar army, under the order of Mahomet-Schah, debouched already through the valley of Magnesia into the basin of Smyrna. Timour, with the other half, abandoning the banks of the Caister to his flocks and the slaves who followed the army, appeared at the same time upon the heights that command the gulf and the city. Never had a prospect at once so majestic and delicious intoxicated his gaze since his descent into the valley of Cashmere. But the valley of Cashmere was but a voluptuous oasis of verdure and lakes in the bosom of the mountains of India. The sea around Smyrna, was united with the mountains, with the valleys, and the monuments of men, to enchant the eyes and to irritate the ambition of the conqueror of the world.

## XII.

The city of Smyrna, capital of the ancient Ionia, renowned for the mildness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the beauty of its women, and for the industrial and literary genius of its inhabitants, was built at the foot of a mountain, of which the summit is cut into natural battlements, which appeared dentilated against the almost eternally serene azure of the firmament, and which resemble a fortress constructed by men to protect a great city on the side of the valleys of Ionia. A forest of dark pines, growing upon the brow of a precipice, imitates the palisades of a fort. Above this forest, a citadel in ruins, resembling the Acropolis of Athens, built by the heroic Greeks, dismantled by time, rebuilt imperfectly by the Byzantines, overturned by the Turks, restored and armed by the Knights of Jerusalem, is embodied like a knot of stones in the long and high walls, preceded by a ditch, which descend on both sides, following along the undulations of the hills to the margin of the sea. There these walls ended in two impregnable fortresses of which the billows of the gulf used to break against the base.

Such was the spectacle that arrested for a moment, not the impatience but the attack of Timour.

## XIII.

Conformable to his habit, and to the precept of the Koran, which orders to always offer capitulation and peace before war, Timour caused to be hoisted during the whole of the first day a white flag, the sign of negotiation, at the summit of his tent; the second day, a red flag, the sign of war declared; the third day, a black flag, the sign of carnage implacable and unto death. These three days gave to the second moiety of the army, commanded by Mahomet-Schah, the time to make their entire descent from the gorges of Magnesia and to diffuse themselves over the plain of Bouznabah, that delight of the inhabitants of Smyrna.

The knights, although intimidated by this inundation of men and horses, whose arms appeared to trickle like rivulets of steel sparkling in the sun over the hills of the gulf, did not hesitate a moment between heroism and martyrdom. They trusted to the elevation of their walls, to the depth of their ditches, to the number and rapidity of their vessels,—in fine, to God, who would give them victory over the enemies of Christ. They responded with dignity to the summons of Timour. Numerous fleets already cruising between the isles of the Archipelago, and awaiting but a fair wind to sail into the gulf, were announced to them from Sicily, from Spain, and from Italy. They felt sure of finding in them an aid or an asylum.

## XIV.

The cry of *Surun*, shouted by the whole army, and the sound of the Tartar drums, fell the evening of the third day like a decree of destiny upon Smyrna. Timour, as at Siwas and at Bagdad, set thousands of miners to sap the foundations of the ramparts. The adjacent forests and the orchards that fringed the gulf furnished trees, which, thrown with all their branches into the trenches and kindled by matches of Greek fire, encircled the city with a vast pyre, of which the wind threw the flame and smoke to the summit of the walls. The knights, scorched or stifled on the breach, fell into those furnaces or took shelter from them in the city. Timour, approaching by force of multitudes his platforms, mounted upon colossal wheels, passed his soldiers, as if on bridges, across the torrents of fire. The Christians no longer

disputed only the entrance of the streets behind recent barricades. The conflagration ran along from the citadel to the harbor beneath their feet. The shore alone remained to them still. They perceived at the entrance of the gulf a number of sails which were coming up to bring them assistance or refuge.

Timour, who in this assault had descended from his horse and was fighting himself, torch and sabre in hand, was unwilling that the flight of his enemies should disappoint his anger. Ten thousand stone drawers were sent by him under cover of the darts of two hundred thousand infantry, to bar the entrance of the harbor on the side of the open sea, to the Christian vessels. These workmen detached and rolled from the sides of the neighboring mountain masses of rock, which they precipitated into the sea at the point where the two moles left a bare entrance for each vessel. The remains of this gigantic dam subsist still and have displaced the new port of Smyrna from the primitive position which it occupied. The vessels, in foundering upon these rocks, deprived the knights and the Christians of their last refuge. In fine, to penetrate the two maritime forts which flanked the harbor and to which the sea served as a ditch, Timour caused to be elevated, by force of number, above the waves, a bridge supported by piles and covered over with earth, which his miners, protected by soldiers, approached step by step to the forts until the summit of the ramparts and the bridge were on a level, and the combatants pressed forward by thousands of others, poured like a sea of men into the place. The intrepidity of the knights yielded to number, not to terror. They found their sepulchre in the two forts. Those who occupied still the upper citadel with Guillaume de Mine, the master of the hospital, seeing no longer any thing to be saved but their lives, came forth in a compact column, sword in hand, opened themselves a bloody route athwart the flames and the blood of the upper city, throw themselves into the mountains inaccessible to the Tartar cavalry, rounded from precipice to precipice the gulf, and were taken up one by one on the side of the crags of Phocæa by the Christian galleys which kept cruising upon the gulf. The women, the children, the old men, who had followed thus far this column of the knights, to save themselves with them upon the European vessels, precipitated themselves in vain into the sea, clinging to cables, to oars,

and to anchors, and imploring the pity of the sailors; the galleys overcharged, could not without swamping receive this deplorable multitude. All perished in the waves, or roamed into the forests to perish immediately by the arrows of the Tartars.

The Genoese, who possessed in the gulf the fortified port and the delightful country of ancient Phoea, mother of Marseilles, as they did also the opulent islands of Chio and of Lesbos, trembling to irritate the scourge of Asia, sent him ambassadors to compliment him on the carnage and to acknowledge his sovereignty. He spared them at this price, and after having sacked and burned Smyrna, he saluted with an adieu the Mediterranean, and resumed, through Ephesus, the route of the plain of the Caister and the Meander to return to Kutaiah.

During thirty days, he effaced from the soil of Ephesus—that Rome of paganism—the vestiges of the ancient temples already prostrated by the Christians. His wrath against the descendants of the Pagans and of the Christians had increased upon his way in crossing the colonies of ancient Greece and of Christian Greece. The most humble submissions did not touch him.

A Greek city on the coast of Ephesus having sent to meet him and implore his pity a multitude of children of both sexes, who sung his praises and recited verses of the Koran to flatter his religion: "What is that bleating of sheep that annoys my ears?" said he to his emirs. "It is the children of the city sent by their parents, to meet your horse to implore you to spare their fathers and mothers." "Let the horses of the Tartars crush them all beneath their feet!" cried Timour. The cavalry of the vanguard rushed at the word upon those innocents, and thousands of the bodies of mutilated children traced the route of Timour. The habit of spilling blood had ended with giving Timour that last degree of military brutality, an indifference to blood.

## XV.

The burning of Smyrna, of Ephesus, and the other cities of the coast of Ionia, where Greek civilization had for so many ages thrown its population, its letters, its religions, its arts, was the sole monument which was erected by the Tartar conqueror in the view of astounded Europe. Heaps



of ashes marked his path; he disappeared in the smoke of those capitals, and regained slowly, as a shepherd who leads out his flocks to pasture, the route of Persia and of Tartary. He led with him a captive emperor, and he carried off the spoils of Asia Minor. The impossibility of creating in a few months a navy to transport across the Bosphorus or the Propontis this countless host, had alone hindered him from effacing from the earth the capital of the Greek empire, Constantinople. He left this last demolition of the old East to be accomplished by the Ottomans.

His project appeared always to have been to reconstitute strongly their empire, involuntarily shaken by the battle of Angora, and to restore Bajazet Ilderim on conditions of vassalage and alliance, when he should have conducted this sovereign captive to Samarcand to decorate his triumph, and when he should have dazzled him with the extent of the population of his empire, almost universal. But death defeated his policy.

Bajazet Ilderim, although treated with the regard that a generous victor owes to a vanquished hero, could not accuse himself to even a respectful captivity. The spectacle of the ruin of his provinces, of which he had just been a witness, the intestine dissensions of his children, the idea of going to adorn with his chains the triumphal return of a conqueror so rashly braved by him, the prospect of a prison, perhaps perpetual, in those harsh climates of Tartary, of which his race had lost the habit; in fine, his violent and untamed character, which changed incessantly his melancholy into imprecation, and his resignation into fits of despair, made him pine away, although still young, in the tents and in the palaces where he had every thing of an emperor excepting the empire. A fit of this despondency took him off, at Akschyr, on the route of Siwas, at the moment of quitting for ever those pastoral valleys, the second country of his fathers. Timour wore his mourning and delivered his body to his son Moussa, to take to Broussa, to the tomb of the family. He gave their liberty to the Princess of Servia, his widow, and to the women of his harem. The corpse of Bajazet, under a small escort of Turkish cavalry, arrived at the gates of Broussa, without being able to get in, just at the moment when the armies of his two sons, Isa and Mohammed, were giving each other battle to dispute these ruins of the empire. He was buried under the plane-trees at some distance from

the city, until the empire restored and the imperial mosque rebuilt, should permit his descendants to transfer him to the tomb which he had prepared for himself in the city.

The reign of Bajazet, one of the most propitious at its commencement, and the most disastrous at its close, to the Ottomans, was the image of his character. His surname of Ilderim (thunderbolt) was the abridged signification of his life. He struck Europe like the bolt, and like it was extinguished in his own ruin in Asia.

The innocent blood of his brother, massacred the day following the death of his father, in the tents of Cassova; the blood of the Christian prisoners spilled barbarously in the plain of Nicopolis, seemed to have brought misfortune upon his destiny. He left Europe to civil war among his children, and Asia to the conquest of the Tartar hero. His very capital was shut against his body, as if to refuse him a tomb. Providence seemed to wish thus to strike with justice at once in his empire, in his liberty, and in his offspring, the first of the Sultans who had given to his dynasty the fatal precedent of fratricide for reasons of state.

Before recounting the events that followed, in Europe and Asia, the death of Ilderim, let us follow a moment with the eyes the reflux of Timour and of his armies along to Samarcand.

## XVI.

He was bordering himself upon the sadness of advanced age and the annihilation of his expectations, dead before him. His grandson, Mahomet-Schah, for whom he had twice the love of a father, and who justified this predilection by all the endowments of intellect, of soul and of body, died at the age of eighteen years, at Akschyr. Timour, who destined him the empire of Samarcand, while his own son, Schah-Rokh, would reign over Persia, was near expiring of grief upon the inanimate body of this boy. He vainly affected, on reappearing before his emirs, the religious resignation commanded by the Koran to those who lose what the earth can no more restore to them. "We are from God," said he, bowing the head, "and we return to God." But his heart could be consoled only in honoring this favorite of his old days with obsequies long as the continent of Asia, and a mourning universal like his power. By his orders, and as if the empire had been the family of Timour, the princes of

his house, the emirs, the nobles of Tartary and of Persia, the armies, the populations, arrayed themselves in black, the color of the night of the grave. The ermine furs that decorated the caftans and robes were substituted by the gray and coarse felt of the Tartar camel-drivers and beggars. The women rolled themselves, with dishevelled hair, in the dust, and picked up stones in the skirt of their robe wherewith to batter their bosoms, making loud lamentations on the passage of the hearse. A funeral banquet was celebrated at Akschyr. The entire army were invited. This being over, the seven prime emirs, companions and generals of Timour, escorted, along to the Oxus, with their divisions of the army, the bier of the young Schah, borne on a litter of gold, and veiled with a shroud embroidered with precious stones. They deposited it in the family tomb. This Germanicus of the Tartars left a precious memory and a long regret behind him from the foot of the Himalaya to the frontiers of China, and to the desert of the Euphrates.

Timour advanced slowly and sadly behind the coffin which contained the dead hopes of his perpetuity of empire. He entered triumphant, but fallen, the 10th July, 1404, the triumphal city of Samarcand. Innumerable deputations from entire Tartary awaited to solemnize the triumph of the hero of their race. The sages, the savants, the artists whom the Tartar legislator had sent from all countries into his capital to civilize his countrymen, had his first regards and his principal favors. Before entering his palace, where his harem and his children were fêting the return of this patriarch victor of the world, Timour made a visit to the *Garden of Plane-trees*; a sort of Academic garden of Samarcand, which surrounded the lodgings consecrated to the philosophers, the historians, the poets by Timour. He dedicated this garden to the memory and to the name of his favorite, Mahomet-Schah, so that posterity might for ever partake in the love and the regrets which he cherished for his grandson.

The Arabian and Greek architects whom he had brought from Damascus and Smyrna, built for Timour, in his days of leisure between two conquests, a palace, of which the vestiges still astonish the traveller, and of which the description by historians contemporary with his triumphs quite equals the magnificence of Bagdad, Babylon, and Delhi. Each of the fronts of this palace, like the façades

of the gigantic edifices of Palmyra, was fifteen hundred ells in extent. Four of these façades shut in the courts and gardens embellished with shade-trees, with parterres, and with fountains sparkling under avenues of columns. The Syrian sculptors incrustated all the walls of the interior like those of Baalbeck and of the Parthenon. The exterior walls were faced with porcelain of China and of Persia, of which the polish, the varnish and the varied colors represented the rays of the sun and dazzled the eyes. The halls and chambers, paved in mosaic, imitating in design and coloring the carpets of Khorassan, were ceiled with ebony and ivory, chiselled by the Arabs of Cairo. Rivulets and jets of water murmuring in alabaster diffused freshness and life beneath the shade of domes painted by the pencil of Greek artists. It was in this palace that he celebrated in a single day, the marriage of six of his grandsons, come to the age of adolescence during his absence from the capital. The Arabian fables do not reach the historic splendor of these fêtes. The spoils of the universe strewed the apartments and the gardens beneath the feet of the young consorts. Pearls, sapphires, diamonds, rained like dust upon their heads. Rare animals from all the countries of the globe, from the giraffe of Ethiopia to the ostriches of Senaar and the lions of Africa, were presented to the affianced. Nine times did the married pairs change, under the eyes of Timour, as many magnificent suits of apparel. Nine times was each engirdled with different solid cinctures of a tissue of pearls and diamonds. Nine times did they prostrate themselves in dust of gold at the feet of their grandfather, striking the ground with their forehead.

These festivities were his adieus to Samarcand. His life was but an incessant pilgrimage through the world for the diffusion of the law of the prophet and of the yoke of the Tartars. Although he counted now some seventy-four years of age, and his family, to whom he had so many empires to leave in heritage, was composed, at this period, of thirty-six sons or grandsons living, and of seventeen daughters, of whom so many princes competed for the hand as a pledge of security or of favor, Timour, in the midst of all this glory, of this prosperity, and these affections, designed the conquest of China, the sole free empire contemporaneous with his possessions on the extreme East.

## XVII.

It was not the insatiability of the human soul, nor the baseless ambition of the conqueror, that impelled this aged warrior and successful lawgiver to abandon anew his capital, his family, and to risk even his glory and his life in traversing the uninhabitable deserts of Tartary with a whole people, and to go to subjugate another inoffensive people of two hundred millions of men; it was zeal for the unity of religion. He considered the people of China, though as civilized, as philosophical, and as imbued with the unity of the Godhead as his own hordes, to be idolaters who dishonored the idea of the Divinity by a sacrilegious worship. The symbolical incarnations of Buddha, and the doctrines of Confucius, ill known to Timour and his contemporaries, appeared to him idolatrous, as degrading as those of the Pagans and the Greeks which he had just destroyed, and which it was his duty as a true believer to every where subvert wherever God gave him the power and showed him the crime against his sanctity.

Timour, beset by this idea and this remorse, which sanctified in his mind all the blood shed on his path, fluctuated between repose, that ambition of age, and a new campaign commanded by the faith. His wives, the mothers of his sons, and the younger women whom he had brought from his conquests into his harem, solicited him to peace; his counsellors and sages urged him to consolidate instead of enlarging his empire. He inclined to this latter counsel; but he fancied hearing in a dream the voice of the prophet reproaching him with his mundane prudence and his laziness. To decide, he convoked at Samarcand the general assembly of all the emirs and the sages of the empire. The place of this congress of tributary kingdoms and of Tartars of all the tribes, was assigned under tents in the plain without limits surrounding Samarcand. No capital was vast enough to contain this armed council of kings and of nations. We here borrow from two historians contemporaries and spectators of these magnificent scenes, translated by M. Petis de Lacroix, interpreter of Oriental languages, descriptions which would seem imaginary, were they not authenticated by the literal text, of this monument.

## XVIII.

"In the plain were erected the tents sustained by ropes of silk, and in which the carpets on a ground of gold were numberless, the curtains were velvet, the floors of ebony and ivory incrustated with exquisite designs. The lodgings of the Emperor consisted of four great symmetrical inclosures; his imperial pavilion formed of itself alone a group of two hundred tents, adorned with paintings and precious stones. Each tent was divided by twelve columns; the cloth that covered them was of scarlet on the outside, and of seven-colored satin on the interior; these awnings were extended with cords of silk, and the columns were of silver ornamented with gold. The upholsterers, in great number, had employed an entire week in erecting and furnishing these magnificent lodgings. The mirzas and the emirs had also each a Seraper de, a Bargiah, tents and a grand pavilion named Kherghiah; the columns of these tents were of massive silver, and the floors were covered with the richest foot-carpets of the world.

"The governors of provinces, the generals of the armies, the nobles and principal officials of the whole empire, were assembled on the ground, and placed their tents in a beautiful order. The populations thronged in multitudes from all directions, attracted by the sights and the amusements. There were people from all nations; from China, Muscovy, India, Greece, Mezenderan, Khorassan; and from Fars, from Bagdad and Syria,—and in fine, from all the kingdoms of Iran, from Touran, from Kurdistan, and from Egypt.

"The young brother of Mahomet-Schah, Pir-Mohammed, second son of the Sultanness Kanzada, arrived there from his government of Guznadin, according to orders which he had received. He prostrated himself before his grandfather, who testified to him with tears, embracing him, the grief which he experienced for the death of his brother, and who labored to console him by his caresses. Then the mourning ceased, and there was an exhibition of all the industry, of all the arts, and all the trades of the world, as far as subject to the laws of the Khan. The most expert artisans displayed there the master-works of their professions; in their shops they erected trophies, arches of flowers to represent the victories, wherein they showed superior skill in the refinements of their various

trades. The jewellers exhibited necklaces of pearls and precious stones, principally rubies, grenadines, and sapphires, with an infinity of pieces of rock crystal, of coral and of agate. A vast amphitheatre was erected for the ladies, in front of which played the musicians, with all the species of amusements. There was also an amphitheatre assigned to all the trades and containing thus a hundred compartments.”\*

## XIX.

The festivals over, Timour, closeting himself with the chief sages and the priests of the empire in his tent, addressed to God a prayer as worthy of a philosopher as of a transitory master of the world. Here it is :—

“Great God! only and incomprehensible, who art superior to all that the human mind can conceive, and of whom the nature is known but to thyself—being all of thyself alone, and all the rest being nothing—how could I ever render thee adequate homage, and express to thee, I a miserable creature, a gratitude equal to thy gifts, since they are infinite? Out of my nothingness thou hast created me; out of my vileness thou hast elevated, out of my poverty thou hast enriched me; from my humility of origin thou hast made me the most powerful of the governors of the world. I owe to thee alone the victory in so many battles, and the conquest of so many kingdoms; for what am I—I a poor and pitiful creature? I would be capable of nothing if thou didst not aid me with thy force and grace; in peace, thou dost gratify me with leisure and with joy; in war, thou dost decree me the victory; in government, thou dost maintain me the sovereignty. Continue then thy favors to thy creature, dreaded by foreign nations and loved by my own people; since thou hast called me in thy mercy, do not dismiss me in thy wrath. I know that I am but dust, and that if thou abandonest me a single instant, all my glory will change into humiliation, and all my greatness into nothingness; cause me not to blush on account of my faults,

\* The text would seem to settle in favor of a Khan of Tartary, the moot question as to the originator of Industrial Exhibitions. The World's Fair of Samarcand, with its childish mummeries and flash magnificence, was however, in reality, rather a carnival or saturnalia. I omit, therefore, some pages of this garish description, about tables lost in the horizon and served by men on horseback, &c.—*Translator.*

me whom thou hast accustomed to glory in thy favors. And I will die at my appointed hour, after having finished my task, happy, blessing thy name."

This prayer of the Solomon of the steppes would belie, by itself alone, the commonplace imputations of fanaticism and barbarism with which the historians of the West stigmatize the great philosophers and the great individualities of the East. Every distance appears to them darkness, and the very sources of all theology and of all morality in the Indies seem to those writers to be veiled by their antiquity.

## XX.

Timour, after this mystical invocation, appeared before the council of the nation, and delivered, to all the emirs, all the seniors, and the men of letters of the empire, a discourse not unworthy of his prayer :

"God," said he to them, textually, "by a favor quite gratuitous, has favored us with a fortune so extraordinary, that we have conquered Asia sword in hand, that we have vanquished and annihilated the greatest kings of the earth. There have been in past ages few sovereigns who acquired dominions so extensive, who have attained to such a pitch of power, who have had armies so numerous, or a command over them so absolute ; and as these great conquests are not effected without much violence—a circumstance which causes the ruin of an infinite number of the creatures of God—I have resolved to make it my study to do some great and good work by way of atonement for the crimes of my past life, and to accomplish an amount of good of which every body is capable ; it is to make war upon the infidels and to exterminate the idolaters of China—a thing which cannot be accomplished without great forces and an entire power. It is fit, then, my dear companions, that those same troops who have been the instruments of my past faults should also be the instruments of penitence ; that is to say, that they prepare themselves to march upon China, and to acquire the merit of this holy war, in pulling down the temples of the idols and of the fire-worshippers, and building mosques and chapels in their stead. By this means we will obtain the pardon of our faults, as we are assured by the Koran, which says that good works efface the sins of the world."



## XXI.

Acclamation encouraged the Khan to an enterprise agreeable at once to the popular antipathy and to the religious prejudice of the Tartars. Heaven in recompense for martyrdom, the plunder of an immense and opulent empire to the vanquishers, combined to lure the imagination of the Tartars towards the Yellow River. The emirs set off from the plain of Kanighul to assemble their troops, and to lead them with their flocks and camels to the national rendezvous assigned by the Khan.

Timour returned in the mean time to Samarcand. He found his house disturbed and divided by one of those harem adventures which influence, more frequently than is remarked, in the East the policy of princes and the destiny of empires. The manners and the religious laws shut up in vain the women in the servitude and the solitude of the harem: nature, beauty and love restore to them the place which God has assigned them in the heart of man.

One of the grandsons whom Timour had just married, and the nuptial fêtes of which we have given the description, the young Sultan Khalil-Sohah, had deserted, after a few days, his pregnant wife, for a Persian beauty, the slave of another princess of the harem. This slave, since celebrated in Tartary and in Persia, like Helen in Greece, for the passion with which she inspired Khalil, and for the calamities which proceeded from this attachment, was denounced to Timour by the wife of Khalil, also niece of the Khan, as the cause of the coldness and the desertion of her husband. Timour ordered the torture of the young slave, the occasion of trouble in his household. Khalil concealed his lover from the searches of the eunuchs who were to execute the mandate of the Emperor. The Sultanness Valida, who governed the harems of the whole imperial family, allowed herself to be affected by the supplications of Khalil in behalf of his mistress, and gave her an asylum in her own apartments. Timour granted life to the beautiful slave, who soon presented Khalil with a son; but he forbade his grandson all intercourse with her. Khalil eluded this order of his grandfather by all the devices inspired by love; and the perils of those clandestine interviews between the heir to the throne and his mistress increased the violence and the constancy of the passion. Nothing could wrest the prince

from an attachment which the Tartars ascribed to witchcraft, which led him soon after to set the crown of Empress on the brow of a concubine, and which ruined the vast empire of Timour by the hand of a Circassian slave.

## XXII.

Timour, who deemed he had provided by his rigor against the danger of a transitory passion in his family, set out at length from Samarcand to carry in his train two millions of Tartar combatants towards the frontiers of China. His empresses, his sons, his grandsons, his ministers, his court, his capital almost entirely, accompanied him. The conqueror, knowing from his geographers what an immense distance he had to traverse before passing the frontiers of the steppes, was unwilling to await the spring. The narratives of the historians of Timour, at this outset of the migration of the Tartars towards China, has nothing comparable in modern history except the return of Napoleon across the snows of Russia, after the disastrous campaigns of Moscow. The madness of religious zeal and the madness of personal ambition concur in these two men, from opposite sides of the globe, in the same remorseless prodigality of human life. "The birds of prey," say the historians of the two conquerors, "were not sufficient to devour the bodies which the army left each night behind it."

## XXIII.

But Timour's arsenal of men was inexhaustible, like the tents of his Tartars. The spring, which at length breathed, dissolved the snow, uncovered the pastures, and set purling, from halt to halt, the springs and the rivers marked by the geographers. Timour arrived, with still two millions of men, at Otrar, a central city of Tartary, between the rivers Sihon and Gihon. He sent before him some horsemen to ascertain if the army might still cross this deep river upon the ice or to construct bridges. The horsemen returned and reported that the snows of the mountains along the banks of the river were still three ells deep, and would inevitably engulf the army. Timour was constrained to wait at Otrar the mitigation of the season. He was already at twenty marches from Samarcand.

The conflagration which he had carried through a large portion of the globe seemed to pursue himself in the depth of these deserts. The palace which he inhabited, with his family and court, at Otrar, was burned down in one night, devouring a large part of his treasures. Otrar, like Moscow in our days, seemed to preserve itself by flames from servitude. The multitude who followed the army were dying of cold and hunger. Timour wished to send the empresses and their children back to Samarcand. They refused to abandon him in his dangers and his old age. He was seized with a violent fever, of which the delirium gave him dreams reputed divine. The houris, shades of the women whom he had so loved in his youth, appeared to him and ordered him to repent of his errors before appearing in the presence of his God. He bowed to the judgment which he was about to undergo. In vain Tebrizi, the most celebrated physician of Asia, who accompanied him in all his campaigns, lavished on him all his science and zeal; he felt that death was upon him, and he contemplated it from his bed with as much intrepidity as he had contemplated it so often on the field of battle. He assembled around his carpet his wives, his sons, grandsons, his ministers, his emirs, dictated his testament, of which each legacy was an empire, and edified by a last discourse worthy of a sage, this world which he had enslaved for sixty years.

"I feel evidently," said he, in a voice still firm, "that my soul means to abandon my body worn out and weary; it is going to inhabit a better place in the shade of the eternal throne of God. Do not mourn for me, nor utter lamentations or sighs; have tears and cries ever arrested the will of God? Instead of rending your garments, or striking your bosoms, and tearing your hair, elevate your prayers to heaven that it may pardon me my faults and the excesses of my long life. I have succeeded in giving to Iran such a system of order and justice, that no one can now oppress his neighbor, and that the strong must respect the weak. Although I know the instability of empire," he added, addressing himself to Djehanghyr and to his other heirs, "nevertheless I do not counsel you to disdain nor to abdicate the power which I bequeathe you, for this would cause a void and disorder in those kingdoms, and public security, that greatest good of mankind, would be impaired.

God, on the day of judgment, will call us to account for the charges which we receive with our birth."

He then appointed Pir-Mohammed-Djehanghyr heir to the Asiatic world and sovereign of Samarcand after him, and made him, in his presence, take the oath for all the emirs. He then wept, not for quitting the world, but for not being able to embrace for a last time his son Schah-Rokh, who was then governing Iran in his name. Then he said to the emirs: "Go, you will no more have an audience of me in this world; I go to appear myself at the audience of Allah."

His wives and his children, who overheard these last words from the bottom of the tent where they were sobbing behind a curtain, precipitated themselves inundated with tears about his carpet. He consoled them and gave them secret counsels to preserve harmony among his numerous children, whom intestine dissensions would destroy by means of each other. Then, repeating a last time his favorite saying, which summed up, in his view, all human wisdom in the resignation to the will of the sole master: "We are from God," said he, "and we return to God!" and he expired.

#### XXIV.

The Tartar army, without soul and without chief after Timour, returned to Samarcand. This empire, born of victory, which had for centre but the life, and for tie but the hand of a great man, soon fell to pieces. The name alone of Timour remained as the greatest of the destroyers of empires who has ever marched an army on the face of the globe, without excepting either Alexander, or Genghis-Khan, or Cæsar, or Napoleon. But Timour, athwart the obscurity which covers his designs, and the dust which rises from his demolitions, does not appear to have traversed the earth, according to the portraiture of European historians, as a drunken and a sanguinary barbarian, seeking nothing but the aggrandizement of his name by the enslavement of his own country and the ruin of foreign kingdoms. All indicates, in studying more closely his character, his acts, his words, his institutions, that he pursued a religious and civilizing purpose for the Tartars and for the East, and that he had brought back from his conquests as much wisdom as glory at the end of his life. Mahomet was the revealer,

Timour was the conqueror of deism. A scourge of idols, an armed apostle, he carried, indeed, death, but he carried at least a great idea, before him. The Koran had appeared to him, of all the sacred books of Asia, that which sapped the most of superstitions, and which introduced the most of reason into the conception and the worship of the Creator. He made himself the soldier, but the independent and philosophic soldier, of the Koran. He recognized and admired in the primitive Christianity one of the pure sources of the Koran. Had age and death not arrested him on his route to China, and had he known the spiritualist doctrines of Confucius, it is probable that Timour would have fused himself, in a single purely philosophic religion for his empires, the three worships from which he borrowed their dogma, their morality, and their civilization. Alexander had no other motive than to dazzle posterity; Cæsar, than empire; Ghenghis-Khan, than space; Napoleon, than glory: Timour, like Charlemagne, had in addition religion: to be Charlemagne of the Tartars he wanted but time. But Providence accurses those deluges of human blood, for whatsoever cause they may be shed, and nothing germinates in this blood but those barren names that seem to aggrandize a single man, but which belittle our humanity.

Thus appeared and disappeared Timour, the brother by race, but the Cain of the Ottomans. Let us return to the latter.

## BOOK NINTH.

## I.

At the moment when Bajazet fled, after heroic exploits, from the battle field of Ancyra or Angora, where his fortune had perished, we have seen that his four sons, the last hope of his blood, were fleeing, like him, from the sabre or the prisons of the Tartars. One of these sons, Moussa, was seized and brought back to the camp of Timour with his father; the eldest, Solyman, crossed the mountains of the peninsula to gain the shores of the Euxine, and take refuge by sea at Adrianople, with the grand vizier, Ali-Pasha, and the aga of the Janissaries, Hassan; the second son, Mohammed, aged scarcely fifteen years, covered with wounds and taken upon the field of battle by one of the most intrepid generals of his father, Bayezid-Pasha, had succeeded in making his way, sword in hand, through the midst of the Tartars who barred the route, in traversing Tokat, which was as yet free, and in shutting himself up, with his saviour, in the fortress of Amasia.

Heroism was far in advance of years in this boy. The exploits of his infancy are sung with complacency by the Persian historical poet, Schah-Nameh. Blockaded in Amasia by one of the generals of Timour, Mohammed, in a sortie, fought hand to hand the Tartar emir, and slew him with an arrow from his bow. The Ottomans of Asia Minor, touched by the desperate bravery of the son of their Sultan, and confident in the military ability of Bayezid-Pasha, ran in crowds to Amasia and formed a little army which triumphed every where over the detachments of the Tartars. Timour, who wished only to chastise, not to destroy the Ottoman race, had the young Mohammed invited to come securely into his camp. Mohammed, at first eager to see his father, a prisoner to the Khan, then kept back by the

counsels of Bayesid-Pasha, who dreaded a snare in the invitation of Timour, first advanced, then moved off, always fighting along the route. The siege of Smyrna had almost freed the interior of Anatolia from the troops of Timour. Mohammed occupied the space abandoned by the Tartars. The departure of the conqueror for Samarcand, and the incessant combats of Mohammed with the Turcoman princes restored by Timour, brought him back a part of the paternal possessions in those countries. He reigned, in fact, at Amasia and at Tokat, and was reconquering Siwas without taking the least concern about the rights of primogeniture and the pretensions of his brothers.

## II.

Meanwhile his eldest brother Solyman, after having crossed the Euxine with the grand vizier, Ali, and the aga of the Janissaries, Hassan, these two depositories of the empire, had arrived at Constantinople and had concluded there in passing an alliance, then frequent, with the Greek Emperor. As a reciprocal pledge of the indissolubility of this alliance between the heir of Constantinople and the heir of Othman, Solyman married Theodora, niece of the Emperor, and left at the court of Byzantium his own sister, the Sultana Fatima, daughter of Bajazet. Solyman, after this alliance, which gave him security in Europe, hastened to Adrianople to seize the throne, the government, and the army.

## III.

Isa, third son of Bajazet, escaped also from the chains of Timour, had taken refuge at Broussa, of which the ruins were still smoking, and seconded by the powerful Timour-tasch, released after the reflux of the Tartars, he tried to get himself recognized Sultan by Anatolia, which was disputed with him by Mohammed, Moussa, and Solyman. The generals and the pashas of the captive or deceased Sultan, were attached, according to their inclination or their ambition, to these different pretenders to the throne. Yacoub-Pasha, who had acquired an imposing name by defending the city of Angora against Timour, commanded the army of Mohammed; Timourtasch, that of Isa. Ottoman blood flowed for the first time in intestine war at the defile of Erméni, de-

fended by Timourtasch against Yacoub. Timourtasch, vanquished at Erméni, was retiring towards Lake Ouloubad with the remnant of the army of his pupil Isa, when he perished at night in his tent, assassinated by his slave. The slave brought the head of Timourtasch to Mohammed, to whom it assured the triumph over Isa, his brother. Mohammed sent this head to Adrianople, as a present to Solyman, his eldest brother, to show him that he was henceforth master of Asia and of Broussa, and to determine him to a partition of the empire between the two. Solyman enjoyed the death of an astute enemy of his cause, but dissembled his intentions to Mohammed.

#### IV.

Meanwhile Isa, encouraged by Solyman, and aided by the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, rallied an army of ten thousand Ottomans, ravaged the province of Mohammed, and advanced along the forests of Mount Olympus to enter Broussa. Vanquished a last time by Mohammed, the princes of Aiden, of Tekké, of Mentesché, who had embraced his cause, fell into the irons of Mohammed. The prince of Saroukan, surprised in a bath by his vanquishers, asked as a sole favor of Mohammed, to be buried in the tomb of his ancestors, in the delicious valley of Magnesia, of which the climate would be still soothing to his manes. This last favor was accorded him. Isa, who owed his safety to the fleetness of his horse, retired alone into the highest cliffs of the Taurus, which overlook the profound gulf of Satalia. He lived there among the shepherds and disappeared without having left either memory or trace.

#### V.

But the voluptuous Solyman, hitherto indifferent or inactive, and appreciating of the empire only its luxuries and the pleasures of the seraglio at Adrianople, could not with impunity let the youngest of his brothers consolidate his wrecks of empire at Broussa. Seconded by Manuel Paleologus, descended from and restored to the throne of Byzantium, he passed the Propontis with an army half Ottoman and half Albanian. Before numbers as well as right, he forced Mohammed to fly from Broussa, entered as Sultan into the capital of Asia, and descended from thence upon Smyrna, to



punish Djouneyd, a traitor to his family, who had formed himself an independent principality in Ionia, on the ruins of the Ottoman empire. Djouneyd, at the approach of Solyman, deserts during the night his own army, and presents himself at daybreak, alone, with a cord about his neck, before the tent of the Sultan, imploring his pardon. The army, disconcerted by this abandonment, disbands. Solyman marches on its traces, enters Ephesus, displays there the luxury of an emperor, and making Ali-Pasha, his vizier, take the route of the valley of the Caister, sends him to combat his brother Mohammed, at Tokat, and at Angora. Mohammed avoids by other valleys the army of Ali, and advances himself unexpectedly on Broussa, where he besieges Solyman, returned from Ephesus to enjoy the delights of his Asiatic capital. Solyman was in the bath when it was announced to him that the army of his brother was under the walls. He thought of flying to Europe. A conspiracy in the army of Mohammed and the flight of his cup-bearer disquieted this prince and made him retreat to Jenischyr. Moussa, his second brother, who had taken part with Mohammed, offers to go to Adrianople to raise the standard of a third civil war against Solyman. Mohammed encourages him; Moussa sets out; he levies an army in Servia and in Bulgaria to combat his brother. Solyman crosses the Propontis with the choice of his partisans, claims at Constantinople the aid of the Greek Emperor, promised by treaty, encamps under the walls of that city and awaits Moussa. During the battle between the two brothers, before the ramparts of Constantinople, the Servians pass over to the party of Solyman. The Sultan, strengthened by this defection, pursues Moussa, and returns to Adrianople. Moussa, abandoned and a fugitive, wanders aimlessly and hopelessly among the rocks of Mount Hemus, seeking the opportunity of vengeance, and assembling one by one some Epirotes to try a second time with him the desperate effort of usurpation.

## VI.

Solyman, like most of the sons of his race, was possessed of energy only in the hour of danger. His valor was but a fit of heroism; with security he presently collapsed upon himself. Love, hunting, festivals, lounging in the gardens, on the brinks of the waters that cooled the valley of Adria-

nople, lulled his activity. Intoxication, of which the barbarians of Servia had given him the habit, blunted his very ambition. His palace rung with songs of debauchery. His harem occupied much more than his council. He passed entire weeks without leaving the apartments of his women, where his eunuchs gathered, for his eyes, these most beautiful odalisques of Mingrelia, of Persia and of Chio.

Moussa, on the contrary, tempered in adversity, hardened to fatigue, obstinate to fortune, prowled about ceaselessly with his band of intrepid partisans in the gorges of Mount Hemus. The very contempt which was entertained at Adrianople for his impotence made his power. At a signal given along the mountains, this band, transformed of a sudden into an army, appeared one morning at the gates of Adrianople. Scarce would any one dare trouble with an importunate intelligence the slumber or the pleasures of Solyman. His viziers and other officers all shifted on one another the duty and the danger of apprising him. The chief of the eunuchs, a devoted old servant, was the first to take upon himself to communicate the fatal news. Solyman rising scarcely on his elbow, replied to him, smiling disdainfully, by a Persian verse which counsels "drinkers and lovers to postpone cares unto daylight which will dissipate them, and to leave night to dreams which deceive misfortune."

The old renegade Greek general, Evrenos-Beg, thought the Sultan would have more faith in his experience and in his years. "Art thou fallen into dotage," replied Solyman to him, "to imagine that the leader of a handful of bandits could dethrone the Sultan of the Ottomans in his capital?"

The aga of the Janissaries, the faithful Hassan, the very man who had saved Solyman on the battle field of Angora, thought he might lift his voice with more authority to save a second time his master. His frankness appeared an offence to Solyman; he ordered the guards to cut off his beard with a sword, which is the cruellest insult that can be offered to an Ottoman. Hassan, indignant and desperate, mounted a horse on quitting the palace, and parading the unmerited outrage which he had received, rode through the city and the ranks of the Janissaries, accusing the ingratitude and frenzy of a drunkard, and proclaiming him unworthy to rule over believers.

At this aspect, at this gesture, and these words of Hassan, the city and the army repudiate Solyman, and open the gates

to Moussa. Solyman, at last awakened, has but the time to mount his fleetest horse and fly, accompanied by only three horsemen of his guard, towards the forests on the way to Constantinople.

At daybreak, five brothers, archers of the Turkish village of Dougoundji, who were going to hunt in the forest, having perceived at a distance four horsemen mounted on magnificently equipped steeds, and thinking they recognized among them the Sultan, by the splendor of his caftan and of his arms, ran down from the top of the hill to contemplate them more nearly, and to prostrate themselves before their sovereign. But Solyman, still fuddled with wine and seeing in this haste a menace, strung his bow and killed first the oldest of the five brothers, then with another arrow, the second. At these two murders without provocation, the three brothers take aim together at the heart of the murderer; Solyman falls wounded mortally by the side of his horse. The archers cut off the head, and bring it to the village, leaving the body to the vultures of the forest.

Thus perished Solyman, the victim of the sole vice that dishonored his life. He had the heart of a hero, a cultivated intellect, but a sensuous soul. His people, though despising him, could not help loving him. It was the drunkenness that was culpable in him, not the man. He had, in his lucid intervals, a refined taste for poetry, for literature, for the arts. He loved especially the Persian poetry which mingles, in Hafiz, a certain mystical wisdom with the voluptuous images of Solomon, of Horace, of Anacreon. He loaded with favors and familiarities the Turkish poets, who gave his soul the intoxication which wine gave to his senses. His favorites were Hamza and especially Ahmed, two brothers who sung and wrote at once the history of their times. *Joy and the Lyre*, another Turkish poem of one of the poets of the court of Solyman, responded to the licentious literature of this Sardanapalus of Adrianople, and charms still the festivals and the harems of the East.

## VII.

Moussa, scarcely proclaimed Sultan, avenged upon the three brothers, voluntary murderers of Solyman, the blood of the house of Othman. After having received from their hands his head, which they had brought him, he loaded

them with irons, had them reconducted to their village, and having given orders to all the inhabitants of Dougoundji to go into their houses, he burned them alive under their roofs. "My brother ought to die," said he, "but it was not by the ignoble hands of his slaves."

He seemed to live but for vengeance. In haste to punish the treachery of the Servians who had abandoned him during the battles fought before the walls of Constantinople, he marched with sixty thousand men upon Servia, ravaged the country, massacred thousands of prisoners, and having filled up and levelled this mass of dead bodies, he had them covered with a cloth, and gave, upon this table, to his soldiers a banquet of vengeance, wherein the wine was mingled, in spilling over, with the blood of the Servians.

On his return from this expedition he besieged Constantinople. Manuel Paleologus, trembling for his capital, called in Mohammed, who was reigning at Broussa, to oppose brother to brother. He furnished him vessels to cross the Propontis, and received him at Scutari, an Asiatic suburb of Constantinople. This assistance disconcerted Moussa.

Evrenos-Beg, the aged general who had served under four reigns, and whom Moussa retained in a subaltern position, quite mortifying to his years and to his rank at court, counselled secretly Mohammed to pass boldly into Europe, and go raise the Servians against Moussa. Mohammed, for whom Evrenos had prepared the way, took this advice. Strengthened by the Servians and by the mountaineer vassals of Evrenos, Mohammed descended upon Adrianople by the valley of Philippopolis.

Moussa, abandoned by most of his allies, had no longer to defend him but seven thousand Janissaries retained in his employ by the enormity of the pay which he drew from the treasury and lavished on them in handfuls. The two armies met unexpectedly face to face on the flanks of Mount Hemus. The age of the Janissaries, Hassan, who, after having been outraged in his beard by Solyman, had embraced the party of Mohammed, advanced alone on horseback, in front of his former companions in arms, enrolled by Moussa, and addressed them in a loud voice these reproaches: "Why do you delay, my children," cried he to them, "to rejoin your general, and to serve with him the justest cause, under a courageous and grateful prince, against a prince abandoned by fortune, and who can only ruin his defenders in ruining himself."

## VIII.

Moussa, who heard with indignation this provocation of Hassan to the desertion of his Janissaries, rushed upon him, sword in hand, followed by a group of cavalry. Hassan, having turned his horse's head to retire, Moussa cleft his shoulder to the heart with a blow of a yataghan. He was going to repeat it, when a mounted slave of Hassan, wishing to parry the second blow which was menacing his master, cut off the uplifted arm of the Sultan. The hand, dissevered from the arm, fell to the earth, still grasping the sabre. The blood of Moussa diffused terror through his army, which dispersed on all sides before the cavalry of Mohammed. Moussa, abandoned a last time, had his mutilated arm bandaged with the muslin of his turban, and fled at random, as fast as his horse could gallop, and under favor of the darkness, into the marshes which border the Maritza, hoping to find refuge in Bulgaria. The blood, ill-stanching, deceived his strength. His corpse was found next day lying in the mire of the marshes, by the side of his horse, which was awaiting for him to awake. A rumor ran through the empire that Moussa was not dead of his wound, but that he had been strangled in his flight by the general who followed him, and who, weary of the disasters of this civil war of ten years, had meant to rescue the empire by sacrificing one of the Sultans.

The memory of Moussa left nothing but his ambition and his vicissitudes of fortune. More an adventurer than a sovereign, he lived a conspirator and died a soldier.

## IX.

Mohammed or Mahomet I. did not inherit peace by the death of his competitor. Entire Asia, during his reign, was full of insurrections of the Turcoman princes, of whom Timour had restored the thrones and encouraged the independence. He reigned but on condition of vanquishing incessantly. His infancy, passed in camps, had made war a want to him and bravery a habit. His martial exterior corresponded to his bellicose temperament. Still in the flower of his years, the forehead high, the face oval, the dark eyes shaded with Persian eyelids, like the bow of the Tartars, the complexion colored by a rapid and generous blood,

the mouth graceful, the bust broad and prominent, the shoulders robustly set, the arms disproportionately long, like those of his race who manage the sabre, a physiognomy which the historians represent as participating of the nobleness of the eagle and of the majesty of the lion, an elegance and luxury of costume which set off this natural beauty, in fine, a disposition at once magnanimous and gracious, which reminded you of the Arabian chivalry, and which procured him the untranslatable name of *Tchélébi*, of which the most proximate synonym in Western languages is *gentleman*;—all this called upon Mohammed Tchélébi or Mahomet I., the esteem, the love, the hope of the Ottomans. His precocious glory gave a farther prestige to his rights. He might, in his boyhood, be accused of ambition in not yielding his part of empire or of inheritance to Solyman and to Moussa. But it should not be forgotten that the inheritance of primogeniture was not then the law of the throne in the East, and that so long as the father had not designated his successor, the inheritance was partitioned, or was torn between all. Besides, the vices and the crimes of his brothers but too well justified, in the eyes of the Ottomans, the pretensions of the only one of the sons of Bajazet who promised a restorer of the empire.

## X.

Scarce had Europe, by the death of Moussa, been left to reunite with Asia in a single Ottoman dominion, under Mahomet I., than the feeble Emperor of Byzantium, forced, as we have seen, to conclude contradictory treaties with the three competitors for the throne of Bajazet, made haste to claim the benefits of that which he had made with Mahomet. The Sultan, whose sole object was to reconstitute the unity, a moment broken, of his house and of his race, allayed the fears, from the first day, of the Emperor of Constantinople as to the spirit of conquest of the Turks, adjourned to other times, restored to Paleologus all the cities and all the provinces which Solyman and Moussa and himself had momentarily detached from the Greek empire in Thessaly and in the Gulf of Salonica.

"Say to my father, the Emperor of Constantinople," replied he with a graceful and filial cordiality to the envoys of Manuel Paleologus, "that, thanks to his assistance, I

have had the happiness of regaining the dominions of my ancestors, and that in gratitude for his good will towards me I will be during life as loyal and devoted to him as a son to him to whom he owes his birth."

The ambassadors of Hungary, of Servia, of Bulgaria, the Christian Princes of the Peloponnesus, thronged to Adrianople to congratulate him, and to renew with him the former pacific relations interrupted by seventeen years of agitation and of vicissitudes of reign.

"Say to your masters," replied, to all, the Sultan with a modest pride that was not ashamed either to accord or to accept a general reconciliation with his neighbors, "say to them that I give peace to all, and that I receive it from all with gratitude. May the God of peace counsel wisdom and justice to those who should be tempted to infringe it."

## XI.

But while the fortunate Mahomet I. was thus composing and reconstituting European Turkey, the Prince of Caramania was anew disturbing Asia. Seconded by the other Turcoman princes and by the traitor Djourneyd, Prince of Smyrna, faithless to all his oaths and all his pardons, the Prince of Caramania advanced with a confederate army along to the ramparts of Broussa. He turned from their channels the rivers of Olympus, which watered the city, and was near constraining the inhabitants, deprived of water, to a capitulation, when by an accidental circumstance, which seemed a prodigy to the Caramanians, the cortege, which brought the body of Moussa to the tomb of his fathers, appeared at some distance from the camp of the besiegers. An escort of Turkish cavalry, of the army of Mahomet, accompanied the bier to honor the relics of an enemy.

Caraman, at the sight of the hearse, and of those troops, felt either a terror or a remorse that ran like a shudder through his whole army. The Turcomans fled before the coffin of the last of the competitors for the throne of Bajazet. They understood, no doubt, that Mahomet I., henceforward without a rival, would be an enemy too formidable for them, and that it was not the time to make the insult unpardonable, by ravaging his capital. "Coward that thou art," cried one of the allies of Caraman, carried along in spite of him in the

panic, "if thou thus fleest before a dead man, what wilt thou do before a living enemy?"

But Caraman, whose father had been formerly tortured by Timourtasch in the prisons of Bajazet, was content to avenge by odious reprisals the manes of his parent, by destroying the sepulchre of Bajazet, in the exterior gardens of Broussa, and by casting the remains of the enemy of his house to the profanation of the day and of fire.

## XII.

At the news of this confederation against him, Mahomet I., borrowing the vessels of the Greeks to traverse the Propontis, marched with an army of veterans to the relief of Broussa, and the conquest of the empire of his father in Asia. Finding the enemy no more at Broussa, he marched upon Pergamus, a city, formerly Greek, of Anatolia, which Djouneyd had annexed to his principality of Smyrna. Pergamus, Kyma, the strongholds of the plain of Mainomenos, fortified at leisure by Djouneyd, fell, after numerous assaults, beneath the arms of Mahomet and of his general, the friend of all his fortunes, Bayezid-Pasha. An Albanian of that race of adventurers who took already part in every war with or against the Turks, named Aoudoulas, defended to the last breach the ramparts of Nympheou, one of those fortifications of Djouneyd. Bayezid-Pasha was actuated by a thirst of personal vengeance in the obstinate attack upon Nympheou, wherein fell some thousands of his soldiers.

Djouneyd was the father of an only daughter, whose charms, high birth, and treasure, caused her hand to be sought by the most renowned princes and warriors among the Ottomans. Bayezid-Pasha, vizier of the Sultan, and commander of his armies, thought he might demand in marriage his daughter from the Prince of Smyrna. Djouneyd, on receiving this message, assembled his divan at Pergamus. He summoned before all his courtiers and warriors, the envoy of Bayezid-Pasha, and, after listening with a disdainful countenance to what the envoy was charged to say to him—he turned to the Albanian Aoudoulas, who was present at the divan.

"Who art thou?" said he to Aoudoulas, as if he had not known him before this day. "I am thy slave," replied Aoudoulas, with a bow. "Where wert thou born?" pur-



sued Djouneyd. "In Albania." "Very well," rejoined Djouneyd, addressing himself to the witnesses of the scene, "I declare free this Albanian slave, and it is to him that I give my daughter in marriage." "As to thee," said Djouneyd, apostrophizing disdainfully the envoy of Bayezid-Pasha, "go tell thy master what thou hast seen; I have chosen for my son-in-law an Albanian slave like himself, but younger and more worthy than he of defending or attacking an empire."

This insult remained graven in the heart of Bayezid. After the rendition of Nympheou, where the intrepid Aoudoulas had not succeeded in receiving death upon the breach, Bayezid-Pasha condemned his rival, become his captive, to the degradation of his virility, and to the service of his harem among the eunuchs.

### XIII.

Mahomet I. besieged in person Djouneyd in Smyrna. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, become the Knights of Rhodes, aided him themselves in surrounding Smyrna with fortresses elevated against its walls. This war was not, like that of Timour, a war of religion, of extermination, and of race against race. All the Christian princes and all the Christian republics who possessed these ports, these strongholds, these provinces in Ionia, in the Archipelago, or in Greece, joined spontaneously the Sultan against the barbarian, unfaithful to so many masters, who had elevated his domination upon the ruins of Smyrna and upon the anarchies of the empire of Bajazet I. The city, which saw every where upon the flanks of its mountains and on the gulf but enemies, trembled behind its walls.

The mother, the wives, the children of Djouneyd, whom this prince had shut up in Smyrna as an impregnable asylum, soon came forth as supplicants from the city, and came to prostrate themselves at the feet of Mahomet to implore his mercy. The Sultan, as generous and as chivalrous as his surname of Tchélébi indicated to the world, raised them up with kindness, and demanded no other ransom than the capitulation of the city. He was content, as sole vengeance and sole security, with demolishing the towers and the walls of Smyrna, so that the third city of the empire should never

more be an asylum for the revolt or for the treachery of a vassal.

The grand-master of the Knights of Rhodes having demanded an exception in favor of the fortress of his order, reconstructed on the foundations of that which had been raised by Timour, and having represented to the Sultan that the rebuilding of this stronghold interested the Pope, the protector of his order, and of all the Christians.

"I would like," replied to him, with as much goodness as foresight, Mahomet,—*"I would like, Mr. Grand-Master, to be the father of all the Christians of the earth, and to be able to distribute to them presents and honors; for it is the duty of princes to recompense the good as well as to punish the evil. But it is also fit that I should take into consideration the well-being of my own subjects, and have regard to what a great number of Mussulmans have demanded of me. Although Timour devastated all Asia, he has, say these parties, acquired a title to our gratitude in demolishing the fortress of Smyrna, for it was there that all our fugitive slaves found a certain asylum. Moreover our free subjects, who were travelling by land or by sea, were conducted thither as slaves, a circumstance which kept up a continual warfare between the knights of the order and the Turks. Timour, the impious Emperor of the Tartars, was generally praised for this wise measure. Wouldst thou, then, that I should be more impious than this tyrant? But, to satisfy thee, all in yielding to the wishes of the Mussulmans, I will assign thee, in the territory of Mentesché, another locality where thou canst have constructed for thee a fortress."*

The grand-master then requested that the site of the fortress should be upon Ottoman soil, and not on the Christian territories of the petty powers who possessed these shores. *"What I give thee is my own,"* said Mahomet, *"for the Prince of Mentesché is but my vassal."*

The mother, the wives and the children of Djouneyd obtained easily from the Sultan, by their tears, the pardon of the rebel. Mahomet received him, restored to him his family and his property, and was content with removing him from the theatre of his intrigues, by sending him into Servia, to the court of his ally King Sisman, son of Lazarus, who had embraced the religion of the prophet.

## XIV.

The fall of Smyrna and of Djouneyd brought back to submission all the principalities and all the cities between Ionia and Caramania. Koniah, reconquered by Mahomet, witnessed the signature of the general peace of Asia Minor. The infidelity of the Caramanians troubled anew this peace scarce consummated. Mahomet, who was returning to Broussa, fell sick of impatience at Angora. Fears were had for his life. The prince adjoining Kermian sent him the most accredited of physicians and of poets among the Turks, the celebrated Sinan. He healed at once the soul by his verses, and the body by his precepts. "What is needed by the hero, Mahomet," said Sinan after feeling the pulse of the patient, "is not medicine but victory. His malady is but a melancholy, that malady of hearts that devour themselves." A malady in fact frequent in the meditative race of the Ottomans.

The pasha and vizier Bayezid vowed, at this price, to cure his master; he drew Caraman into an ambuscade, surrounded his army, and made prisoner his eldest son, Mustafa-Beg.

The courier of this victory of the vizier cured, in fact, Mahomet. He treated the captive son of his enemy rather as a compassionate brother than as an irritated victor. The young prince, touched with the generosity of the Sultan, placed his hand upon his heart outside his caftan: "I swear in the name of my father," said he with an accent of sincerity, "that so long as this soul which is here under my hand shall inhabit this body, neither my father nor myself shall so much as look with envy upon one of the possessions of the Sultan."

This oath was again a perjury. Scarce had Mahomet loaded Mustafa-Beg with the presents in usage among the Tartars on the ratification of treaties—drums, colors, race-horses, rare animals—and ordered his troops to evacuate the cities of the Caramanians, than the young prince took leave of Mahomet to return to his father. But, just after leaving Angora, Mustafa-Beg, who had taken the manners of the Greeks with their provinces, having encountered the horses and the slaves of the Sultan, without distrust in the pastures, carried them off and brought them as a spoil to his father. "War every where and always," cried he, "is the sole treaty

from the cradle to the grave, between the Caramanians and the Ottomans."

And as some of his own warriors reminded him of the oath which he had made at Angora, and reproached him for having thus profaned the human word which God calls in testimony for or against us: "I have not lied," replied he with an astute derision of the falsehood of the spirit by the verity of the letter. "I had concealed under my caftan a dead pigeon and had my hand placed upon its side; I was able then to say with truth: '*So long as this soul shall animate this body, the Caramanians will not violate the possessions of the Turks.*'"

Mahomet, to avenge so many outrages, poured his army into the valleys of Caramania along to the Gulf of Macri, in front of Rhodes, and along to Tarsous (the ancient Tarsus), in front of Cyprus. The perfidious princes took refuge in the rocky cliffs of Cilicia with their flocks; then, profiting by the absence of the Sultan, returned to Broussa, they descended upon Koniah, made themselves master of the city, were besieged there a third time by the troops of Mahomet, and obtained a third peace as generous and as faithless as the preceding.

## XV.

Mahomet I. occupied himself, in his leisure at Broussa, with creating a marine for the empire, to the end of at length uniting Europe and Asia by an easy passage of the Propontis, and of defending his coasts against the incessant piracies of the petty Christian princes of the Archipelago, become the pest of the Levant. Forty-two vessels, constructed with the oaks of Hemus and of Olympus, and commanded by Tchali-Beg, admiral of Mahomet, rowed from the mouth of the Dardanelles towards the Venetian Isle, then from Negropont to pursue the pirates of the isle of Andros, the duke of which insulted every where the Ottoman coasts and carried the women and children into slavery.

At the moment when the Turkish fleet was about to fall upon the pirates, a Venetian squadron, commanded by Loredano, generalissimo of the fleets of the republic, appeared on the horizon of Lesbos. The Turks, uncertain if the squadron was the bearer of peace or of war, returned with full sails into the Dardanelles and cast anchor in their

port of Gallipoli, to await an explanation of this cloud of sails. They knew that the Venetians, allies of the Dukes of Andros, protected the vessels of this vassal, and might consider as an insult offered to themselves the repression of the piracies of their ally. They knew, moreover, that Venice and Genoa were then at war upon these seas, and that the good terms on which they stood with the Genoese vessels might be imputed to them as a crime by the admirals of Venice.

## XVI.

The fleet of Loredano, mounted by two *proveditors* of Venice, were coming, in fact, at the rumor of the armaments of the Turks, either to treat with them as masters of the sea, or to burn their first fleet before they should be able to dispute with them the waters of the Levant.

Loredano moored his squadron in front of Gallipoli, in the Propontis. Negotiations were opened between the two admirals. During these explanations, until then amicable, a Genoese vessel put out at full sail from the port of Gallipoli, seeking to gain the open sea and rejoin the Genoese fleet at Constantinople. The Venetians fired upon the Genoese vessel; the Turks, believing that the cannon was pointed against their own fleet, responded to the fire by fire. A bloody battle was engaged in, as in our own days at Navarino, through a reciprocal misunderstanding which was perhaps but a premeditated extermination, masked by a feint of error. The Turks fought as heroes, but as victims inexperienced in the element that engulfed them.

Loredano, stuck all over with arrows on the poop of his vessel, plucked them out one by one from his arms and his cheeks without ceasing to command the manœuvres. The flag-ship of the Turks, boarded by him, nine galleys, eight vessels stormed by the Venetians, became the theatre of a close but frightful carnage, wherein the mothers, the wives, the children of the Turks, contemplated from the shore hard by the massacre of their sons, of their husbands, of their fathers. A cry of horror rose from the whole beach of Gallipoli, where the waves threw up the dead. Ten thousand Ottoman soldiers in battle array on the heights of the city, obscured in vain the air with a cloud of arrows. Thirty Turkish vessels were taken, sunk or burned in front of the harbor where they had just been launched upon the waves.

The flame of this conflagration illuminated the whole night the shores of the Propontis along to Broussa.

The following day the Venetians, implacable in their victory, made the trial of the prisoners who had escaped the carnage. They hung at the yard-arms of their vessels all the Genoese, Catalonians, Sicilians, French, whom they found among the Turks. They racked upon the deck of the flag-ship one of their own countrymen whom they suspected of connivance with the Ottoman admiral. The Mahometan sailors and soldiers were led into slavery in the islands and the Venetian possessions of the Levant. Not a galley remained to Mahomet in his own seas. Loredano, parading with impunity his flag from Tenedos to Negropont, from Negropont to Constantinople, imposed every where the respect of this republic which had been the first ally of the Ottomans upon land, but which would not suffer their rivalry upon the waves.

Mahomet, humbled, was constrained by the cannon of Loredano to conclude a treaty with Venice, which recognized in these intrepid navigators the indisputable supremacy of the Mediterranean. His ambassadors, received with pomp by the republic, masked ill, beneath the splendor of their reception, the naval concessions which they were making to the Doge in the name of the Sultan.

## XVII.

The year 1416 was employed by Mahomet I. in armed interventions to the north of Turkey in the quarrels of the Hungarians, of the Servians, of the Poles, of the Wallachians, of the Croats; and in elevating strongholds on the right bank of the Danube, as a barrier against Germany. He brought a fourth time Djourneyd from his exile in Servia to intrust to him the government of Nicropolis. The talents of this general were so renowned that they countervailed even the vices of his character. Djourneyd resembled, in the East, those Italian condottieri of the same period, whose ability was purchased while their trade was despised.

It was at the same date that Mahomet I. built, upon the slopes of the Danube, the town and fortress of Giurgewo, which flanked till lately the Ottoman positions in their defensive manœuvres against the Russians, and to which Mahomet gave the significant name of *Root of the Earth*

as if the security of the empire was rooted beneath these bastions. He rebuilt also the ancient Roman fortifications of Trajan, vanquisher of the Dacians, and the bridge which that emperor had constructed over the river. His generals, sometimes victors, sometimes vanquished, sustained during these works some partial skirmishes, precursors of greater struggles, in Bosnia, against the Styrians and against the cavalry of the Duke of Austria. The Hungarians, availing themselves of this diversion, under command of their Palatine, Peterfy, fought some heroic battles against the generals of Mahomet, in the banships of their frontiers. In one of these chivalrous engagements, wherein the generals often challenged each other to single combat between the two armies, Peterfy unhorsed the Pasha Ikak, who commanded the Ottomans, and, setting his foot upon his throat, transpierced him with a thrust of his sword. The King of the Hungarians, Sigismund, encouraged by the exploits of Peterfy, whom the nobles and the peasantry followed as an avenger raised up by God to retrieve the glory of the Slaves, levied an army of twenty thousand combatants, crossed the Danube under Belgrade, drove back the Turks into Servia, and conquered back from them the plain and the city of Sophia, in a battle which shook the empire along to Adrianople.

### XVIII.

Mahomet I., retained during these disasters in Asia by the partial insurrections of the long civil wars, as yet but ill allayed, displayed there by turns his power, his policy, and the generosity which was a part of his policy. A more dangerous insurrection in the bosom of his capital, among his imans and his armies, made him forget a moment the dangers of Europe and the disturbances of Anatolia.

After the death of Moussa, the grand judge of the army—a magistracy partaking at once of religion, of jurisprudence, and of war—named Bedreddin, a man of high renown for science and sanctity among the Turks, had been exiled to Nice by Mahomet. Bedreddin meditated, in his exile, vengeance for this oblivion of his talents. He was one of those men who disturb all things which they do not succeed in ruling. Intrigue, a vice sufficiently rare among the Ottomans, whose ambition is frank like their character, brooded by so much the more formidably as it had been less sus-

pected in the dissimulative heart of the grand judge. He looked out for a brand upon which to blow invisibly, in order to kindle the fires of sedition. It was presented him by accident.

There was at this time, at the extremity of the Black Cape, which forms one of the sides of the Gulf of Smyrna, in front of Chio, at the foot of Mount Stylarios, a strolling prophet, who hawked from village to village his religious revelations, mingled with social theories, such as are hatched in all countries and in all times to fascinate ignorance and to give the illusions of hope to the multitude. This visionary was named Mustafa. He was the son of an indigent Turk who kept a herd of goats upon the craggy flanks of the Black Cape. The dreamy imagination of the Turk, their almost individual religion, which leaves the largest liberty for true or fanciful interpretations of the Koran, the long civil wars which had given to each the right or habit of choosing his faction for himself, the misfortunes of the times, scarce healed by the patient and gentle hand of Mahomet I., all predisposed at this moment the Turks to the agitation and the propagation of new sects. That of Mustafa was popular, like every doctrine born of indigence, and which promises the indigent to avenge them, by the hand of God, from the iniquitous superiority of the happy in the world, and from the inevitable inequality of conditions upon the earth. This Utopia might be a just complaint, but was not a practicable doctrine. It had only the more influence upon popular imagination; for doctrines susceptible of application have limits, chimerical doctrines have none. They give peace and satisfaction to all the longings, all the grievances, all the miseries, all the reveries of humanity. Hence the power of Utopias.

That of Mustafa ran like flame through the tents that covered the pastures of Ionia, and presently gained the villages and the cities. The partisans of the new prophet gave him the name of father and lord of truth, *Dede-Sultan*. The dervishes embraced his cause, which was that of their own sect; a general abnegation of all property, an absolute community of all the products of the earth and of labor, a dispossession of all those who possessed, for the benefit of those who possessed nothing: the women alone, by an exception conformable to the jealous manners of the East, were not comprised expressly in the universal promiscuity.



but they were included in fact, for once the property which fed the wife and family abolished, the wife and family fell of necessity into this Oriental communism. The Jews and the Christians, caressed with an adroit artifice by the communists of the Sultan-Dede, enlarged the number of his enthusiasts. He proclaimed in their favor the equality and the fraternity of the three religions. The Christian anchorites of the Isle of Chio, visited at night by the Turkish prophet, who assured them that he had crossed the strait by walking upon the water, believed or feigned to believe the miracle, attested it through the islands, and confounded the monkish communism of the dervishes of Greece with the social communism of the Turkish dervishes. The Sultan-Dede affected openly the empire on the score of his divine mission, diffused his fanaticism through all the mountains extending from the Gulf of Smyrna to the valleys of Magnesia, and to the plain of Nice, and collected beneath his standard an army of ten thousand fighting men, and a multitude beyond number of fanatics.

### XIX.

Mahomet I., repudiated as Sultan by these insurgents in the name of God, who, meaning to recast a world, could not hesitate to upset an empire, felt that it was time to scatter by arms a sect who yielded nothing to reason. He ordered out from Broussa a detachment of six thousand Janissaries, commanded by the son of the King of the Servian, Sisman, become Mussulman, and one of the firmest supporters of the empire. Sisman, surrounded and vanquished by the armed communists of Dede-Sultan, in the gorges of Mount Stylarios, perished on the field of battle with all his men. This victory of the sectaries over the first soldiers that were opposed to them appeared a decree of Heaven in favor of their cause, and doubled their number and their audacity.

The Pasha of Aiden, Ali-Beg, charged by Mahomet I. to march upon them by the valleys of Tyra and by the borders of the Gulf of Smyrna, failed, like Sisman, against the spreading insurrection of those mountains. After having lost the greater part of his soldiers in the storming of Mount Stylarios, he escaped with difficulty the pursuit of Dede-Sultan, and took shelter with the wreck of his army in the valley of Magnesia, between Broussa and Smyrna.

The empire threatened to fall to ruin beneath a sect. Mahomet, who could not venture to uncover Broussa, ordered his son Mourad, a boy of twelve years old, governor of Amasia, under the military tutelage of Bayezid-Pasha, to assemble in a single army all the troops and all the garrisons of Ottoman Asia, and to march upon the centre of the mountains of Smyrna along the coast, while he himself would invest the foot of the mountains through the valleys of Olympus. Mourad and Bayezid, bringing with them all the Ottomans of the provinces, who began to fear for the possessions more dear to men than their own lives,—their fields, their homes, their flocks, their wives, their posterity,—advanced in a mass accumulated along the way against the destroyers of civil society. The communists, Christian, Jewish, Greek, Mahometan, fought desperately, and fell like martyrs more attached to their illusions than to their lives. Almost all refused the life offered them in exchange for abjuration. Mustafa-Dede, enchained and mutilated, was conducted to Ephesus, to give his punishment the pomp and the publicity of a large city. He was offered pardon a last time if he would abjure his doctrines. He preferred his reverses to his existence. He was crucified, and carried crucified and bleeding upon a camel through the streets of Ephesus in the midst of his disciples, to whom pardon was still offered if they would execrate their prophet: "No," said they all, holding out their necks to the sabre, and casting a last look upon their crucified chief; "*Father Sultan*, receive our souls into thy kingdom."

Although the Sultan-Dede had died before the eyes of a hundred thousand witnesses, at Ephesus, the faith in his immortality survived even his corpse. A rumor was diffused through the islands and on the continent that he had risen, and that he lived concealed in the pine forests of the isle of Samos, near Ephesus.

The Ottoman communism, obstinate in its illusion, like all communisms whose self-deception lies in placing heaven upon the earth, did not perish entirely with its apostles. Three thousand dervishes, those mendicant monks of Islamism who found the sanction of their mendicancy in this dream, revived it a moment in the valley of Magnesia, after the departure of Mourad. Mourad returned back, and the plane-trees of the valley of Magnesia, become the implements

of a vast punishment, bore in a few days three thousand corpses of these monks suspended from their branches.

## XX.

Turkey in Europe itself partook of this contagion, whose miasma survives in all ages without being ever able to produce any thing else than visions and excesses. The mountains of the Balkans, between Servia and Thrace, revolted in the name of the same principle more applicable to shepherd peoples, where the common pastures seem already a realization of communism. But here the doctrines of Sultan-Dede, fomented by the ambition of the former grand judge of the army, Bedreddin, took a political and military character that menaced seriously the empire. The ancient partisans of Solyman, of Isa, and of Moussa, affected to join it, to the end of restoring their different factions by flattering the imaginations of the sectaries. All these parties, adroitly managed by Bedreddin, were fused into one great *proletary* faction at the beck of an ambitious tribune. Bedreddin gathered round him an army sufficient to balance the army of his sovereign. Vanquished and made captive, however, in the battle of Seres, by the young Mourad, Bedreddin was hung in pursuance of a sentence passed upon him by the jurisconsults of the empire. His title of chancellor of the house of Othman, his renown and his works—remains of the monuments of Ottoman legislation—did not preserve him from punishment. The Oriental communism, which appeared but a frenzy in the ignorant population of those forests, seemed an irremissible crime in a man too enlightened to be sincere. It was the hypocrisy and the sedition that Mahomet punished in him rather than the doctrine. Communism, that sophism of justice and of equality, the revery of all religions which begin by flattering the ignorance and the aspirations of the oppressed classes, had before made other efforts of realization, pacific or violent, in Arabia and in Persia, after Mahomet. The doctrines of the Sultan-Dede were its last fit in the East. It passed from the East into Europe, there to brood and to bring forth in turn; in Germany, after the religious wars of the Reformation, in the Anabaptists; in England, after the revolution of Cromwell, in the Independents; in France, after the revolution of 1789 and after that of 1848, in the Socialists of Babœuf

and the radical Socialists of other theories. Every where it fell before the public cry and the general rising of a society that prefers with reason death itself to expropriation. Property, rendered equitable by the equality of conditions upon which it is enjoyed, to be transmitted to the family, is the law of human society; charity is its virtue; communism is its delirium. Its fits will be always subdued and short, as being a malady of the mind.

Mahomet confirmed his reign in combating it in Europe and in Asia. There remained no other trace of this doctrine, thus strangled in its cradle, than some secret associations such as that of the *Assassins*, or Ishmaelites, a sort of sanguinary free masonry, which intoxicated its fanatics to place a dagger in their hand, and to which its founder, Hassan-Sabbah, three hundred years before, had given a precept destructive of all society and all morality, summed up in these two Arab words: *To do all and to dare all*.

## XXI.

Scarcely had Mahomet I., of whom the reign has so much analogy with that of Louis XIV., in his youth wresting his authority from the factions of the Fronde, come to triumph over a fanatical faction, than a dynastic faction arose in the mountains of Epirus, to dispute his title to the throne. The mysteries of the Iron Mask, under Louis XIV., are not more dubious than those of the pretender, true or false, who seemed to come out of the sepulchre to claim the sceptre of Mahomet.

It has been seen, in the recital of the reign of Bajazet I., that a son of the Sultan, Mustapha, had disappeared during the battle of Angora, either confounded with and undistinguishable among the heaps of the dead, or made the slave of some Tartar adroit enough to hide his prey, or fugitive and unknown among the shepherds of Mount Taurus. Since this disappearance twenty years had elapsed; Solyman, Moussa, Isa, Mahomet had disputed with and wrested from each other the throne by turns, without this vanished or dead brother's coming to put in his part claim. The social wars which had just excited all imaginations and all factions, awaked, no doubt, in a real brother of the Sultan discovered, or in a schemer adroitly set up by other ambitious adventurers, the idea of possessing himself of the throne, whereof

so many Sultans, by turns possessors and dispossessed, had rendered the attainment possible to hope and even to chimeras.

All of a sudden the rumor ran abroad throughout the empire that the veritable heir of Bajazet, the brave and ill-fated Mustapha, was come forth miraculously from his long obscurity, had been recognized by the old servants of his father, and principally by the famous Djourneyd, formerly Prince of Smyrna, now Governor of Nicopolis and of the borders of the Danube, and that this legitimate pretender claimed the empire from the ferocious usurper of his rights. The intriguing and agitating spirit of Djourneyd, so many times treacherous to the Sultans, who however had pardoned him, as if to leave him the hope of still betraying other benefactors, rendered the testimony of this personage suspicious. But other old men and other pashas familiar with the court of Bajazet I., confirmed the assertion, and recognized expressly, in this new Mustapha, the disinherited son of their former master. The sons of Timourtasch and of Evrenos, those two generals and viziers of Bajazet, attested likewise that Mustapha, with whom they had been brought up at the court of Ilderim, was really the companion of their boyhood and the rival of their exploits at the battle of Angora. The Greek princes of Constantinople, who had seen Bajazet and his five sons at Byzantium and at Broussa during the negotiations so frequent between Paleologus and Ilderim, made no doubt as to the identity of the Ottoman prince, who appealed upon the subject to their remembrance. In fine, the Prince of the Wallachians, Myrtshé, drawn by his neighbor Djourneyd into this cause, received Mustapha in his dominions, and raised, in concert with Djourneyd, an army of confederates to re-establish the legitimate Sultan of Adrianople.

Mustapha and his witnesses related that, left among the dead on the battle field during the night following the engagement at Angora, he was taken up by a horde of Tartars in quest of plunder among the bodies; that despoiled by them of his arms and his clothes, and confounded in complete nudity with the other wounded, prisoners like him, these Tartars could not discern, on the return of daylight, which of their captives was the prince or which the soldier; that he was soon after separated from his fellows in captivity and sent back to the rear of the army of Timour, among a multi-